BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

MAY 1940

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COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

number seven

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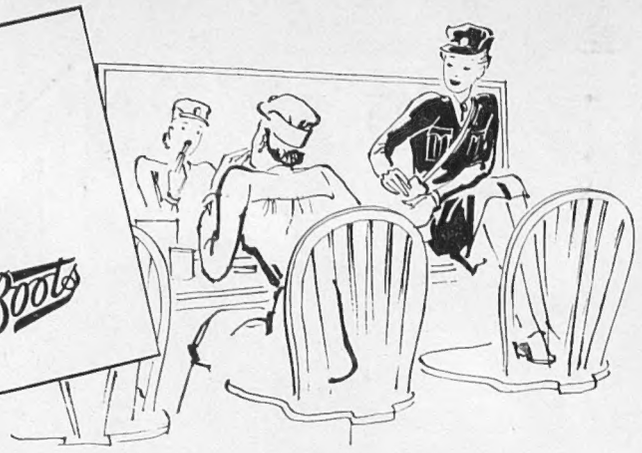

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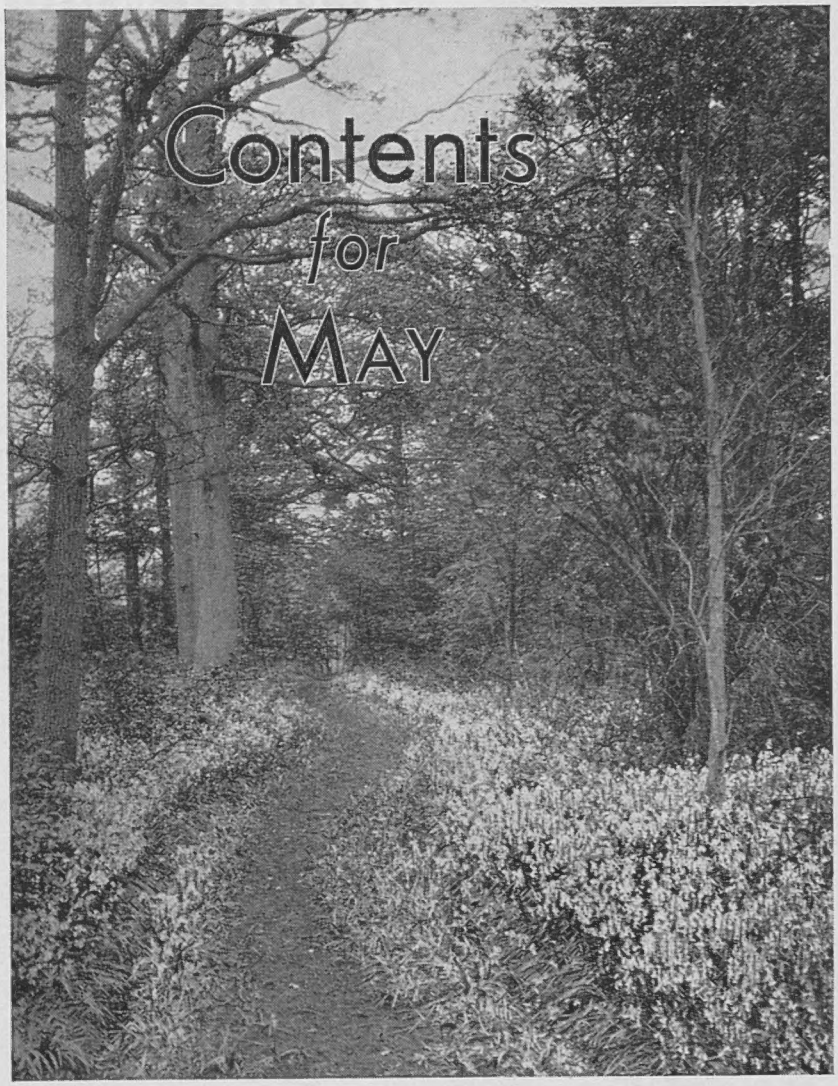
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 20, No. 5 MAY, 1940



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No. 5—Actium 3

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts (our wartime emergency address), and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 104. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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Decisive Battles of the World

Octavius defeats the Fleet of Antony and Cleopatra and inaugurates the Roman Empire

Battle of Actium, 31 B.C.

THE sea fight off Actium is woven into the tapestry of great romances, rather than etched on the map of great battles. It contains no brilliant manœuvre, no new weapon or tactic, and the victor was less a military captain than a statesman who had competent generals to conduct his fighting operations efficiently. Nevertheless, Actium decisively ended the long Roman confusion and conflict, and inaugurated two centuries of peace, and the first experiment in world statecraft—an experiment which the British inherited, and still conduct.

Rome, expanding over seven centuries, had outworn an old constitution; and the administrative machine had broken down, while faction disputes perpetually exploded in civil war. Julius Cæsar, founding a new order, had been assassinated in his first year as life dictator by patrician oligarchs, implacable opponents of a revolutionary change destructive of their power and privilege. Confusion ensued, with Cæsar's colleague, Antony, functioning as popular dictator; Lepidus, commanding the Gaul legions, remaining an independent power; and Cæsar's heir, his grandnephew and adopted son, Octavius, joining the patrician opponents of Antony.

In the first phase, Octavius marched with the Senate's official army against Antony. Antony, defeated at Mutina, retired over the Alps from cisalpine to transalpine Gaul, joined Lepidus; and the two marched back to fight it out with the Senate. Octavius and the official Roman army barred the path. But, instead of fighting, the three commanders met on a little island near Bologna, and Octavius "sold out" his Senate allies. The trio then marched on Rome, and destroyed or put to flight the adherents of the oligarchical-rule party.

Lepidus, seeing what was coming, then "cashed in," and retired with a great fortune to private life. Octavius and Antony divided the political power, Octavius taking the west, and Antony the east. Octavius was young, cold and calculating; Antony, ageing, rough, vain, and enamoured of Cleopatra. The Egyptian queen, last of the Ptolemy rulers of Egypt, had bewitched the captain, Cæsar, but enslaved the sergeant-major, Antony.

TEN years passed. In Rome, Octavius grew stronger. In Alexandria, Antony lived with Cleopatra, neglected public duties, repudiated his wife, Octavia, sister of Octavius, made Cleopatra's sons kings of Rome's eastern domains. At last Octavius, judging the old bull ready for the kill, moved to have the Senate declare war on Antony and Cleopatra, and grant him, Octavius, supreme power for the duration.

It lasted four years, from 30 to 27 B.C. For a year the young and the old Roman sparred. Octavius had to get at Antony across the Mediterranean. But Antony rashly thought that the addition of sixty Egyptian ships to his fleet gave him superiority, and that, after defeating the Octavian fleet, he could invade a leaderless Italy, and quickly establish himself, with Cleopatra—who sailed with her fleet—in Rome.

The two fleets met off Actium, on the west coast of Greece, in 31 B.C. The Roman navy closed in, seeking to grapple, and turn sea into land war, with heavily armed soldiers fighting it out hand to hand on deck. These tactics alarmed the Egyptian queen, more accustomed to love dalliance on a Nile luxury barge, than to bloody assaults with iron and sharp steel at sea. She ordered her admiral, Antoniad, to break off the action, and retire. Antony, Paterculus remarks, "chose rather to be the companion of a flying queen than of a fighting soldiery." Octavius destroyed Antony's fleet; and, landing next year with an army at Alexandria, routed Antony's forces in an action not serious enough to bear a battle name.

ANTONY fell on his sword; Cleopatra used an asp to escape a Roman triumph. With these two faded the dream of a world empire ruled by the descendants of a Roman god-emperor and an Egyptian god-empress. The victor cleaned up, returned to Rome in 29 B.C., and with due legal form assumed sole control of the empire, as Augustus, first of the Roman emperors in life, and, dead at seventy-six, enshrined as a god. In his reign was born a Man whose teaching was destined to outlive imperial Rome. This Man was Jesus.

Nectar for

MARS tramped into the banquet hall of his castle and sat down to table with a roar. He was in great good humour.

After a four years' war in which thirty nations had fought, leaving over twelve millions dead on battlefields, wasting the accumulated treasure of centuries, and settling nothing, his stock had declined. As the nations held peace conferences, and scrapped their armaments, he sank to the status of a very minor god. Venus, meeting him, inquired with delicate malice about a certain arterial hardening she had heard he was suffering from : and that did not improve his temper.

But now he was again chief god among men. After twenty years, another grand war, and one moreover which promised to extend with time until all the timid neutrals were sucked in, and the whole world was blasted by a tornado of fire, blood, torment, suffering and slaughter.

Feeling young and lusty, he shouted for a goblet of his new nectar, the black, potent, heady liquor distilled by the nature god in subterranean retorts from vast tropical forests which flourished in the youth of the world before man came. Men had only lately discovered it, and fed it to their war machines, which, thus nourished, grew to giant size, besides enabling men to extend the range of war from the earth's surface to the ocean depths and the high heavens.

But Mars' butler, trembling, said the bin was empty. While Mars had been out hunting, the celestial radio had reported a series of disconcerting events on earth.

First, a combined Anglo-French-Turkish air fleet had bombed the Baku and Grozny nectar fields to blazes; and as the great and good Stalin drew 87 per cent of his liquor from that area, his whole war machine had been paralysed. A German army had rushed to grab Rumania, but an Allied force moving in from Palestine and Syria got there first, devastated the nectar wells, wrecked the refineries, and broke the main pipe line where it crosses the Danube at Chernavoda. British and French bombers had blasted the Drohobycz nectar field in the former Poland, and the German pipe line thence to Sanok, on the German border of Poland, had run dry. There had also been air raids on the huge Rhineland and Silesian plants where the Germans distilled synthetic nectar, liquefying coal by pulverising it and then subjecting it to terrific pressure in a heat equal to that of Hades; and half these plants had been blown up. While this was happening, a Russo-German air fleet had dropped several hundred tons of high explosive on the British oil fields in Iraq and on the pipe line termini on the east Mediterranean coast.

"But this is fine news," shouted Mars. "What's the matter with you, man? The war has started in earnest at last."

"No," said Mars' butler. "The radio said that, when he got the news, President Roosevelt immediately banned nectar exports from the United States, which, as your godship knows, produces 70 per cent of the world supply; and the governments of the South American lands, great producers, followed suit, and Holland joined in and forbade shipments from the Dutch East Indies. Thus the British and French have had their main supply sources blocked or wrecked, and can't go on.

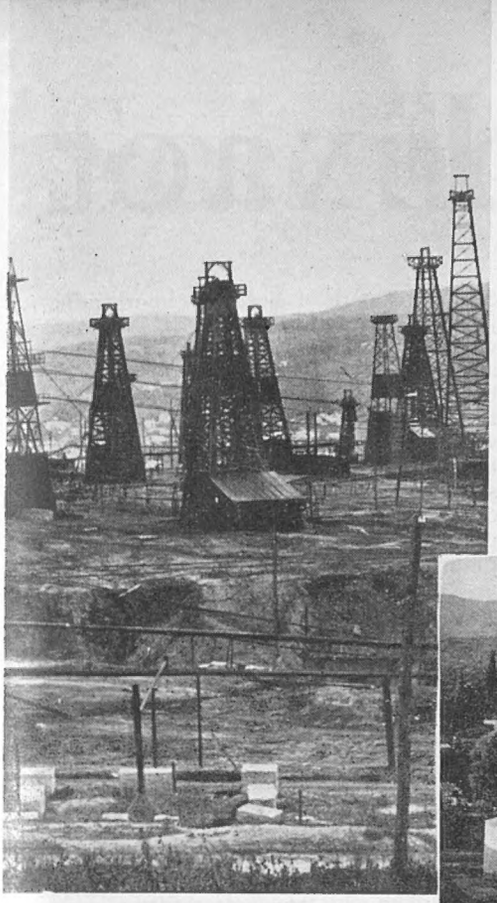
"In fact," said Mars' butler, knees knocking, "the position is extraordinary. Down there they have all the armies, warships, warplanes, tanks, mechanised artillery, for the biggest war of all. But nothing is moving now because the nectar flow has stopped. In fact, they can't get at one another to kill unless"—he covered his eyes with his hand and shuddered—"they walk on their feet, or ride on horses, camels and elephants, in the old way."

"What!" yelled Mars. "No war?"

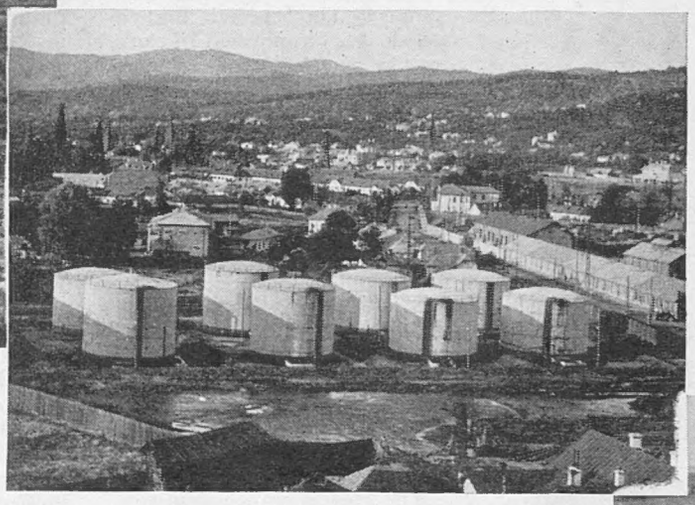
"No war," said the butler sadly. "And no nectar."

Just then a retainer in a gas mask came in to say that Venus had just phoned a message of sympathy : she was

The world's largest oil refinery. A view of the Standard Oil Company's plant at Whiting, Indiana. The company, to reduce transportation costs, pumps the crude oil through huge pipe-lines direct from the Texas oil fields to Whiting



A view of one of the Rumanian oil fields, in the valley of Prahova. Below: Storage tanks and oil refineries in the town of Moreni, from which large quantities are exported. Rumania normally exports between five and six million tons, enough to satisfy nearly a third of Germany's war needs



Mars

Viewed from any angle, oil dominates the war picture. No government can make war without it, or defend itself from attack if it lacks oil to fuel its tanks, air fleets, transport, mechanised guns and warships

By C. Patrick Thompson

so sorry to hear a report that Mars was menaced by apoplexy.

AN allegory. It is the aftermath of a talk I lately had with a scientist engaged in oil research. He was not talking about the war, but about oil wastage through engines which burn too much, and commercial exploitations which go after the stuff without thought for the future. He thought we were very short-sighted to make our civilisation so dependent on oil.

As we talked, leaning over a huge table on which was spread a queer map of the world—showing our globe, not in terms of which nation or empire flies its flag over which piece, but where nature has deposited the oil reservoirs—as we talked, my mind flitted back six years and two thousand miles.

I was back on the German-built steamer carrying me—God, and the badly treated engines willing—from Sevastopol to Batum, on the western extremity of the Black Sea. I looked out at the rocky coast, and tried to see life in those villas as it must have been in the days when this was Russia's riviera, and the grand dukes and merchant princes, all the upper and monied middle layer of Russian society, made these shores their seasonal playground. Now, the proletariat holidayed in those same dwellings—several families to a villa, and everything gone to rack and ruin, chickens in the bathroom, and no one paying much (*Continued on page* 100)

These pipes carry oil from the great Mesopotamian oil fields, several hundreds of miles, traversing the deserts, and skirting the rivers and mountains from the oil fields to the terminals at Tripoli and Haifa. It cost £10,000,000 and transports millions of tons of oil a year

An air view of the mouth of the Panuco River, Tampico, Mexico, showing the refinery and storage tanks of the Huasteca Oil Company. Prior to the war Germany obtained a large amount of oil from Mexico, but the British Navy has now stopped this valuable source of supply

An Exact

THE unclaimed letter bearing an Amsterdam postmark, marked *poste restante*, addressed to Miss Mabel Smith at a North London post office, was forwarded to the dead letter office to be opened and returned to the sender.

On opening the letter a sealed envelope was found inside containing ten five-pound Bank of England notes. There was nothing in writing to indicate who had sent the money. The special branch asked to be notified if any further *poste restante* letters came for Miss Smith.

After a while the special branch received information that another letter was waiting for Miss Smith at the same post office.

The second letter was opened and also found to contain ten five-pound notes. The letter was resealed and placed among other correspondence, waiting to be called for. Miss Smith fetched her letter. She came in a taxi, a rather drab little figure, wearing spectacles, with the high collar of a mackintosh turned up round her face.

The special branch man who got into a second taxi to follow her took the number of Miss Smith's cab. This prudent measure saved the trail from being cut completely when Miss Smith got out of her taxi in a traffic jam and boarded a bus. That at least, was the theory of the taxi driver when asked by the special branch officer what had become of his fare. A search of the taxi produced a cigarette end, coloured with lipstick. The cigarette must have been smoked by Miss Smith the driver said, as he had started out with a clean cab and had carried no other woman passenger. The cigarette was of a private brand, known as Perea, sold by a firm in Bond Street. This firm were able to state that they had a woman customer about Miss Smith's height, who had placed a regular order for one hundred cigarettes a week to be delivered to an address in Chelsea in the name of Miss Clara Valinsky. A check up on this address proved that Miss Valinsky occupied a studio looking out over the Thames. She was a French subject and had been in England about a month. This would account for the first letter marked *poste restante* not being claimed. It did not explain why two sums of fifty pounds should have been sent to Miss Valinsky under an assumed name from Holland.

At this point the case of Miss Valinsky, *alias* Smith, became a matter of interest to the British Intelligence Service as well as to the police.

Said the chief: "If there is no reason why the girl should not receive money from Holland why does she have it sent *poste restante* to a false name. The only thing in her favour is that cigarette stub."

"Why, sir?" Percy Shore asked.

"A trained agent would not smoke a brand of cigarette that is only purchasable at one shop in London."

"Perhaps she is being used without her knowledge, sir."

"Maybe; what's the report from Paris?"

Shore handed his chief a file marked: CARA VALINSKY. The top document on the file bore the address of a department of the Paris Sureté. The report stated that the girl's father was of Russian extraction. He had lived in Paris for twenty-five years and made some reputation as a portrait painter. He had married a

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

Science

Women make clever spies, but often trap themselves by falling in love

By Arthur Mills

Frenchwoman. Their daughter, Cara, had been born in France. Nothing was known against the family.

"Have you seen the girl?" the chief asked his assistant.

"Yes, sir," Shore answered.

"What does she look like?"

"She has dark eyes and hair, slender, rather pale—she was disguised of course when she went to get her money—she is the greenhouse type."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Well sir, she is the kind of girl one would send orchids to."

"How does she live?"

"She gets an allowance from her father."

"Does that pay for her flat and clothes?"

"She has got a studio sir; it might just pay the rent of that."

"Does she paint?"

"No, sir."

"Then why a studio?"

"She likes the view over the river and big windows and divans."

"How did you manage to meet her?"

"I found somebody who knew her, who took me round."

The chief looked thoughtfully at his young assistant. Percy Shore had brown curly hair and nice blue eyes. "Do you think you could handle her?"

"I'll try, sir. What are my orders?"

"Find out what she is doing over here. How she is getting her instructions. What they are. How is she carrying them out."

As Shore did not speak for a moment, the chief asked: "What is on your mind?"

"I was wondering if we can be certain she is an enemy agent, sir? After all, she is a French subject."

"A French subject, yes; but her father was Russian before he was naturalised. Those cross-breeds are always tricky; they have no patriotism." The chief started to draw a pig on his blotting pad; after making a dot for the eye he looked up. "What does the girl think you are, Percy?"

"Me, sir!" asked Shore, who was wearing uniform with captain's stars.

"Did you go to see her dressed like that?"

"Yes, sir; we are not allowed out of uniform without special permission."

"Good; that gives me an idea," the chief added the pig's tail and leaned back in his chair. "You know, Shore, counter-espionage is an exact science. I mean it has been proved that a certain set of circumstances will invariably produce a certain result. For instance, professional agents, that is the agents who work for money and not from motives of patriotism—have a habit of taking money from both sides and cannot be trusted. Ninety per cent of women agents are not to be relied on either for a different reason. Though some of the finest spies in the world have been women, it is safe to say that nine out of ten have their breaking point. Do you know what that is?"

"Insufficient physical strength, sir."

"No, Percy, women have plenty of stamina; what they suffer from is their sex. They—er," the chief twisted his thumb against his forefinger, "fall in love too easily. Sounds like film stuff, doesn't it, but I could tell you of case after case of first-class women agents, whose work has gone all to pieces because they have fallen in love with someone connected with the country they have been sent to work in. One can always tell when it has happened."

"How, sir?"

"They stop sending information." Sir Walter looked keenly at the young officer. "Have I given you a lead?"

"Yes, sir," Captain Shore's blue eyes twinkled.

He had reached the door when his chief called to him. "One other thing, Shore; don't work too fast. If we can find out how they are communicating with her, it may help to deal with others."

THE first part of Captain Shore's work was made easy. Cara Valinsky had shown she liked him the first time he was taken to her studio. A telephone call a few days later asking if she would be in about six was answered eagerly and when he got round to the studio he found Miss Valinsky alone. She had drawn the curtains, lit a log fire, and put on a pair of dark blue velvet trousers.

"Well, this is a little bit of real home," Shore said, settling back in an armchair, toes stretched to the fire.

"Haven't you a home?" Miss Valinsky asked.

Shore said he lived at his club.

"That sounds lonely," she said.

"It is, but of course I'm pretty tired when I get in and all I want is to have dinner and go to bed."

"With nobody to put out your slippers?" inquired Cara.

"Are you good at putting out slippers?" he looked into the dark eyes which were watching him with relish.

"I could be," she said; then suddenly jumped up. "Oh! I'd forgotten the time. I always listen to the news bulletin."

"It is over," Shore said. "The news comes on at six."

"This is the German news," Cara Valinsky turned the switch on her wireless.

"Do you understand German?" Shore asked.

Cara shook her head, then held up her hand. "Listen!"

Over the wireless there came the smooth treacly voice of the German propaganda announcer giving news in English. Cara went back to the sofa and sat listening. "Fascinating, isn't he!" she said.

"You don't believe him, do you?" Shore asked.

Cara laughed. "Of course I don't; I mean it is fascinating because he talks so

SHE came in a taxi, a rather drab little figure, wearing spectacles, with the collar of a mackintosh turned up round her face

YOU met a man who has reddish hair and a birthmark on the right-hand side of his neck

sillily. Listen to him now!" She held up her hand again.

"Yesterday, our bombing planes made an attack on the British fleet. Direct hits were scored on three battle cruisers, one of which was seen to be in a sinking condition when our planes broke off the attack." A pause followed, then the voice said dramatically: "British people! Ask your Admiralty—dare your fleet put to sea?"

Shore watched the girl's face as she listened to the wireless; at first she wore a slightly derisive smile, but towards the end this faded and she became intent. When the broadcast ended she turned off the wireless.

"Do you think they really have sunk a battle cruiser?" she asked.

Shore shook his head. "I never listen to that chap myself, but I have been told he is always making wild claims. Nobody believes him. Why listen to him?"

"I! Oh——" Cara laughed. "He amuses me."

Shore thought that she had not seemed to be amused when the news was given out about the battle cruiser.

He stayed on a little longer then said he must be going. Cara walked out with him into the passage. "Will you come and see me again?" she asked, as he opened the door.

"Yes. When?"

"Whenever you like," she answered; her eyes were inviting.

As he walked down the street, Percy Shore thought over the case of Cara Valinsky. He was not sure that his chief was right about her. If she was an agent she was extraordinarily naïve.. He went straight from the studio to the chief's office.

After listening to Shore's account of the visit the chief said: "You say you noticed her expression change when the German broadcaster spoke about the attack on the fleet. Tell me in what way did it change?"

"She had been smiling sarcastically before; when she heard the report about the ship her face tightened up. By the way has a battle cruiser been sunk, sir?"

"No"; the chief began drawing with his pencil. "Miss Valinsky told you she always listened to the German broadcaster giving the news in English?"

"Yes, sir"

"When are you seeing her again?"

"She invited me to go and see her whenever I liked."

"Good. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do."

THE following evening Shore again went to Cara Valinsky's studio. She showed no surprise when he rang up to ask if he might come round. Once again there was a cosy fire the curtains were drawn and no one else was with her.

"Isn't this nicer than going to your club?" she asked as he settled back in a chair.

"Much nicer."

"Have you had a hard day?" her voice was soft, her eyes tender, her whole manner slightly proprietory.

"The usual," Shore said. "One does not get any less work to do as a war goes on."

"How long do you think it will go on?" she asked.

Shore shrugged; as he did so he looked at the clock over the mantelpiece; in a few minutes the German radio announcer would begin his broadcast in English. Cara Valinsky was sitting opposite in a long chair, her head thrown back against a cushion, velvet-clad legs outstretched, body relaxed.

"You look terribly attractive," he said.

"Do I?"

He got up, dropped on one knee beside her, and took her hand; her fingers answered his pressure and when he kissed her, her lips responded.

Her eyes were closed, her head resting on his shoulder, when he said gently: "You have missed your German announcer!"

She jumped up—tried the wireless and looked at the clock. For a moment she was taut and wild eyed; then she relaxed, laughed and said: "Well, really, I don't think it is a matter of much importance."

"Don't you?" Shore spoke quietly.

"Of course I don't." She took a cigarette from a box on the table. "I got in the habit of listening to the silly little man, that's all."

"How long have you had the habit?"

She paused, the cigarette midway to her lips; Shore's blue eyes looked very cool; the laughing lips were set.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, how long have you had the habit of listening to the 6.15 p.m. broadcast in English from a German station?"

"I don't know I'm sure; why do you ask?"

"Because I want to help you"; his voice was more gentle.

"And how can you do that?"

"In several ways." Shore took a cigarette from his case, lit it, and laid his head back on the sofa. "In the first place I can save you from being arrested."

She looked straight at him. "On what charge?"

"Espionage." Shore blew a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

Cara Valinsky laughed. "They told me my Russian name would get me into trouble. Well, I'm French and I can prove it."

"Your money is sent to you in the name of Mabel Smith."

"Money?" Cara said.

"Yes—money. Ten five-pound notes in an envelope marked *poste restante* to a little post office this side of Hampstead Heath. Two separate sums of fifty pounds have been sent to you that way."

"*Two?*" She stopped short, realising the slip.

Shore smiled. "So you did not know about the first! Well it enabled us to watch and see who would come and fetch the second."

"Who is us!" she asked.

"Just a few British officials who are interested in the safety of this old country."

She crossed to the mantelpiece, leaned against it, resting one foot in the grate. "So that is what you are!"

Shore made no reply; he was looking at the girl, thinking how pretty she was—and how inept.

"Tell me," she asked, "is that why you have been coming here?"

"I don't understand."

"I'll put it more plainly. Did you make love to me in order to try and find out if I am a spy?"

"How would making love to you have helped me to do that?" Shore asked.

Cara shrugged. "It is the traditional method, isn't it?—according to the books and the films."

Shore realised the girl was hurt. It was incongruous—the pathetic little amateur! He had to harden his feelings.

"I kissed you to keep you from listening to the wireless," he said.

"Was that the only reason?" Her manner was insolent now.

"No," Shore (*Continued on page* 64)

SHORE saw she was breaking, and said: "I've never heard of a woman being shot in this country, but you will get a long sentence"

CHEMISTS CREATE

At a recent fashion show a young girl was paraded, clad from head to foot in artificial materials. Everything she wore was made from synthetic stuffs created by chemists, and from an artistic point of view the result left nothing to be desired. To quote the old saying, she was as "pretty as a picture."

Her hat was Cellophane; her frock was rayon. She wore nylon stockings and carried a patent leather handbag and stood in imitation alligator shoes and wore "jade" bracelets and "ivory" beads; her parasol handle was beautifully coloured plastic. Even the faint hint of musk on her imitation silk handkerchief came from a synthetic perfume; and the varied shades of her costume were the result of coal-tar dyes.

No wool or linen, no silk or cotton, no ivory or jade, not even any leather figured in her costume. Only the girl herself was natural—natural flesh and blood wrapped entirely in artificially produced materials. She represented a startling symbol of that new artificial world which chemists are rapidly creating. We are continually reading in our newspapers of yet another "miracle" from this or that great chemical laboratory—"wool" from milk; alcohol, rubber, and false teeth from gas; liquorice from old stumps—or some new way to poison vermin.

When you visit a shop and note lovely fabrics you are apt to express astonishment when the assistant quietly adds that they are artificial. True, they have every appearance of the real article in texture, finish and colour and, what is more, they are equally as serviceable and much cheaper. At adjoining counters there are many beautiful articles and household requisites and if you venture to inquire if this or that article is genuine, you hear the word "composition."

The amazing part of the whole thing is this, that these new man-made articles, created out of hitherto unknown raw materials, have only made their appearance during the past decade or two. As one well-known chemist said to me: "At the end of the World War of 1914–18, sheep, plants and worms supplied the fibres for our textiles. Bone, hides, tusks, horn, the saps and barks of trees, the excretions of insect and animal life, and countless other products as ancient as commerce, filled the holds of our ships and our railway trucks, just as they made up the burdens of caravans in the days of Marco Polo.

"We were building and designing better homes, but of the same materials in stone, brick, and wood—of which homes had been built for thousands of years. We were wearing the same clothing that our great-grandfathers wore, merely cut to a new style and woven by machine instead of by hand. We were eating the same foods, using the same perfumes, sleeping in the same types of beds that the Cæsars and Pharaohs knew."

Then a wave of inventive genius swept over the chemical world, and "we began to see wood, metal, fibre, rubber, and all other natural products not as raw materials in themselves, but as compounds of

A living symbol of the chemical age. She wears no silk, wool, linen, cotton or leather—no pearls or jewelled earrings. All is synthetic. From Cellophane hat, rayon dress and gloves, to plastic pearls and earrings, patent leather shoes with plastic heels, and handbag. Her whole outfit is all of laboratory origin

A lampshade made of laminated plastic, a new material, which possesses amazing strength and is practically fire-proof. This material is ideal for making aeroplane fuselages, instrument panels and many other things

Table accessories executed in plastic clarity. They include a salad bowl, basket-dish, etc. Light will flow through

A NEW WORLD

The Romance of Chemistry to-day. It furnishes our world with synthetic raw materials — revolutionising Industry

By Harold J. Shepstone

numerous raw materials that are ever present in superabundance in the air, the water, and the soil."

Coal, for instance, to a chemist, is far more than fuel; it is an almost limitless source of carbon. Air and water, too, are "inexhaustible reservoirs of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen." Hence now, in these three sources—coal, water, and air—the chemist finds "the primary building blocks employed in the natural creation of silk, rubber, wood, camphor—in short, most organic things and their by-products." Explore these chemical miracles further—see how they now affect our industry and daily lives—and you run into astonishing facts and unexpected thoughts.

The sink and drainboard mats are not rubber, but a new preparation. Because of their chemical treatment they resist the deteriorating effects of greasy hot water and the numerous cleansing materials that are used nowadays

Every article in this tea-table setting, with the exception of the chinaware, represents entirely new material. Chairs, table, flower bowl, food cover and marmalade jar, are of lucite, a new plastic as transparent as glass, and much stronger

in lucite, a plastic of crystal salad fork with twisted handles, candle holders and flower vase, a transparent rod of lucite

Brushes, combs and bristles of entirely new material. The bristles are of nylon. They do not split, are resilient, sanitary, resist deformation, and absorb only one-fifth as much moisture in volume measurement as hog bristle

MANY of man's raw materials, even when he has carried them long distances, are not always perfect, or adequate. Wool, flax, hemp, hides, lumber, silk, even cotton, each in its own way has often given man a headache. Each, in its natural state, may have certain limitations. Metals he must make harder and rust-proof; wood he must protect with paint or creosote; even water must be purified. The list is long; but these are the reasons why you see chemists busy, not only with new alloys, paints, disinfectants and fertilisers, but with synthetic leather, rubber, fibres and dyes.

Some things chemists do nowadays would have been classed in ancient times with the miracles. As when water was turned into wine, chemists make things to-day which even differ chemically from the raw stuffs whence they spring. To make alcohol from molasses, or dyes from plants, is mere chemical change easily (*Continued on page* 74)

It Never Worries Men

A Test-Pilot's job is a dangerous one—Fear must never enter into his life

By Philip Neville

"IT sounds like a good job." Frances watched her husband's eyes flicking through the letter.

"I have a good job." He tossed the letter back to her. "Push over the teapot, Frankie."

"Be civilised. Pass your cup." She filled his cup, then returned to the battle. "But you'd still be in aviation, Johnnie . . . seeing all the newest planes . . . writing about them."

"Can't write," replied Johnnie, briefly. Then, after a great gulp of tea, "Me! 'Our Aeronautical Correspondent.' That'd get a laugh from the boys. And how'd we fit into polite society, Frankie? These sausages are good."

"Too good to be stabbed from the dish with anybody's fork," said Frances, sighing, as she watched him exultantly transfer a sausage to his plate. "Perhaps a little polite society might do us both good for awhile."

He looked at her with mock astonishment on his good-humoured face. "Hey! What's come over you?" he asked. "Getting tired of being married to a test-pilot? Or was last night's party too fierce for you?"

She smiled across the breakfast table at him. "Must have been the party, Johnnie.

" I guess Frankie's a sort of mascot," said Johnnie, sweeping Frances into his arms

A year's not long enough to begin to know a test-pilot."

"There you go," he said, shaking a ruffled fair head that no comb could ever keep tidy. "Talking about a test-pilot as though he's a jumping fire cracker. When'll you realise we're just another bunch of fellows doing another job of work?"

"I've realised it all the time, Johnnie. And now shall I help you into your parachute and send you off to work like a good wife should."

He came round the table. "I'll do the helping . . . this way." He lifted her face in his hands and held his lips on hers. It always feels like this, thought Frances, like a plane soaring beyond the clouds to the blue sky . . . and there's fear, too, like a plane twirling and turning and plunging towards the ground. . . .

"I'll be back around one," said Johnnie. "Testing that new three-engined bomber this morning."

Frances' heart gave a sudden leap. "Not Hush-Hush Two?"

"A bomber, I said, not a fighter, intelligence." Johnnie gave the baggy flannels that somehow managed to find a grip of his slim waist a disgusted hitch. "The day the Hush Hush Two takes the air . . . and *if* I'm the test-pilot, I'll order champagne for lunch. And I said *if*."

SHE waved from the window as the little two-seater darted away down the road. Then she went back to the table and poured herself another cup of tea before reading the letter again.

Good for Uncle Toby! No one would have suspected the letter was in answer to her appeal. And least of all Johnnie. He had to hear the thunder clap before he'd believe he'd seen lightning. So Uncle Toby's letter read to him just as it was meant to do. A letter from a newspaper proprietor appealing to a first-rate airman to join his staff as an aviation expert. Not the triumphant note of an uncle pulling his favourite niece out of the jam he'd told her she'd get into.

"A penniless young aviator," he'd said a year ago. "And a test-pilot! My dear Frances, do you know what it's like to be married to a test-pilot?"

Frances hadn't even known what a test-pilot was. All she'd known was that Johnnie Manners had eyes as blue as the skies he flew to, and hair as yellow as the ripened corn below.

"Why, your life will be hell on earth while he's tumbling nose over tail in the sky," said Uncle Toby. "You'll never know whether he's coming home to lunch or you've to go to the hospital."

"Uncle Toby!" she'd exclaimed.

"Oh, all right," he'd agreed, at last. "How old are you? Twenty-four. Hmm! Look more like eighteen, with those innocent brown eyes of yours. I always thought your father made me your guardian so's he could make me look foolish in the end. Well, that's one success he had . . . even if he had to die to do it."

Frances hadn't known what the answer was to that, although she did her best to defend a father she scarcely remembered.

"But don't think you'll get a fat allowance from me," her uncle had continued. "That airman fellow will have to keep you now he's found you. Why he ever left Canada to come to this tax-ridden country, I don't know."

Frances didn't point out *he'd* made a fortune in this tax-ridden country. But she did point out, emphatically, that her Canadian was quite capable of keeping her.

"I hope so," said Uncle Toby, not hopefully. "Still . . . you never know. You have my address." Which meant that Frances would have his help, too, if she ever needed it.

BUT in that mad, gay honeymoon week in Paris, help was the last thing she thought about. And if she did whisper of the dangers of a test-pilot's job in Johnnie's ear his laughter and his "I'd rather test a plane than cross a London street without you," had made it seem just another joke to be shared.

That was before they'd returned to England and taken a bungalow close to the flying-field and she'd stood on the tarmac, staring up at the twisting, twirling plane that hurtled down and then zoomed up, taking her heart with it.

And it was before Johnnie had landed and come taxi-ing towards her and jumped out, struggling with his parachute, and had said, "Listen, Frankie, stay away from here. There's nothing to see, and if there is, I don't want you to see it." He could look grim and stern, could Johnnie . . . when he wasn't grinning that crooked smile across his tanned face.

But mostly he'd been grinning and joking, when he wasn't making love in that queer, fierce way, as though he felt he must get the most out of life while he lived.

It was of Johnnie's last kiss that Frances was thinking when the knock came on the door. She hated knocks on doors . . . when Johnnie was out. But it was only Mary Trevor.

"If you will live next door to me and we will go to parties like last night's, you must expect me round any time next day," said Mary, slumping into the nearest armchair and pushing back heavy, auburn hair from a pallid face. "Give me a cigarette and a whisky and soda. Make it stiff." She gave a sidelong glance from grey-green eyes at Frances. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Little Red Riding Hood. Don't look at the clock. I know it's not ten yet."

Even a year hadn't accustomed Frances to the thought that any one could want a drink quite so early.

"Why Howard Winthrop throws a party and then expects his ace test-pilot to be on the job next day beats me," said Mary, watching Frances mix her drink. "And he'd be the first to kick if Johnnie phoned to say he didn't feel so hot."

"One drink's Johnnie's limit," said Frances, handing Mary the glass. "And as for me . . . well, I just spend my time saying 'No, thank you,' at parties."

"If Johnnie wasn't so crazy anyway, somebody'd nickname him 'Sky Pilot.' How long have you two been married?"

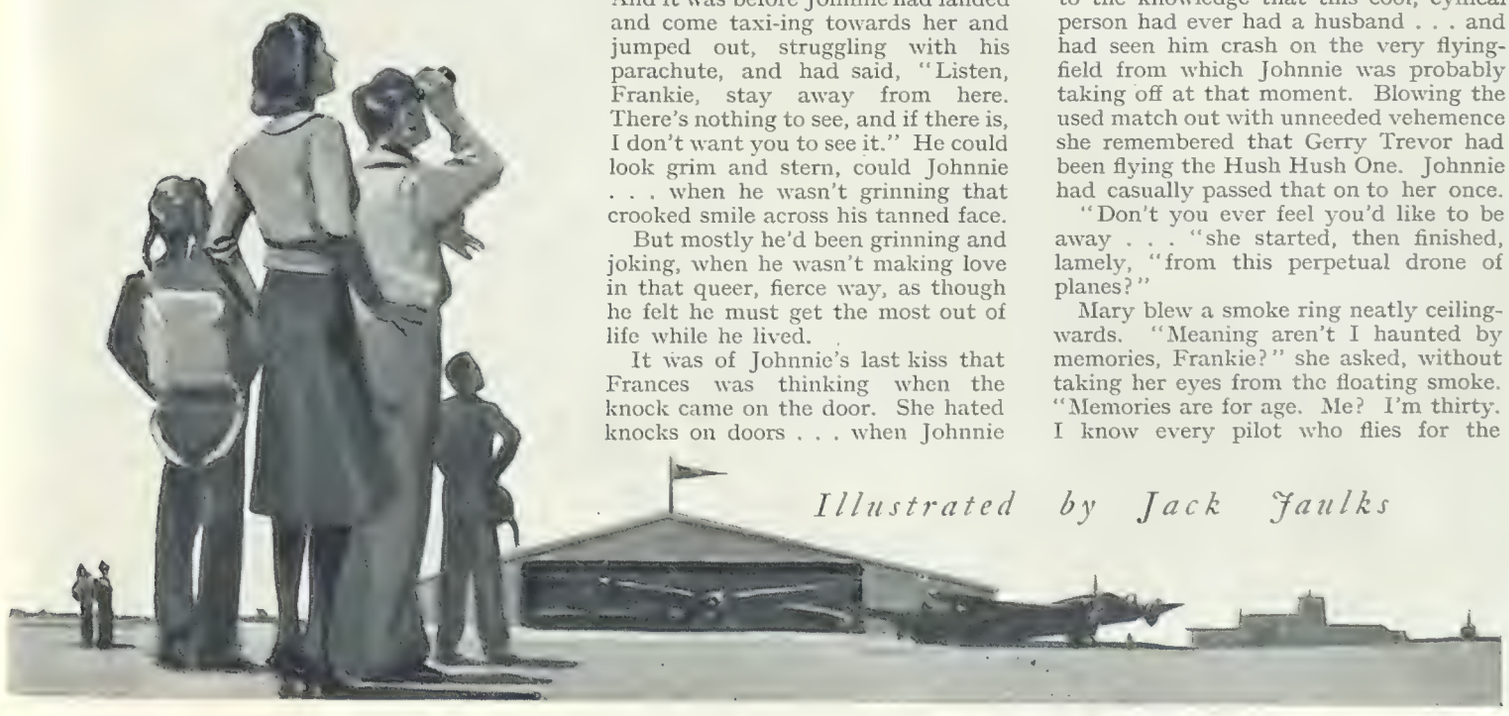
"Keep it dark," said Frances. "But yesterday was our first anniversary."

"It was my second," said Mary, "as a widow. Got a match, Frankie?"

Frances never could accustom herself to the knowledge that this cool, cynical person had ever had a husband . . . and had seen him crash on the very flying-field from which Johnnie was probably taking off at that moment. Blowing the used match out with unneeded vehemence she remembered that Gerry Trevor had been flying the Hush Hush One. Johnnie had casually passed that on to her once.

"Don't you ever feel you'd like to be away . . . "she started, then finished, lamely, "from this perpetual drone of planes?"

Mary blew a smoke ring neatly ceilingwards. "Meaning aren't I haunted by memories, Frankie?" she asked, without taking her eyes from the floating smoke. "Memories are for age. Me? I'm thirty. I know every pilot who flies for the



Illustrated by Jack Faulks

And in that last bullet-like dive as the shrieking flash hurtled downwards she knew not fear but exultation

Winthrop Aviation Company. We speak the same language and drink the same drinks . . . not *always* out of the same glass of course. For the ten years I was married to Gerry, planes were as much my life as his livelihood." Without moving her head her eyes suddenly met Frances's. "Does the sound of an aeroplane engine get on your nerves?"

"Oh, no," protested Frances. She'd decided quite a long time ago that Mary Trevor was not the person in whom to repose this confidence. "It . . . it just becomes a trifle monotonous at times. That's all."

"And that's all I should ever let it become. Howard Winthrop doesn't like his test-pilots to have nervy wives. Might react on the pilots. And Howard doesn't enjoy having his planes crashed too often."

How like her, thought Frances, to put her warning that way . . . to make you see a plane crumpled on the ground.

"You know, your name doesn't fit you a bit," said Frances, and instantly knew that the other woman had guessed the thought between.

"It did, when I was eighteen," said Mary, and managed to convey that it meant rather less than a change in her way of doing her hair. "And Gerry was such an appalling sentimentalist he couldn't let a nickname stick. Of course, Frankie was a natural."

"Why?" asked Frances, who always had wondered.

"My dear, haven't you heard the famous adventures of Frankie and Johnnie? I suppose it's a little too ribald for Johnnie to sing to you. We must really get Tommy Thompson to sing it at the next party . . . in its entirety."

When at last the daily help arrived, Frances felt relief in assisting her in the household tasks. Even to have the grey-green eyes rather amusedly watching her, for Mary Trevor had made no attempt to go, was better than listening to the talk which formed the background of the little world to which she belonged.

She knew now how deeply she was beginning to hate the continuous conversation about planes and engines. Mary excelled in it . . . could discuss the technicalities of an aeroplane with the most expert designer . . . could talk of altimeters, "ceilings," wind pressure and time lags for hours with the test-pilots. She hated the parties, the drinking, the cynical disregard of the future that was the keynote in the lives of this little group of people whose sole concern was aviation. It was all very well for Johnnie to call it "just another job of work." It wasn't. It was a daily gamble . . . with someone's happiness at stake every hour of the day. Women like Mary Trevor might be able to see their husbands crash and stay around, flirting, drinking, talking "shop," just because the life had got them. Uncle Toby was right. It *was* hell on earth when you gave your heart to a test-pilot to take up with him every time he flew.

And when Johnnie came into lunch and cheerfully insisted that Mary stay, Frances shut her ears to the interminable drone of flying talk. Not even the discussion of who would be the pilot to take up Hush Hush Two on its trial flight, which Mary discussed as though there'd never been a Hush Hush One, could do more than bring but an inward prayer that it wouldn't be Johnnie.

But if Frances prayed inwardly, Johnnie pleaded outwardly, and so that all could hear.

"I've put a lot into that plane," he said, one evening when, unusually, neither test-pilot nor Mary Trevor had dropped in

for a drink and a talk. "There are more of my ideas in her than all of those designers could think of put together. And if the Air Ministry adopt this new type, well . . . the Hush Hush Two will be the talk of the world."

Frances was torn between anxiety and the need for a pretence at interest in the plane she had come to dread. "Whoever takes it up, Johnnie, you'll get the credit for your ideas."

Johnnie rammed the tobacco savagely into his pipe. "Listen, Frankie. There'll be no credit for any one if that bus crashes." How can he say it, thought Frances. It's not fair. "When she dives someone's got to be at the controls who can keep track of the loss of altitude and pull her out before she buries herself ten feet into the ground. Tommy Thompson!"

Frances could scarcely keep the gleam of hope from her eyes. "Tommy Thompson . . . is he going to take her up?"

"Winthrop's dithering over it now. Oh, I know what he's thinking. Johnnie's too old. Tommy'll give her the works . . . get her diving around five seventy m.p.h. Five seventy! Why, I'll take her up to twenty-two thousand feet and dive her at six hundred. Me! Too old at twenty-nine."

Gerry Trevor was that age, thought Frances, Mary told me. And Winthrop's remembering that, too.

"Tommy's only twenty-two, isn't he?" she said.

"And yellow! He can't fool me. Why did he jump when that plane had a wing waggle last week? Hell, what's a fellow up testing for? To find out a plane's weaknesses, not display his own. Here, gimme that nail file of yours . . . this damned pipe is always getting stuffed up."

"Savage!" said Frances.

Of course, Mary Trevor would be there when Johnnie came home with the news.

"We know! We know!" she said, as Johnnie rushed in and threw his hat at the ceiling. "You're going to take her up. Don't bring her down on my bungalow, Johnnie. It's quite untidy enough now, thank you."

"I guess Frankie's a sort of mascot," said Johnnie, sweeping Frances into his arms. "I've had all the breaks since I married her. And now . . . this."

Yes, thought Frances, and now this. And with her face buried in Johnnie's jacket she could see Mary, slim and cool, with one trousered leg hung over the arm of the chair, a twisted smile on the too red lips in the pale face. She didn't have to see Mary to know what the smile meant. And Mary didn't have to say "You poor mutt!" for Frances to hear what Johnnie never suspected.

IN a fortnight's time the test was to take place. It was going to be so very important, said Johnnie. So very important, echoed Frances. Air Ministry officials would be there. Contracts were ready to be signed. If the trial was a success there'd be orders galore and a fat increase in salary for Johnnie. And a month in Paris for Frances. There'd be that, too.

"Winthrop's promised it," exclaimed Johnnie, blue eyes dancing, fair hair tumbling over his forehead. "A month . . . a whole month's leave, Frankie. Paris again. With you, darling. We'll dine every night at the Chez Toi in Montmartre."

"Montparnasse." As if it mattered, thought Frances.

"And I'll come into all the *galeries* with you," ignored Johnnie. "Not the ones with pictures but the ones that sell filmy, silky, lovely things for you to wear. Yes, I'll do that for you, and choose the ones you'll wear, too."

Frances wasn't sure, in the nights that followed, whether planning the month in Paris or discussing the test flight hurt most.

"If she's too light in the nose she'll go into a loop," Johnnie would mutter, reflectively immersed in clouds of tobacco smoke. "And the engine'll tear loose at that speed." Or there was the long conjecturing as to whether the wind screen could take the pressure and if it couldn't, would the pilot be blinded by the wind rush and lose control? To Mary Trevor, continually in the house now, these were matters to be discussed coldly and scientifically. Through the mist of one cigarette after another, she'd pace the room, hands in trouser pockets, analysing the chances of success or failure with Johnnie, as two partners might work out their tactics for a tennis tournament.

"Of course, Gerry always knew the wings would wrinkle at five hundred on Hush Hush One," said Mary, once. "He was bothering about it the night before he went up." Bothering about it! thought Frances, how can they talk like this before me? (*Continued on page* 64)

"DAMN the Hush Hush Two," she exclaimed, and crashed her glass to the floor

The Fourth Service

Espionage, like every other Service, is not static and new methods are constantly being evolved as the old tricks become dangerously familiar

By Stanley Jackson

THE modern spy sets out to be as inconspicuous as possible

FOR obvious reasons everything connected with our Secret Service is shrouded in mystery. It is twenty years since an inquisitive M.P. was sharply reminded by Mr. Balfour that the "essence of the Secret Service is that it should be secret." Since then, no member has had the temerity to question the amount voted for M.I.5. However much is asked for, the Commons at once pass it through without being told why it is needed and precisely how it is to be spent.

HE made love to a dancer known as the "Black Angel"

In fact, only the Chief of the Treasury and his Auditor-General are aware of these secrets when they sign a brief form certifying that the amount has actually been expended on intelligence work.

Nor does the mystery end there; nobody outside the "Inner Cabinet" is allowed to know the identity of the head of M.I.5, and he alone has access to a safe in the Foreign Office which gives full details of every man and woman employed in our Secret Service.

Rarely, indeed, is one agent aware of the identity of others with whom he is collaborating in this dangerous work; it is an established rule of the Service that members must refer to their colleagues by numbers which are committed to memory—never put down in black and white—when an agent starts working for M.I.5.

The reason for these elaborate precautions is self-evident; in peace or war, every State maintains a system of espionage which finally dictates the course of diplomacy and often the fatal issue of peace or war.

It is now an open secret that Germany's lightning victory over Poland was made possible by the preparatory work of Nazi agents in that unfortunate and stricken country.

Recently, there have been other instances of Hitler's reliance upon spies in his war plans.

Soon after the outbreak of war, thousands of military uniforms were stolen from a warehouse and smuggled out of Holland and into Germany. When Hitler decides to strike at the Netherlands these uniforms will be donned by Nazi agents.

Similar evidence comes from other anxious neutrals. In Narvik, the great Norwegian iron port, a German engineer was recently arrested and his house thoroughly searched. In the chimney the police came upon a high-powered radio transmitter and receiving set. A scrutiny of his private papers showed that he had kept U-boat commanders informed of the movements of British and Norwegian ships leaving Narvik.

Recent developments in this country show that we are not underestimating the strength and resourcefulness of the Nazi spy machine. In February of this year the House of Commons voted £1,100,000 for Secret Service work, exactly ten times the amount spent in 1914. This grant was followed by the issue of 2,500,000 anti-gossip posters, designed by Fougasse.

A GESTAPO agent became suspicious and submitted her to a third-degree examination

These costly preparations are only too clearly justified by recent events. It is known that hundreds of Nazi wreckers were dropped by parachute in Poland in the early days of the campaign. We are exposed to a similar menace over here.

Before me, as I write, is a list of unexplained mishaps that have worried the authorities during the past few years. At a certain dockyard it was discovered that a depth-charge ejector had been tampered with just before a submarine put to sea. Elsewhere, the breech of a sixteen-inch gun had been so interfered with that if the sabotage had not been discovered in time many of the crew would have been killed as soon as the gun was fired.

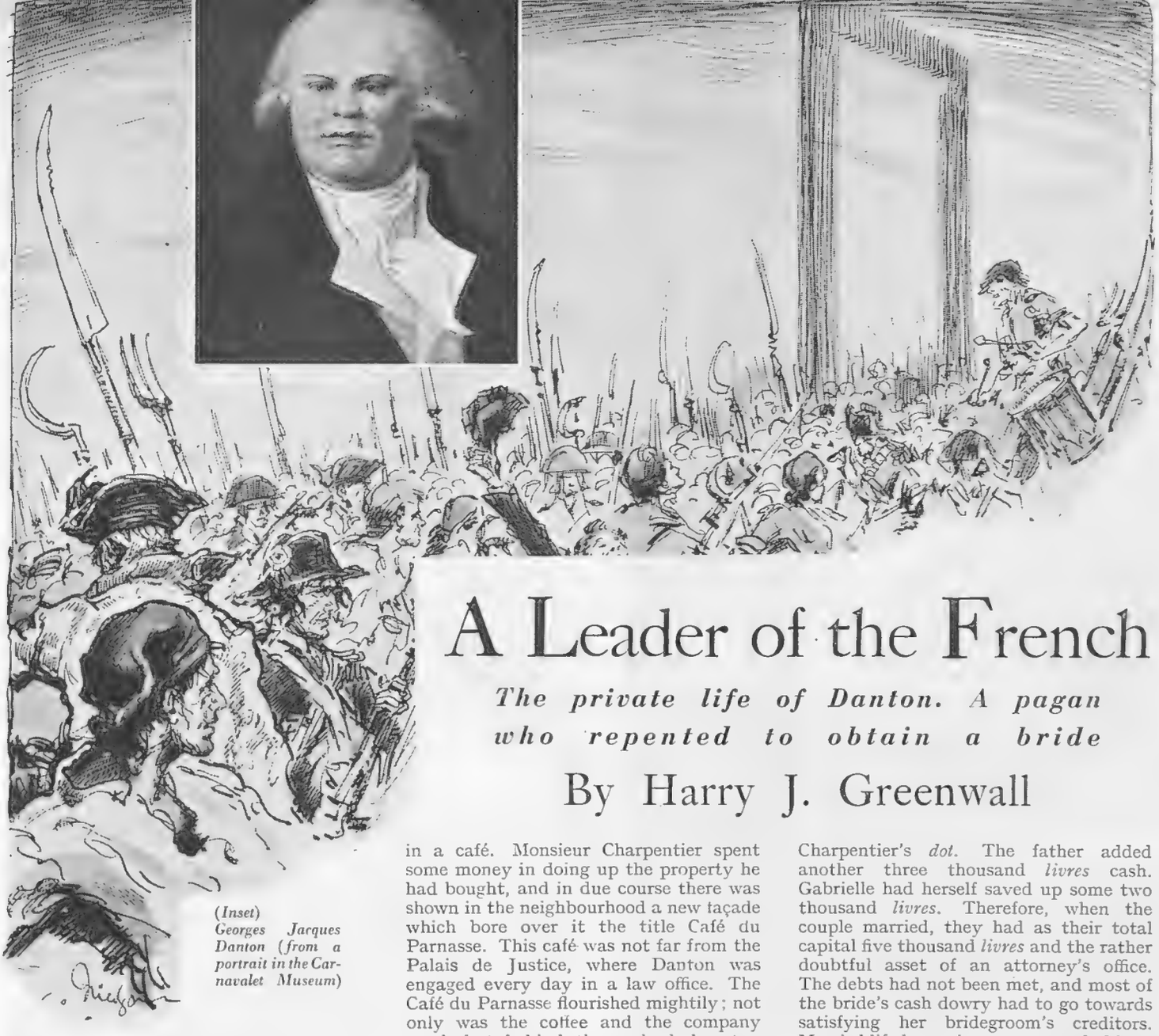
Another cruiser had had its cable hammered through. The same sinister attention was paid to some of our big aircraft factories; the petrol tanks of many large bombers were pierced, and the feed pipes in some of the latest hush-hush machines were cut.

These mysterious events, I would remind you, took place while we were at peace with Germany and Hitler was daily assuring us of his pacific intentions! Now that the mask is off we may expect a ruthless campaign of sabotage.

There are many potential sources of mischief; the saboteur will attempt to destroy our communications by wrecking power stations, railway bridges and canals; he may even attempt to poison our water supply. I have no wish to make your flesh creep, unlike the fat boy in "Pickwick," but it is well to face up to the problem facing our counter-espionage agents. A Nazi fanatic, armed with a test-tube of bacilli or a stick of dynamite, can do terrible damage. To-day, with fifty thousand Germans in our midst, the wrecker may not find it difficult to make careful plans.

Most of the refugees are genuine, but half a dozen "evilly disposed persons"—to use the official term—can form the nucleus of a very dangerous sabotage squad.

Fortunately, we are not in the same position as we were in 1914 when (*Continued on page* 90)



(*Inset*) *Georges Jacques Danton* (*from a portrait in the Carnavalet Museum*)

A Leader of the French

The private life of Danton. A pagan who repented to obtain a bride

By Harry J. Greenwall

ONE day in the high summer of 1780, a country carrier's cart was jog-trotting along the road from Arcis-sur-Aube, in Champagne, towards Paris. The carter was a kindly fellow, and his passenger was "hitch-hiking" in the language of to-day. The stout young man who sat beside the carrier was very ugly; he had suffered from smallpox which had left his face badly marked. In his boyhood, the stout young man had met an enraged cow in a field, and the cow had struck him in the face with her horns and had badly damaged his nose and split his upper lip. Nevertheless, the stout young man was of a happy nature, and he sang and whistled and joked and laughed as he jog-trotted along the dusty road to Paris.

The carter entered the gates of the capital and rattled over the cobblestones to the Rue Geoffroy-L'asnier, where there was an *auberge* called "Le Cheval Noir." The "Cheval Noir" was well known in the neighbourhood from which the stout young man came because all people travelling to Paris from this district used to put up at this inn. The stout young man jumped to the soil of Paris, thanked the carter for the lift, picked up a small bag and swaggered into the inn and signed his name: Georges Jacques Danton, avocat.

Shortly before young Danton arrived in Paris, a retired tax collector named Charpentier had invested his life savings in a café. Monsieur Charpentier spent some money in doing up the property he had bought, and in due course there was shown in the neighbourhood a new façade which bore over it the title Café du Parnasse. This café was not far from the Palais de Justice, where Danton was engaged every day in a law office. The Café du Parnasse flourished mightily; not only was the coffee and the company good, but behind the cash desk sat a beautiful young lady named Gabrielle Charpentier, the daughter of the café keeper. Attorneys and notaries' clerks flocked to the café, particularly in the evenings, when the day's work was over, and they liked to play the games of France and chat. There came in due course the swaggering Danton, and he immediately set eyes on the girl at the cash desk. So smitten, so obviously smitten, was young Danton by the charms of the café keeper's daughter that Monsieur Charpentier caused inquiries to be made concerning the young attorney. It appeared that he came from a very respectable *bourgeois* family; of that there was no doubt whatsoever, but in Paris he appeared to be amassing nothing but debts. He was riddled with debts very soon after he arrived in Paris, was this ugly but otherwise charming young Monsieur Danton.

Monsieur Charpentier refused to listen to Danton's suggestions for marrying his daughter, but after a while, when he remembered that Gabrielle was already twenty-five, the father wrote and made more inquiries in Danton's village; then he eventually gave his consent to the wedding. The couple were married on June 9, 1787. Three months previously, Monsieur Charpentier had given Danton the sum of fifteen thousand *livres* to enable him to buy an attorney's practice. This sum figured in Mademoiselle Gabrielle Charpentier's *dot*. The father added another three thousand *livres* cash. Gabrielle had herself saved up some two thousand *livres*. Therefore, when the couple married, they had as their total capital five thousand *livres* and the rather doubtful asset of an attorney's office. The debts had not been met, and most of the bride's cash dowry had to go towards satisfying her bridegroom's creditors. Married life began in a very poor fashion: the father-in-law had to support the couple. When there was a shortage of victuals, daughter and son-in-law would go to the café for their meals. So poor were the Dantons at this period that they had to go and live with the Charpentier family. Then when the Revolution broke out, two years after the wedding, Danton obtained a refund of the fifteen thousand *livres* he had paid for the attorney's office, and with this money he decided to set up an establishment. He took a small flat in the Cours du Commerce. His nearest neighbours, a couple living on the floor below, were Monsieur and Madame Camille Desmoulins. It is probable that in the evenings, when Danton and Desmoulins met, the first seeds of Danton's revolutionary ambitions were sown.

THERE is plenty of evidence that Danton was a good husband, and when, in 1789, his first son, Antoine, was born, he became a very good father. Danton lived the life of a good French *bourgeois*. He had some sound wine in his cellar; he liked to spend his evenings in talks, and occasionally visiting his neighbours or receiving visits from them.

I have never been able to discover how, from the moment when he received the refund of the sum he had paid for the attorney's office, until the time when we find him back (*Continued on page* 88)

Delilah

I SUPPOSE that nobody who passed in front of the church of Saint André d'Ecosse that morning imagined that a few hours later it was going to be the scene of one of the most sensational murders that have ever taken place in Paris. In parentheses let me say that it seems to be with murderers much as it is with authors, actresses, bishops and jockeys : some get into the headlines and some don't. Certainly Henri Vallimardier was assured of renown from the start.

To begin with, he was already well known. He was an aviator and held at least four of the French long distance records, of which two were also world records. His flying, too, had been sensational from the beginning. One day, when his training was barely completed, he had flown to America where he had dined with the President; he had flown back two days later. Some said his success was due to foolhardiness and his sheer inability to understand the meaning of fear. And others said it was his love for his wife and hers for him which made possible for him what was impossible for anybody else. At all events it is certain that he was both a brave and an impetuous man.

On this particular morning he was burying his wife, who had died two days before as the result of an unsuccessful operation. The rector of the church of Saint André d'Ecosse had been somewhat embarrassed when Henri Vallimardier had insisted on the funeral service taking place at eleven o'clock because he had a fashionable wedding fixed for the same hour; but the occurrence was not unusual, for the parish was populous. He had solved the problem by hanging a long velvet curtain between the main part of the church and the lady chapel. The marriage took place at the high altar and the funeral at the lady altar.

VALLIMARDIER, like most irreligious men, liked religious ceremonies to be done decently and in order. He remarked with extreme displeasure that the bearing of the beadle was mechanical and slap-dash. Even when he was being reverent with his body his eyes betrayed his distraction. Even the priest seemed to gabble through the office as though it were a boring rigmarole which must be got through as quickly as possible.

As the service proceeded his irritation increased until it became a sense of personal injury. A man of action and unused to thinking objectively, he was unable to reason that the loss which was so very real to him meant, humanly speaking, nothing at all to the beadle and the priest. Much less was he capable of understanding that, in a church in which were often celebrated as many as three funerals a day, familiarity with the rite might blind even the most devout clergy to the supernatural significance of their words and gestures. All he knew was that he had lost his golden-haired Solange and that men who were reputedly holy were praying over her darling body as though it were a crate of oranges.

Glancing surreptitiously to right and to left, he saw that even those who had professed to be his wife's greatest friends were following the service with scant evidence of grief. It was in vain that he tried to console himself by reminding himself that they, too, would one day die and that others would manifest as little sorrow at their departure as they at his Solange's. And, being an entirely subjective person, it did not occur to him to reflect that he himself had behaved at dear friends' funerals with the same abstraction as they at his wife's. Overburdened by his loss, he expected that at least his friends would be overburdened by it, too. And when a breeze from nowhere suddenly bellied out the curtain and revealed a portion of the nuptial ceremony proceeding simultaneously at the high altar his exacerbation knew no bounds.

Illustrated by

Upside Down

Death had no sting for Vallimardier, but he was possessed of the same fear as Samson

By Bruce Marshall

From then until the end of the service he raged impotently. The joyful chants coming from the main part of the church seemed to him an intolerable mockery of his own grief. It was unjust that other people should be so happy when he was so miserable. He looked round the church and saw that others among his wife's mourners had remarked the wedding through the opening in the curtain and were commenting upon it smilingly. In an agony of sorrow he remembered the day he had first met his wife. She had been wearing a white dress and the sun had been shining on her hair.

Gulping with emotion, he turned back to follow the service. His eyes were so wet with tears that he could see nothing. He felt blindly in his pocket for his handkerchief and pulled out instead the small automatic pistol that he always carried with him. His distraction was so great that it was only when he felt the cold metal against his eyes that he noticed his mistake. He put away the pistol and took out his handkerchief. He dried his eyes with it and wiped the huge dome of his entirely bald head, which was sweating profusely.

FOLLOWING the coffin out of the church he made up his mind to look at nobody. He kept his resolution until he came out of the church into the sunlight when it was impossible for him to keep it any longer. For, as the coffin containing his dear dead wife's body passed out of the side door, the bride and bridegroom processed out of the main door and stood waiting to be photographed.

Surrounded by a flutter of bridesmaids, the bride and bridegroom stood laughing and chattering and paid no attention to the bare coffin which was being carried lurchingly down the steps towards the waiting hearse.

In Paris undertakers' assistants are as callous a lot of unspiritual looking ruffians as you could meet anywhere outside a prison. You can see them any morning of the week you choose, conglomerated in bleary irreverence outside the doors of the principal churches, spitting and smoking while they are waiting for a service to finish. Vallimardier had often noticed them, too, although he had never thought very much about them until now. But as he watched them carrying the body of his dead wife down the steps of that church he thought a great deal about them indeed. He thought that it was a disgrace that they should be unable to perform their duties reverently. He watched them with a sorry heart push the coffin into the hearse and throw the wreaths in after it just as though they were sacks of flour. And when one of the assistants, running up with a wreath which had almost been forgotten, cleared

HE bounded up the steps of the church and shot the bridegroom dead as he stood there trying to calm the bride

Edward Osmond

his throat and spat as he ran, his anger and his grief knew no bounds.

He walked up to the man and, seizing him by the scruff of the neck, twisted him round and shouted into his face :

"Monsieur, you may be unaware of the fact that it is my wife you are burying."

The man, a weak creature with stupid, mean eyes, let the wreath drop in terror and astonishment.

"Eh?" he said.

"I said that it is my wife you're burying," Vallimardier shouted.

The master of ceremonies, a sallow little man in a ridiculous cockade, stepped up.

"If monsieur has anything to complain of . . ." he began.

Vallimardier let the assistant go and turned to the master of ceremonies.

"I have quite a lot to complain of," he shouted. He saw that the wedding group on the steps of the church and his wife's mourners congregated behind him on the pavement were staring at him in reproof or ill-concealed amusement; but the perception served naturally enough only to increase his rage. "I engaged you to bury my wife. And one of your men has the audacity to spit while carrying a wreath. It's outrageous."

The master of ceremonies knew that his underling was in the wrong; but, unwilling to admit it and unable to justify the breach of decorum, he did what nine out of ten Frenchmen do under similar circumstances : he shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you expect?" he said. "We see so many funerals."

The underling, sensing that his boss and the crowd were with him, said with a leer :

"Monsieur seems to think that he's the only man in the world who has ever lost his wife. And perhaps if the truth were known she wasn't so sorry to lose him."

There was a titter from the other undertaker's men at this sally, and that titter made Vallimardier see red. He took out his revolver and shot the man dead. Then he shot the master of ceremonies dead also. He turned and saw the bride making pitiful signs with her hands across the lovely wide white sail of her dress. The sun shone down upon her, lighting her golden hair through the mesh of her veil. She looked like his dear, dead Solange had looked as she had stood with him on those very steps only three years previously. Unable to bear that others should enjoy while he mourned, he bounded up the steps of the church and shot the bridegroom as he stood there trying to calm her.

THE chaplain shook his head sadly. He had seen many men that were about to die and he knew their madness

The murders naturally enough caused a sensation. There were no major political squabbles on at the moment. For weeks the newspapers were filled with discussions as to whether the actual system of undertaking ought to be reformed, and priests wrote suggesting that the business of burial ought to be entrusted to a lay religious order. When the trial came on it was front page news right from the very start.

IN spite of his counsel's eloquence, which was brilliant, Vallimardier hadn't a leg to stand on. He couldn't plead the all-excusing *crime passionel*, and the relatives of the three murderees had their own counsel, all demanding the head of the accused. If, argued these counsel, every one were to go about taking the law into their own hands and killing those they imagined had slighted them, the country would soon be in a state of complete anarchy. Vallimardier might be a widower but that was no reason why he should make an innocent and lovely young girl a widow.

Vallimardier himself appeared to take no interest in the trial at all. With policemen on either side of him he sat staring at the young widow who, her hair more golden than ever underneath her black veil, sat in front of the court with eyes like wet pansies. Only once during the whole long trial did he move his huge shining bald head and that was when the judge, irritated at his lack of response, flung at him :

"Monsieur, you do not seem to realise that your life depends upon your answers to the questions that are put to you."

"Your honour, I am not afraid to die," Vallimardier answered.

"Perhaps you will be afraid when you see the guillotine looming out of the grey dawn," said the judge.

"I do not think so, your honour," Vallimardier replied. "I have only been afraid of one thing in my life and that was of having my hair pulled. When I was little it was the only way that my mother could make me cry. I do not think that you or anybody else will be able to make me cry that way now, your honour," he said, pointing with his forefinger at the dome of his bald head.

That was the only instance of "laughter in court." The young widow did not laugh, however. She remained sad and beautiful until the jury brought in their verdict and Vallimardier was condemned to death without any recommendation to mercy. She smiled then, a quick triumphant smile which only one Press photographer had the luck to record.

In France criminals under sentence of death are not informed of the hour of their execution until half an hour before it actually takes place. As soon as Vallimardier was convicted he was transferred to the Santé and placed in a cell where the customary iron fetters were placed on his feet. For three weeks he received no visitors other than his counsel and the prison chaplain. His counsel told him that he would leave no stone unturned in order to get the sentence quashed, and the chaplain came to reconcile his soul to God.

"You are shortly going on a long journey, my son," the chaplain said. "Would it not be as well to make your peace with God?"

And always Vallimardier had the same answer.

"I am not afraid of God, father," he said. "I am only afraid of having my hair pulled and I do not think that I need be afraid of that any longer."

And the chaplain, who was a bright-eyed, kindly old man, would shake his grey head and answer :

"My son, the scriptures say that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

And Vallimardier, who liked the chaplain but was determined to die his own way, would shake his big bald head.

"God is a gentleman, father," he would say. "I am a gentleman, too. I think that God and I understand each other."

One day, however, a young woman wearing a thick black veil was led by the warder to the grille of his cell. She motioned to Vallimardier to be silent until the warder had returned to his bench at the far end of the corridor. Then she uncovered her face and Vallimardier recognised with a start the widow of the bridegroom he had shot.

"You !" he exclaimed.

She again put her finger to her lips.

"I do not wish any one to hear what I have to say to you," she said.

Vallimardier, whom none of his friends had visited since his trial, was more than astonished that this girl whom he had wronged should come to see him.

"But I do not understand," he said. "I have wronged you, I know, but I am going to be punished. Your reproaches can add little to my discomfiture. Believe me, I know only too well all the unkind things you must be thinking about me."

She smiled at him, a sad, understanding

ALWAYS her image grew in his mind, until he could not sleep for thinking about her

smile. He saw that her eyes were very lovely when she smiled.

"I have not come to reproach you nor am I thinking unkind things about you," she said.

For the first time since he had been imprisoned it occurred to him that his action in shooting her bridegroom was capable of an interpretation other than his own.

"I could not bear to see people so happy when I was so sad," he said. "Please try to understand."

"I do understand," she said.

"I am very sorry and I beg your pardon," he said, suddenly kneeling to kiss her gloved hand through the grille.

"I have forgiven you," she said. "That is what I have come to tell you."

And with that she pulled her black veil over the pale moon of her face and was gone.

Vallimardier thought of her often during the next few days. He thought of her when the chaplain was talking. He thought of her when he was thinking of his wife and found himself thinking of his wife not at all. He was thinking of her when he looked up to see her standing again at the grille, as though his image of her had silently glided into reality. This time she was wearing no black veil and her hair shone out from under her hat in all its lustre. Her presence seemed so natural that he did not ask her why she had come again.

"This time it is my turn to beg your pardon," she said. "I beg your pardon for all the unkind things that I have thought about you."

"But it is only natural that you should think unkind things about me," he said. "After all, I killed your bridegroom."

She looked at him out of serene eyes.

"I am glad that you killed him," she said. "A man that could kill another man for the reason that you killed my bridegroom must be capable of a great love. All my life I have wanted to know a great love. That is what I came to tell you to-day."

And with a swift smile she was gone.

She came regularly, after that, and each time that she came her mourning diminished, turning from black to grey and from grey to pale blue. And always her image grew in his mind, until he could not sleep for thinking of her. At her last visit she came in sheer (*Continued on page 76*)

MARRIAGE—NOT FOR THE

Why is it that so many war marriages start in a blaze of glory and fizzle out like a damp squib? Where lies the real danger that causes such a disastrous crop of divorces as soon as life becomes normal again?

It is easy for cynics to say that the loss of uniform, with all the excitement that surrounds it, and the transition to the drabness of civilian duties, is too great a disillusionment for any woman to bear. There is just enough truth in that to account for its sting.

And it is easy to point out glibly that short leaves are full of thrills, with real money to burn, while daily life together must settle down to a more or less humdrum routine. It is too easy, in fact, and like all easy things, it only skims the surface.

The real trouble starts deeper than that. It is there from the very beginning, before he even gets to the point of proposing, and you decide that you are going to say yes.

It is due to an attitude of mind, to a false sense of values that makes one lose sight of the real things of life, and lets one accept abnormalities as natural.

Heaven knows it is hard to snatch at sanity when everything in wartime tends to heighten the theatrical quality of living, when the quick decision, the brief honeymoon, the almost immediate separation, and the stifled knowledge that it may not be for long, all create a sense of unreality.

Yet marriage can only thrive on mutual understanding, on joys and sorrows experienced together, on memories cherished, because they make up an intimate and complete world.

So often now there can be no gradual unfolding of a gentle love, no solid building of a home, no shared search for the things that are to fill it. In the beginning it is a marriage without roots because there can be no certainty in the future.

Sometimes it must be that way because of circumstances. But more and more these casual weddings tend to become a matter of fashion rather than of necessity. It is wrong. Marriage is a big thing. Bigger than wars, bigger than anything else in life, since birth and death are involuntary, but marriage is the deliberate choosing of one's path, and of the companion one wants to tread it with. It is a normal thing, thriving on graciousness and on tradition. Because it cannot withstand the gradual decay caused by a sense of impermanence, it is infinitely

DURATION!

worth while making every effort to keep it as normal as possible, despite the madness of the world.

In times of doubt and sorrow there can be great comfort in the memory of one's wedding day. The importance of the preparations, the dignity of the ceremony, and the well wishes of one's friends are imprinted on one's spirit for ever.

The design stands out against the general pattern of one's life, high-lighted, and for that reason it should be as impressive as possible. It should bear the unmistakable stamp of lasting quality.

Perhaps you are not in the mood to wear a trailing wedding gown and veil, and perhaps there can be no question of an enormous reception, but you can still dress the part. You can still choose the most exciting hat you can find, the most flattering dress.

Please do not wear uniform. It may seem to you now a rather piquant and gallant gesture, but he wants to marry you because he thinks you are so different from all other women, and it is up to you to make the most of that difference and not to sink it in a few drab yards of khaki or blue.

It will always be up to you to maintain the romantic side of marriage, and if you are going to start by dashing round to the registrar with as little fuss as you would dive out for a morning coffee, you may find it hard going afterwards.

Be sure that by war standards you throw a really good party. In retrospect it will be more than worth all the trouble and the anxiety about uncertain plans. It will always be something to talk over and to laugh over together, and it will frame what is your day. You will be crazy if you let Hitler rob you of that.

When you are choosing your trousseau be a little extravagant, not enough to make you a bad citizen, but just as much as will turn you into an exciting wife. He may be convinced that he does not care a rap what you wear, but all the same he will notice, subconsciously.

He is going to think about you a lot when he is away, and it will help, perhaps more than you can know, if you so can light his imagination that his spirit is lifted far beyond the trappings of his daily life. Memories, after all, are built up of hundreds of small details that you were unaware of noticing when they actually happened. Nearly everybody would be happier if they never forgot that.

So shop gladly, for once rebuking wisdom.

Knowing when not to be wise, and knowing when to spend, are two of the big secrets of a successful marriage.

Refuse absolutely to talk of the war, and try not even to think about it when you are on your honeymoon, for these are days that you will never be able to recapture, no matter how long you may live. They are yours to make perfect, or to mar, unchanging and unchangeable when once they are passed.

Nobody ever can catch up with the future, but the present is yours to do as you like with. Fill it with all the beauty, all the ardour, all the bravery that you can find in your heart, and it will be with you forever.

THE CLOTHES

Dressed-up weddings need not be expensive. Nor does one need weeks in which to make preparations. If you are anywhere near stock size, a wedding dress can be altered for you in twenty-four hours, or it can be specially made in a couple of days.

The average price is 10½ guineas for a really impressive outfit, but you can get charming wedding dresses for 6½ guineas. Few wartime brides have more than two bridesmaids.

If you are determined to avoid full regalia, an excellent alternative to the usual suit with two or three orchids clamped to the lapel is a ground-length, long-sleeved frock of white crepe, worn with a draped turban with a mantilla veil. Carry a white prayer book with an orange-blossom-tipped marker, and turn your wedding gown into a dinner dress afterwards.

The most practical informal choice is undoubtedly a short printed frock with a full-length plain coat that can be worn over it. This summer there are some very lovely prints. But there is a lot to be said for a short draped dress of pastel-coloured crepe, topped with a gay bolero and worn with a tiny hat that is practically nothing more than a bunch of mixed flowers, with loads of veiling at the back, or perhaps a very fine veil closely covering the face. Wear deep-toned accessories and flowers with this, please; or, if you choose the printed dress, neutral accessories and flowers, and the plainest hat you can find. There is a great feeling at the moment for large, very fine straws, unusual in colour, and debonair in line.

If you go about it systematically, you can choose your entire trousseau in one day. Underclothes are easy, for they are inexpensive and beautiful, and there is something everywhere to suit all tastes. Bag, gloves and shoes can be bought, already matched, in one department. You should start off with your dress, because that is the thing that is most likely to have to be altered. Refuse to be hurried over the all-important task of finding a perfect hat.

If you can possibly manage it, set up a small home of your own. It may be a tie, it may be a financial burden in these days of little cash and slipping anchorages, but it will be the focus of both your thoughts.

It will give him something of that sense of responsibility that is the bedrock of marriage, and it will give you both something to plan for and to dream about. For him it will be the one place he will be longing to come back to, a gracious background against which he will be able to picture you all the hours of the day.

With all your might, hang on to the things that are real, the things that go on, war or no war. While he is away from you, paint for him a picture of the everyday things that make up your life, the things that you hope will make up both your lives later on.

Avoid heroics as stalwartly as you will avoid complaint. Cultivate steadfastness and a ready sense of humour. And do not be afraid of sentiment. Men are the idealists, the seekers after romance.

If you want your marriage to last as long as your life, it is up to you to see that your husband never has to seek any further than yourself.

By Olive Randall

Passengers *to* Europe

RAY SINGER could talk. It was a part of his job. And that night he let himself go. He had the whole thing cut and dried.

It was three or four months since he had first seen Peggy Doran at a small Hollywood restaurant called "The High Kick." Peggy had been working there as a waitress.

He had noticed the likeness right away, but without being much impressed. Hollywood was full of waitresses hoping to be mistaken for Dietrich, and elevator boys echoing the glamour of Robert Taylor.

And so it had been not until his fifth visit to "The High Kick" that the idea had dropped suddenly into Ray's mind that Peggy's likeness to Elena Witlock might have a potential cash value.

It was a very good likeness, the closest he had ever seen. Peggy not only looked like Elena, but talked and moved like her. They even shared certain little mannerisms.

There were small differences, of course, but nothing that mattered. Elena was two years older. She was British, while Peggy was American. But Peggy had had a stage training

She doubled for a film star in a nearly perfect crime

By George R. Pilgrim

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

SHE left this second drink untouched, for in less than a minute she had slumped in her chair and was sleeping soundly

that enabled her to speak almost perfect English when occasion demanded.

Also, Peggy was the sweeter tempered, but this was not difficult.

On the screen, and so to the world at large, Elena Witlock was a honey-sweet, if somewhat aloof, goddess. Only her intimates and the people who were obliged to work with her knew better.

And of these, with the possible exception of her two ex-husbands, Ray Singer probably knew best of all, for he was Elena's business manager.

But he and Peggy had got along very well together from the start. He had "sounded" her cautiously from time to time, and had been delighted to find that her ideas about property, and more particularly about other people's property, were no less enterprising than his own.

Her mentality, as well as her looks, was admirably suited to the part he had designed for her to play. So that night in Peggy's apartment Ray Singer let himself go.

He talked without a break for nearly twenty minutes, very smoothly and earnestly. But not too persuasively, for he knew just how people reacted to too much persuasion. Especially the quiet and thoughtful type like Peggy Doran.

At length he came to the end of his proposition. He sat back with a gesture of his carefully manicured hand.

"Well, there it is, Peggy. That's the whole of it. It's up to you. If you come in, we can both go ahead and win. If not, then the whole thing just crumbles. What do you say?"

The girl said nothing for the moment. She just sat beside him on the settee, smiling faintly.

"You're a cool devil," she said at last.

Ray laughed. "I guess we're neither of us the type to get too excited about things."

"Not even about murder?"

"Not when it's as safe as this one looks."

She said thoughtfully: "But there's still bound to be some sort of risk."

"Sure there is, Peggy. There's always a risk when you go out after something worth while."

"I know, but——"

"Listen. If we fall down on this, they'll sit me in an electric chair and send you to prison for quite a stretch. Or maybe it'd be a good old-fashioned British hanging for me, I'm not quite sure about that. But what's the chance we do fall down, when you come to work it out? There's only one thing can happen that I can see, and that's for one of us to get the jitters at some critical moment and give the whole darned show away. Well, I suppose it is a risk, if you want to call it that. Only I just can't see it happening. Not to people like you and me, anyway."

"No, we're safe enough there," Peggy agreed.

"And all that's only just one side of the picture. You know what's on the other side."

"Yes." She stood up and crossed to the window.

"Elena's jewels are worth six hundred thousand dollars. That's a conservative estimate. I can arrange for a man to be in London at the right time who'll give me two hundred thousand for them and ask no questions. Two hundred thousand dollars, Peggy. A hundred for you and a hundred for me. That's the sort of deal I'm letting you in on."

Peggy continued to stare out of the window. She might have been trying to separate the two sets of stars that winked like spangles on the blackness of the night.

Those above were the real stars. Those below were the lights of the town. But it would have been difficult to trace exactly the line that divided them.

After a moment she turned slowly and came back into the room. Ray was pouring drinks.

She took her glass from him. "I shall want some time to think this over. How long can you give me?"

"A week, if you want it."

"Three days will do. I shall be seeing you on Saturday evening. I'll let you know then."

"All right," said Ray.

And on the following Saturday evening he ordered champagne for supper. Afterwards they went to Peggy's apartment and sat up planning details.

Elena Whitlock left Hollywood for Europe about five weeks later. She crossed America by transcontinental plane, accompanied by Ray Singer and Lorna, her personal maid.

At each stopping place reporters and cameramen fluttered around like moths. Elena looked bored and was very happy. She posed and chatted graciously for a few minutes, and then swept on.

They had two days in New York. This was to enable Elena to do shopping, look up various old friends, and attend the opening of her latest picture but one.

On the third day she sailed for Southampton, but now with Ray Singer in sole attendance.

Lorna should have been with them, but at the last moment she had developed mysterious internal pains and violent sickness.

"She'll get over it," said the elderly doctor. Ray called in. "Girl's been poisoned."

And now Peggy sat there watching him

Ray looked startled. "Poisoned?"

"Yes. Food poisoning. You know. Something she ate."

"Oh, I see what you mean," said Ray.

He had already destroyed what remained of the box of candies he had given Lorna on the previous evening.

Elena stormed when he reported to her. She must have Lorna. Lorna had been with her for nearly eight months and knew just how she liked things. Lorna was not only indispensable, but utterly and completely irreplaceable.

This went on for some time. And then, just half an hour before they were due to leave, she suddenly demanded a new maid.

Ray dashed out and returned in twenty minutes with three new maids, each of them a slightly more dazzling blonde than Elena herself.

Elena looked each of them over in turn and then decided grimly that she would have to make do with a stewardess.

The first day out was uneventful. As was the second. Elena sulked most of the time in a deck-chair with a succession of half-read detective novels. She had a reputation for being not too easily approachable, so people gazed from a respectful distance and left her alone.

Dining, at the captain's table, she was polite, but not encouraging. Which might also have been said of a certain

very quiet and still. He stared at her

Miss Agatha Held, except that she dined in less exalted company.

Miss Held, according to the passenger list, came from Altamont, New Jersey. And although she shared Elena Witlock's passion for solitude, she was almost curiously unlike Elena in most other respects.

She was dark-haired and her complexion was sallow. Her clothes were old-fashioned and made her figure seem shapeless. She wore deeply-tinted spectacles as a permanent feature, always carried a stick, and walked with the suggestion of a limp.

People wondered about her. Some of the more benevolent felt vaguely sorry for her. But those who tried to be friendly found themselves up against a moody indifference that made them glad to get away.

It was during the afternoon of the third day that Ray Singer and Miss Held happened to meet near the door of the library.

Miss Held had dropped her stick. Ray picked it up and restored it to her with a smile.

"To-night," he said quietly.

"Thank you," said Miss Held, and went on her way.

Elena's temper had been a little better that day. At dinner she had been almost gay. Afterwards, she and Ray danced together. And then, at Ray's suggestion, they retired to her suite for a discussion of details still unsettled in the programme of her London visit.

Half an hour slipped by while they played with odd pieces of the intricate jig-saw of engagements which Ray had worked out.

Elena sat back and put a hand up to her head. "And they have the nerve to call this a vacation trip," she said plaintively.

"Let's have some drinks in," Ray suggested.

It was he who poured them when they arrived. Elena looked up from the page of closely typed notes she had been studying, took the glass he handed her and drained it.

"I can do that again," she said absently, and pushed her glass along the table to be refilled.

But actually she left this second drink untouched, for in less than a minute she had slumped in her chair and was sleeping soundly.

Ray was mildly shocked at first. He had never seen Elena asleep before, never realised before how much her beauty depended on her control of it. Asleep, with her mouth open, breathing heavily, she looked almost comically stupid and vacuous.

Footsteps passed the door, outside in the corridor. Ray came back to earth. He put his arms around Elena, lifted her easily, and carried her into the adjoining bedroom.

Rather less than a minute later he was standing at the door of Miss Held's cabin on "B" deck.

He scratched quietly on one of the panels of the door. Immediately he heard an answering scratch on the other side. He hesitated, looked around and listened intently for a moment, and then quietly scratched again.

Miss Held came out quickly and allowed the door to lock itself behind her. For once she was not carrying her stick.

"All right?" she whispered.

Ray nodded. "Yes. Here's the key. Be careful."

"Yes," said Miss Held.

They parted in opposite directions. Ray went on to his own cabin and came out again after a moment with a small but evidently weighty suitcase.

He knocked at the door of Elena's suite, and Peggy (*Continued on page* 82)

I Like

By Margaret Chute

Marlene Dietrich with Norma Shearer and Mervyn Le Roy at a big restaurant party held at the Trocadero

I LIKE Hollywood because, in that crazy town, it is possible to have lunch with Gary Cooper and dinner with Clark Gable all in one day. To say nothing of iced tea and chocolate layer cake with Myrna Loy, in the middle of the afternoon of the same day. And I don't know any other place where that could happen to me, as it *has* happened in dizzy Hollywood.

In these days of wartime 1940, when the long Californian boulevards with their palm-edged pavements seem so far away, it is soothing and smile-raising to look back and remember some of the things that make me so sure I like Hollywood. Trivial things, no doubt. But in times of stress and strain trivial things are not to be despised. They help to make the things that are so far from trivial a little easier to face.

And so, I like Hollywood because . . . It is so gloriously scatty. Things can happen there, and pass unheeded, that would cause a riot or gales of derisive laughter anywhere else. It is so tough, and so sentimental. It is so cruel, and so astoundingly generous. It seems to have no sense of humour, and yet it can laugh at itself. It is such a grand mixture of sanity and insanity—and, naturally, all the insane people march around thinking the rest of the loons are batty.

I like Hollywood because it gives a man like Gary Cooper the right to build his dream house behind a high thick hedge of honeysuckle. The scent of Gary's honeysuckle hedge, blown inland by the breeze from the Pacific Ocean, greets you as you turn off the main road that leads to the sea, and drive along the lane that is given up mainly to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper. And the honeysuckle hedge. Once inside that hedge, Gary considers, rightly, that his duty to the outside world has come to an abrupt full stop. If he chooses to wander round the place in a pair of old moccasins made for him, and meticulously embroidered, by some of the Indians who are his friends—well, what the heck, and who cares? If he prefers to eat liver and bacon for lunch six days out of six, when he could have anything else he happened to fancy, who shall stop him?

Hedy Lamarr is always made to look glamorous on and off the screen. She has a wonderful coloured maid in Blanche, who was previously with Jean Harlow

THE rest of Hollywood would like to try; just as it would like to say it isn't dignified for a man with legs as long as Gary's to ride a bicycle madly along rough country roads when his ranch house becomes his home for a time. But he does it; and because of the honeysuckle hedge, and because Hollywood is Hollywood, he gets away with it. Which delights me.

I like Hollywood because at any minute, on any day, you may be strolling along the Boulevard, and there will be Miss Constance Bennett rolling past in an enormous car which she has had completely air-conditioned for the summer months, a haughty chauffeur at the wheel. A couple of seconds later along will come Mr. Clark Gable, hatless and wearing a polo shirt open at the throat, driving himself in an open "flivver," painted bright scarlet—for a bet. Large salaries can carry people to strange extremes out in Hollywood.

I like Hollywood because nowhere else would it be possible to sit at dinner with Claudette Colbert, in her cool white-walled house in Holmby Hills, and listen while she indulges in a number of tremors concerning the life she was told she would have to live while on location for the filming of her latest picture, *Drums Along the Mowhawk*. Miss Colbert, who is regarded affectionately as filmland's champion worrier, had been told so-o-o-o seriously that she would have to live in a tent and sleep rolled in a blanket—and was fully prepared to do this for many weeks, if work demanded it. Imagine her surprise when she reached the location to find that a luxurious log cabin had been built on purpose for her; a log cabin as sumptuous as any *de luxe* room in any *de luxe* hotel.

Electric light, running water, a shower bath (tiled, at that), a bed fit for angels to rest in, a built-in dressing-table, cupboards, cedar lined, for clothes and furs, a refrigerator, a radio. Such was the "tent" Claudette found awaiting her; and that is just a sample of what Hollywood can do for its stars, when it chooses.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor at home. This is how you would find them if you happened to drop in one afternoon at their ranch in the San Fernando Valley

When Rudy Vallee returned with his orchestra to Hollywood, all the stars turned out to welcome him. He is seen shaking hands with Dorothy Lamour

A populcr function is the Screen Writers' Guild Dinner, l eld in the Ambassador Hotel, Hollywood. Ginger Rogers is seen sitting next to Adolphe Menjou

Hollywood Because...

I like the friendliness of Hollywood to a visiting pressman like myself. The girls who manicure your nails and set your hair call you "Honey," and it makes you feel so good. You meet somebody—star or unknown nobody—and within an hour they are calling you by your Christian name and expecting you to return the compliment. I like the way the sales-people in the shops smile as you go out, and say, "Thanks a lot; come again, won't you." It is *not* a query, for they are pretty well positive you *will* come again.

I like the way stars lean towards an interviewer, over a luncheon table in a studio restaurant, with two thousand eyes well glued to the back of their necks. *And* they know it, *and* they murmur a lot of exciting facts about themselves which make you want to dash for the nearest typewriter. Then they lean a little nearer still, and say, so softly, "Of course, Margaret, you know what I've just said is strictly off the record; only for us—you understand, don't you?" It burns you up, of course; but it flatters you, at the same moment. That's Hollywood.

I like the way guests at a party telephone their hostess, with startling punctiliousness, the morning after the "get together," and tell her how swell it was and what a grand time they had. And how the hostess always pre-tends to be *so* surprised that any one should really have found anything to like in her simple little "shindig"; which had, after all, only three barmen working overtime and eight dozen squabs stuffed with wild rice, and fourteen quarts of ice-cream, and a five-piece Hawaiian orchestra playing madly for hours out in the patio, and enough sandwiches to feed a horde of hungry marines! Just one of those homely little affairs—and *how* kind of you to telephone and say you enjoyed it. Come again, won't you? And there *is* a query that time. You will, if you get an invitation.

I like Hollywood because it gives me an opportunity to know a woman like Bette Davis. To know that she is sincere and eager and so hard-working that she arrives in a state bordering on breakdown when a difficult picture reaches its final days of shooting. Bette lives for those who are poor and suffering and less lucky than herself. Her un-talked-of charities are endless. There is, for example, a certain training camp in the San Fernando Valley where police dogs are being taught to guide the blind. Bette is a dog lunatic. She started the Tail-Waggers' Society, and drives round Hollywood with its name and address stuck across the spare tyres of her fashionable car.

At that camp in the San Fernando Valley blind men who are down and out are taken in as guests, free of all expense, for the time it takes the dogs to learn to know them; which is probably three or four months. Bette Davis finances that camp. She launched a young artist who descended, unknown and without money, on Hollywood; he came from her own home town, so Bette considered it was perfectly natural for her to hire the biggest art gallery in Los Angeles and let him show his pictures there. He is doing very well now. Bette took that art gallery, and made all the plans for the exhibition, just as you or I might go to the post-office and buy a book of stamps. One of the nicest things about her is that when you try to say something about her many kindly acts, she does not go all coy and murmur that it's nothing at all, really; just *nothing* at all. Not Bette. She is an enthusiast; and if you appreciate what she has done, she will launch into a keen discussion on dog guides or art (*Continued on page* 78)

Spencer Tracy and his wife Louise Tracy are rare visitors to any Hollywood film preview

Film fans wait hours to see this. Joan Bennett, attended by her husband Walter Wanger, alighting from their car

Call to Arms

He answered that Summons but thereby sacrificed his complete Happiness

By

Barbara Hedworth

ROCKE got up from the

ROCKE MANDERVILLE crashed out the last bars of his new waltz, making a tempest of its lilting melody and threading it with a kind of wild, bitter passion. He wheeled round on the piano stool and faced Chloe. His mouth was unsmiling but there was a tenderness in his dark restless eyes.

"There you are—what do you think of it, poppet?"

His tone was eagerly boyish for that praise he knew she wasn't going to deny him. Chloe understood his music so well; she would know that this waltz, written in secret anguishes in the first months of "the strangest of all wars" was the best thing he had ever done.

"Darling, it's beautiful."

Chloe uncurled herself out of the low chair where she had been sitting by the fire and came over to him. She was thin, small-boned with light-grey penetrating eyes and a mobile childish mouth. Her platinum-blonde hair fluffed back from her cheeks and stood out round her perfectly shaped head like an angel's aureole. She was untidily dressed —Chloe had no clothes sense—in grey flannel pants which had a tear across the left knee, and a shapeless brown woollen sweater. She touched Rocke's cheeks with her hands.

"Darling, it's beautiful," she said again.

Rocke pulled her into his arms. He kissed her hard on the mouth and his eyes sought hers, hungry, dissatisfied. She was magic to him; in her love he had believed he had discovered peace for his own soul; with the quiet, gentle wisdom of her strengthening him, he had wrestled with his problems and had believed he had found the solution to them until war dragged its gory claws across the face of Europe once again and set in motion ideals and emotions which Rocke Manderville had never imagined himself capable of accepting for his own.

And Chloe who had a sixth sense where he was concerned, told him now in her low, slow voice:

"This is your job, Rockie, to make music for the soldiers —to give song to a sick world——"

Rocke's face lightened.

"You would say that."

"Because I believe it."

She stroked his brown wavy hair and his mind went back to the first time she had touched it and he had told her: "Darling, there is something special about you; you're the only girl I haven't minded mucking about with my hair. From you I *like* it." He had told her, too, that she was the only person who had ever called him "Rockie" without making him want to do violence because of that "sissifying" of his name.

He said:

"I'll go round and see Peter to-morrow morning, first thing. We ought to get this waltz on the market before it is glutted with war songs. I hope he has someone to 'plug' it properly."

"Yes, do that, darling," Chloe's expression changed. The dreaminess had gone from her eyes, leaving them with a steely glint. In her quiet, slow voice there was a note of authority and confidence as she proceeded to remind Rocke that his publishers owed him a cheque, insisting that on no account must he leave the new song with that well-to-do skinflint Peter Craille until he had his money. She could be an as-hard-as-nails business woman this small, thin Chloe, when

piano stool. He put his arms round Chloe's huddled shoulders. "Darling, I've got to go ."

she set her mind to it. It was entirely thanks to her that Rocke had forced his way into Peter Craille's private office nine months ago and refused to budge until the great music publisher had listened to his foxtrot. Chloe, unexpectedly lovely in an ill-fitting blue evening dress, had done the rounds of the fashionable night clubs with Rocke when they knew the band was playing "I'll love you best in blossom time." With an unexpected subtlety she let it be known that the handsome wavy-haired young man at her table was no less than Rocke Manderville the composer of the foxtrot. Oh yes, it was entirely thanks to Chloe that those in the dance-music world were starting to recognise Rocke as Britain's challenge to America's Irving Berlin.

No one knew this better than Rocke himself who, until a year ago had been an officer in a crack regiment in His Majesty's Army. His love for her was warmed with his gratitude. He could never forget that it was thanks to Chloe that he no longer spent his working day giving sharp staccato orders on the parade ground and that his life had become the sweet casual undisciplined existence he had always dreamed of even in the days when it was governed almost completely by "King's Regulations."

CHLOE—but she had been so brave, so gallant. He wouldn't forget that ever. The going hadn't been easy. When he had resigned his commission just over a year ago it had been Chloe who had insisted that the whole of his gratuity must be handed over to Esme.

"Let's start clean, darling Rockie," Chloe had urged. "I've got enough to keep us going until some publisher has the good sense to see that you write better music than any one in the country. . . ." *(Continued on page 68)*

Some people have boxes of growing plants on town house steps, on balconies, inside their window sills. Some stand pots inside decorative boxes

Bedding out hyacinths. These, china blue and pink, are lovely to look at. Their scent, coming through town windows, is a fragrant reminder of the country

BABY GARDEN IN TOWN

By Joan Woollcombe

Just about this time of the year the woman with a strip of earth in the country can drive the townswoman mad by her "you should *see* my garden now."

Well, the woman with a flat, part of a house, a basement, a roof, a backyard in town, has got her answer. It is: "Come and see mine, the salad you are now eating was grown in it."

Let us consider what the townswoman has to start with. She might have a modern flat with a wide balcony; part of an old-style house with a backyard, a basement yard, or a small bit of flat (and filthy) roof space. She might have a strip of soot-smeared despair called garden in St. John's Wood, or a similar bit of gritty ground in Chelsea, a window sill, or the parapet between attic windows and house façade.

On all those places, things will grow. And the cost is relatively cheap, pennies and shillings, not pounds.

The first practical point is the making of the place where the soil is to go, whether you have a window box, balcony box, tubs, rock garden area, leads, or a backyard.

The simplest proposition, the window box can be bought made-to-measure from the local nurseryman or florist; you can go with detailed instructions to the little-carpenter-round-the-corner; or you can bravely entrust the same instructions to a family genius. I find the first the best, for the whole job is carried right through by a man who knows what to advise you to grow, and in what soil.

If you buy your boxes from a florist, ask his price per foot. He will quote you, probably, half a crown a foot, with about 1s. 6d. extra per box for fitting and filling with soil, which you buy separately at about three shillings a bushel. Thus, roughly, a 3-ft. box (the usual width) would cost seven-and-six, plus about six shillings for soil and service—that is, thirteen-and-sixpence for one window box, ready to plant.

If you are a gardener already, and do not merely want your boxes made, go and instruct the local carpenter.

Remember a 9-in. board is the most practical and, using one of 1 in. in thickness, the best dimensions will be about 7 in. wide, 3 ft. long and not less than 8 in. deep. The wood must not be allowed to rot. A zinc lining is best; but really thorough charring of the interior with lighted shavings is a good cheap method of proofing.

Make provision for drainage. There are two angles on this, your viewpoint and the viewpoint of the people in the flat beneath. A number of spaced holes bored in your box and provision for the drips to be carried clear of the windows on the floor below are essential. Finally, you must have wedges and clamps to keep it firm.

In an area or backyard, you obviously cannot just decant soil on to stone paving and hope for the best. So first of all you must have containers for the soil.

If you have time, explore your nearest builder's yard or make friends with the foreman of the nearest demolition or alteration works. This exploring can include wangling a car-lift to a near-by suburban builder's yard. The object of your searching is to find cheap containers for soil, old wash tubs, old barrels, old tanks; old porcelain sinks, casks and flat pans and even old-style porcelain square baths.

The big store that caters for gardens will, of course, have flat pans and a number of different shaped brick-coloured containers designed for your purpose. They are not expensive.

One thing is vital to remember all the time: you are not trying to make a pseudo-country garden; you are making a small, formal, town garden and there is design in the containers themselves. The soil, and the advice, you then proceed to get from that helpful local nurseryman who is to be found in every district.

Boxes round the edges will grow climbers and netting will hold them up. Painted trellis for quick climbers will also camouflage a dreary bit of brickwork, roughly coloured by wash behind it; shrubs in tubs help; a synthetic glass lattice bought by the yard, cut with strong scissors and nailed up, admits healthful rays of light, while it shuts out smuts.

Now comes the question, so daunting to the novice, of what to grow, in what, when and how?

If your boxes are large enough, it is not a bad thing to start with a few, carefully spaced miniature trees. In late spring and early summer, let bulbs appear between them. Bedding plants are the best risk for the succession of colour that you want. A little routing around will enable you to discover that certain nurserymen have sales at suitable times. Orders by post are also possible.

As the seasons arrive, geraniums and marguerites are a good risk—as well as lobelias, (Continued on page 73)

(Left.) You can have inexpensive fun in the garden departments of big stores, surveying the whole ground, getting friendly, expert advice, doing experimental buying

(Below.) A difficult London leads garden, in Grosvenor Street, has been transformed with small trees in tubs, and painted trellis - work for quick climbers

(Below.) Wide window-boxes at balcony level enliven the outside aspect of a modern flat

BOOKS: Reviewed by Trevor Allen

I ASKED a friend: "What kind of books do you read these days?"

"Escapist," he said. "Anything that takes the mind off black-outs and air raids and a Europe driven back to barbarism by so-called rulers who behave like a pack of petty, squabbling, bullying schoolboys, and make life a hell."

There are many like him; and they need not go hungry. Lady Eleanor Smith's love-story is an escape through romance and time to an earlier century; Miss Maud Parrish's "Nine Pounds of Luggage" (Hutchinson, 18s.), an escape across the world, which she has rounded sixteen times with a banjo and any amount of pluck.

This 'Frisco girl married at sixteen. When she found that her husband had no adventurous spirit she wanted nothing more to do with him. "No matter what a man is, I say, he must have courage."

Every time a load of coal was delivered at the house she shuddered and thought: "I 've got to stay here like this till all that is burned up! It 'll be like this all the rest of my life."

So she quitted and tried to get a divorce, but the judge said she was too young. As she rose to leave the court-room, the husband's New England family sneered. This was too much for her five-foot-two mother, born in a Californian mining-camp. Ma knocked a couple of teeth down the husband's throat. Pa tossed him down a flight of stairs. The opposing lawyers dumped their brief-cases and went to work on each other.

Soon the court was in an uproar. Some of the Maine aunts fainted. The fight surged into corridors. "Everybody from everywhere else in the City Hall came to see, and soon all the grudges in the place were being ironed out in the mêlée."

Maud dived under a bench. Even the judge joined in. "I saw ink bottles comet across space. I heard a skull crack with a noise like a batted baseball. Even a heavy chair slid off a bald head in a way that made me wince. . . ."

When the ambulances and patrol-wagons arrived, the lawyers were in rags, hats were crushed, shirt-tails hung out. . . .

That was how it all began. Maud packed for the Klondyke reefs and became a dance-hall girl in Dawson and Nome. She went off to China, ran a gambling joint in Pekin. Adventures came to her wherever she roamed—in the South Sea Isles, the Andes, jungles, cities; and now, in her sixties, she writes of them with a directness which makes this the best type of straight-from-life book.

AN escape to the Amazon jungle with the first expedition to cross Brazilian Guiana from south to north along the Rio Jary is "Riddle of Hell's Jungle" (Hurst and Blackett, 16s.), by Schulz-Kampfhenkel, with extracts from the diaries of fellow-explorer Gerd Kahle and over fifty photographs and Indian drawings.

Greiner, one of the party, died of fever. Kahle, down with appendicitis, had to be dragged over dangerous reefs on a several weeks' journey back to civilisation. The author's boat capsized in rapids infested with *piranha* man-eating fish.

He sums up the expedition's troubles as driftwood, fever, rapids, sickness, starvation, and says of the jungle inferno: "It took us nearly two years of struggle with the wilderness (*Contd. on p.* 94)

The Book of the Month

"Lovers' Meeting." By Lady Eleanor Smith. (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.)

SOME have seen in this story an adaptation of the Time Theory of Dunne, a complicated experiment in reincarnation.

Don't be intimidated. It is an enchanting idyll in the light-fantastic, and should be enjoyed as a fairy-tale about lovingly real people.

Young Lord Barradale meets in Venice sixteen-year-old Martina, an exquisite child-woman who is being dragged around by a scamp father living on his wits. She loves the handsome young titled painter, but he is pledged to marry Isabel—County and all that. He does so. But there is still Martina. When one has a heart, one never forgets the Martinas.

Since they may not possess each other in this modern world, they are spirited back to 1812 by a whisk of ancestral magic in a temple in Barradale's Oxfordshire park. Martina is now Lady Harriet Fane; Barradale a humble tutor to the family.

She adores her Regency world, with "Prinny" ruling the revels at Brighton, and craves to stay. Barradale hates it, and dreams of dinners and dancing at Quaglino's, the Embassy, the Four Hundred. So he returns to this twentieth century, leaving his lovely wraith bereft. Perhaps in a future reincarnation they will meet again, and *this* time. . . .

The author is not faultless with her calendar. She makes Emma Hamilton "still young" in 1812, seven years after Nelson's death, when she was well into her forties. She makes Barradale "recollect"—in 1934—that popular song, "Thanks for the memory . . .", long before it was written.

But these are minor caprices in a romance which enshrines the true spirit of love, has an irresistible beauty, tells a story captivatingly, and is enlivened with exemplary dialogue.

If you liked the play *Berkeley Square*, this is your book for keeps. . . .

Old Tales Re-told

An Emperor's Treachery Provoked a Woman's Vengeance

Written and Illustrated By

F. Matania, R.I.

MORE than six centuries had elapsed since the Emperor Constantine dealt to pagan Romans the mortal blow of transferring the capital of their empire from Rome to Byzantium, thus giving the emboldened Christians their opportunity and power to change the face of the world.

During that long spell of time Rome had resembled a kind of tower of Babel, continually torn by factions. Emperors of the east and of the west had pulled her first one way and then another, the temporal powers using every means, both fair and foul, to gain the advantage.

All kinds of abuses were rife. Important positions were usurped overnight, or awarded to persons quite unfitted for them.

As an example of this, one might cite a case which took place only thirty years before the opening of our story. The throne of Saint Peter had been occupied by a Pope of only eighteen years old. This boy had so little aptitude for his high calling that he was deposed by the Emperor Otho I., on grounds of immorality and debauchery.

At the time of our narrative—that is, the end of the tenth century A.D.—another boy, also of eighteen years, ruled the Roman Empire.

This was Otho III., a German brought up with the characteristic mentality of his race. In other words, imbued with the idea that might is right, and that conquest by force is more praiseworthy than by any other means.

He came to Italy at the head of countless legions of barbarians; but from the beginning of his reign he was held in check to some extent by the strong hand of Teophania, his mother, who, had she lived a little longer, might have prevented her son from becoming involved in the tragedy which destroyed him.

At that time there dwelt in Rome a young man of extraordinary energy and enterprise named Crescentius. He held the powerful position of Consul of Rome, and was taking full advantage of that fact. He was a pagan, in the old Roman style; and his avowed policy was to abolish Christian influence and so bring Rome back to what he considered to be her true character and dignity.

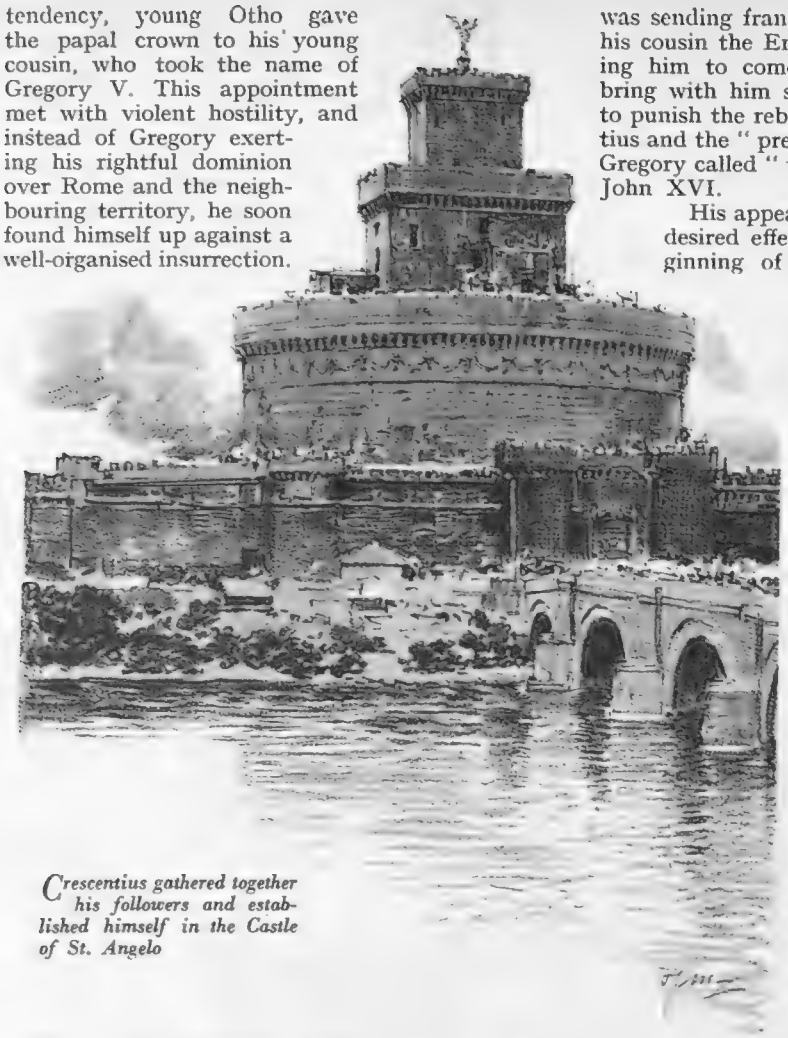
Imperial Rome, once mistress of the world, had become the defenceless prey to no fewer than six barbarian invaders in four centuries—six successive hurricanes of destruction, spoliation and death. Yet there still lingered enough of her greatness and beauty to inspire some of her sons to try to re-establish her on the old pedestal.

It was her undoing that the old evil persisted—the usurpation of power by those whose principles were debased and selfish.

Crescentius, like a dictator, established order and justice with ruthless measures. Needless to say, these measures were not calculated to please the Christian clergy. In order to counteract this anti-Christian

Like a swarm of locusts, the German hordes descended on the fertile plains of Lombardy

tendency, young Otho gave the papal crown to his young cousin, who took the name of Gregory V. This appointment met with violent hostility, and instead of Gregory exerting his rightful dominion over Rome and the neighbouring territory, he soon found himself up against a well-organised insurrection.



Crescentius gathered together his followers and established himself in the Castle of St. Angelo

After a short resistance he was compelled to abandon the holy residence and seek safety—putting many miles between himself and the supporters of Crescentius.

Taking with him only such valuables as could be packed in haste, he made his departure in a coach and travelled night and day for 300 miles until he reached Pavia. Here he gathered around him a council of archbishops and signed a decree of excommunication against Crescentius.

This drastic measure failed entirely to impress the Roman Consul. On the contrary, he was almost gratified by it, as it gave him an opportunity to retaliate in kind.

He immediately created another Pope.

The man he selected was the Archbishop of Piacenza, a Calabrian of great learning who had formerly been a tutor of the young Emperor.

The coronation was held and the new pontiff assumed the name of John XVI.

He made an agreement with Crescentius to confine his authority to spiritual matters only.

By this act of defiance, Crescentius challenged the might of Otho and his barbarian hordes—with what result we shall soon see.

There was another collaborator in the bold and ambitious schemes of Crescentius, and that was his wife, Stephanie. She was as popular as her husband, both for her intelligence and her beauty. The two were devoted. Stephanie loved in Crescentius other qualities than his physical attractions. She was enthralled by his daring and colourful personality.

Many other prominent citizens besides these two were engaged in the same struggle against the open greed of the Huns and the covert rapacity of the Catholic church. Meanwhile the fugitive Pope Gregory was sending frantic messages to his cousin the Emperor, imploring him to come at once and bring with him sufficient forces to punish the rebellious Crescentius and the " pretender " whom Gregory called " the anti-Pope " John XVI.

His appeal produced the desired effect. In the beginning of the year 998 the young Emperor, at the head of his forces, moved southwards. Like a swarm of locusts, the German hordes descended on the fertile plains of Lombardy, sweeping on through Tuscany towards Rome.

Crescentius gathered together his followers and established himself in the castle of St. Angelo. He took with him his beloved wife, Stephanie, and all the princes who supported him. By the end of March the Huns were within a few miles of the Eternal City, the streets of which were already deserted by the civilian population—that part of a people that never seeks to promote any conflict, but generally bears the brunt of all the suffering and misery it brings in its train.

At last they arrived on the scene, the coarse, rough, red-bearded Teutons, still wearing skins and horned helmets and carrying barbaric weapons.

Like a wave, they flooded the Forum—still beautiful in its white austerity, although the bronze statues and winged Victories had been removed.

Temples and basilicas, recently visited with reverence by senators and patricians swathed in rich togas, were now mere bivouacs of a profane and brutal soldiery.

Within a few days all preparations for the siege of the castle were complete. The Christian festival of Sunday was respected ; and then they began battering at the walls. Catapults hurled stones and burning missiles rained on the roof, together with countless arrows wherever the defenders showed themselves.

For several days and nights pandemonium raged without a lull. Sometimes emissaries emerged from both sides who endeavoured to parley—without, however, arriving at any understanding.

Crescentius, of course, knew that he could not hold out for long. He knew also that he had under-estimated the weight of the forces that Otho was able to hurl against him. So when terms of surrender with military honours were put to him, he accepted. They were very fair terms. The lives of himself and all his confederates, both within and without the castle, were to be spared and their property was to be respected in its integrity.

Abruptly the din subsided. Bridges were lowered, doors opened, and the castle was formally handed over to the Emperor's troops. Crescentius had taken it for granted that the word of an Emperor was to be relied on. *But he had overlooked the fact that the Emperor was a German.*

Directly Crescentius and his companions tried to leave the castle they were arrested and put in chains behind locked doors—the very doors that they themselves had opened in good faith to the enemy. Cut off from their women, helpless, they were the living prey of foul treachery.

Stephanie came once again face to face with Otho. His awareness of her attractions was more than obvious, and his eyes followed every line of her statuesque body

Stephanie, distracted by grief, made her way into the presence of the Emperor, to beg for her husband's life. She pleaded with impassioned eloquence, but soon perceived that the conqueror was inhumanly impervious to any plea for mercy. His cold eyes devoured her beauty, but he gave no sign of even having heard what she said. At last she was taken away, without obtaining the satisfaction of any answer whatever, whether favourable or unfavourable.

The next thing that happened was an outrage against the deepest sense of Roman honour and dignity. From the battlements of the castle were hung thirteen decapitated bodies in a row. They were those of Crescentius and twelve of his principal supporters. The obvious aim of this horrible exhibition was to inspire terror—an effect which the Teuton always prefers to arouse instead of respect or affection.

Swiftly on top of this followed another ghastly episode. A peasant had been arrested outside the castle walls. When brought before (*Continued on page* 86)

Stephanie offered Otho, who was stricken by a malignant fever, a beverage to quench his thirst. With his head upheld by her arm, he drank it

On Duty and Off

WHO is our Poet Laureate and where can he be that he has not told the world how lovely London is in wartime? Only a poet, and a good one at that, could do justice to the unearthly beauty of London when she is moonstruck, or describe the glitter of her traffic-light jewellery on a black-out night and the fresh tang of the air, which is no longer laden with petrol fumes. Then there is the other side of London in wartime, which only Kipling could have put into verse—the story of bus and taxi drivers and what night-driving does to them, the story of stinking sandbags and minor epidemics

London, like our friends, has suffered a good deal through the War and perhaps because of this she has become infinitely more charming, and one thing which has added greatly to her charm is the disappearance of slacks and slovenly dressing. Women have at last learnt how to wear uniforms smartly, and when they are out in uniform they remember their manners and change for dinner.

Jane Gordon

On Duty

EACH one of us has our economical side. Some hoard string, others paper or cardboard boxes. Paper spills are a favourite economy, especially in wartime. Some women dislike spending money on playing-cards. I begrudge every penny I have to spend on uniform, and it occurred to me that it would be interesting to know how much the women officers in the various Services are having to "fork out" for their uniforms. I went into the problem at a well-known West End store, and I must say if I had to spend money on uniform it would hurt me less to spend it here than most places, for the tailoring is really superb.

THE A.T.S. khaki tunic and skirt costs 8 guineas, and the Air Force blue costs 9 guineas, whereas the Wrens' costs 10½ guineas. They charge 10s. 6d. extra to make the uniform to measure. The A.T.S. cap is a guinea, and the Air Force cap 35s., which seems a lot to pay for this unbecoming head-gear. The Wrens' black velour is also 35s. Personally, I would not mind paying the price for this, as it seems to me the only becoming uniform hat I have ever seen. These are the prices charged *without* the various badges.

I ASKED about the "pips" and was told that the regiment supplies these. I am told that most of the officers order one tunic and two skirts, and that three shirts is the usual order. All the uniform shirts I was shown had two collars apiece. The Air Force blue, which is exactly the same as the men's, costs 10s. 6d., the dark khaki for the A.T.S. is one guinea, and the Wrens' white shirts are 17s. 6d. each.

Next, I went into the question of shoes. They told me that the Wrens wear black calf capless Oxfords, the Air Force a black calf apron-fronted shoe, and the A.T.S. a tan calf Oxford with a straight cap. The price of all these shoes is 35s. a pair.

I also looked at greatcoats. The Wrens pay 9½ guineas for theirs, the A.T.S. 10 guineas, and the Air Force 9½ guineas. The officers get a grant for their uniform, but I do not imagine for one moment that it is more than a drop in the ocean of expense.

Off Duty

MEN are apt to give one the impression that they dislike bright nail-varnish. As I have been living in hospital since September 1, my own nails have been innocent of varnish for many months, and I was very surprised when an old friend of mine, who was in town for week-end leave and asked me to dinner, said rather shyly, "You couldn't wear some red stuff on your nails, could you? It would be rather fun to see it again."

The gayest varnish I could find was Elizabeth Arden's "Stop Red," and it has a matching rouge and lipstick. Hardly had I varnished my nails than I had an afternoon caller. We took part in the kind of row that only an Irishman can stage. He was white with rage, superbly unreasonable, won hands down, could not have been more sorry, and altogether enjoyed himself immensely.

THAT evening, after dining at the Savoy, we went on to dance at the Four Hundred, and it was late by the time I had changed from evening dress into uniform and landed back at the hospital. While I was telling my host good-night in the sandbagged tunnel which protects the hospital front door, there was an unholy row of a bomb exploding, and the air moved out and in with a shudder. I called to the taxi-driver, "If you like to come in here you will be safer, perhaps." He came in; his dentures were clicking like castanets and the poor old fellow was shivering from head to foot.

My host and I finished our good-nights with more speed than politeness, and when I got up to Sister's quarters, a voice called out, "Are you all right, nurse?" I opened a door and poked my head in. "Yes, thank you, Sister. I have just blown in with a bomb."

Two minutes later I was out of uniform and into bed. As I snuggled down, a wild voice in the street shouted "Police, police!" I switched on the light, grabbed cotton-wool and varnish remover, wiped the "Stop Red" off my nails, and fell asleep with the tang of acetone in my nostrils. I dreamed that Miss Arden was saying to me, "You will like my Stop Red make-up, Miss Gordon. It is such an exciting colour, and one of the ingredients is just the teeniest, weeniest suspicion of dynamite."

THERE is a new double-purpose cream called "Damaskin," which is ideal for women who want a quick-working cleansing and massage preparation. Although it is very smooth and light, it includes some ingredient which has a tonic effect on the skin.

To get the maximum result in the minimum of time you should smear it over your face and throat, rub lightly for a minute or so, take off with cleansing tissues, followed by a light soap-and-water wash, and then smear on a second application and massage in thoroughly from the forehead to the base of the throat.

Take two cleansing tissues, blot off all excess cream from face and wipe (Continued on page 93)

WHEN my mother catches sight of lacy silk stockings her eyes take on a far-away look, and she says in a soft voice: "Those remind me of my youth." There is something very appealing about these particular stockings. They flatter the legs, but at the same time they are deceptively practical.

There is a fairly wide range of lacy silk stockings to be found in London now. One is like a very fine fish-net. The net includes heels and toes, which makes the stockings particularly becoming to wear with open-toed sandals. I paid 5/11 a pair, with a slight reduction which worked out at 17/6 for three pairs. I also looked at the drop-stitch stocking. These are cobweb fine, and the drop-stitch gives an open rib effect. The (Continued on page 93)

YOUR THIRTY-TWO BEST FRIENDS

Doctors say that eyes, teeth and nerves have gone to the devil among civilised peoples during the last fifty years.

Teeth were held to be the chief culprits, as poison from a bad tooth will play havoc with eyes and nerves, which is why, whenever a sign of strain in either appeared, there was a rush to take out the teeth.

Recently, however, doctors the world over have decided that a person's best friends are his own teeth. Everything is now being done to combat poison, and mitigation, not eradication, is the rule, even in advanced stages of pyorrhœa.

There is an electric-current routine to help firm the gums after teeth have been scraped of tartar right down low beneath the gums. Garlic, in specially prepared capsules, is taken to purify the blood-stream, because it penetrates and searches out poison and cleans the infected jaw. There are electrically-driven sprays in which the pulsating water excites and strengthens circulation, promoting healing.

So much can be done at home if you understand what pyorrhœa is: why gums become puffy, bleed, recede, and teeth loosen. It didn't happen 100 years ago.

The basic cause is undoubtedly diet. To-day's feeding on overcooked vegetables and meats, on over-refined flour, and an over-dosage of sugar, lead to a deficiency in calcium, needed for tough bone and enamel structure. This deficiency facilitates decay. Secondly, it also induces an acid precipitation of tartar between the gum and tooth which pushes the protective envelope of gum away.

A tight gum-clasp is vital to the health of your teeth.

If a gap between gum and tooth occurs, even in the slightest degree, débris floats up into it along the tooth to its cleft in the jaw. A process of decay starts which leads to the erosion of the bone. The poison produced puffs the gum, which bleeds to expel it. Meanwhile, the gum automatically recedes in order to clasp the tooth more tightly higher up. The more the bone is eaten away by decay, the larger the pocket that accrues, the more the gum recedes to close down on it and obtain a firmer tooth-clasp.

The great evils to avoid, then, are tartar and decay, as, if a tooth is much-stopped, the blood-stream to it diminishes and the gum lifts away.

Deposits of tartar rarely appear on the teeth before the age of eighteen. As soon as they are noticed, a visit must be paid the dentist to have them scraped away. The gum can then settle firmly back on the teeth, assisted by a painting of iodine.

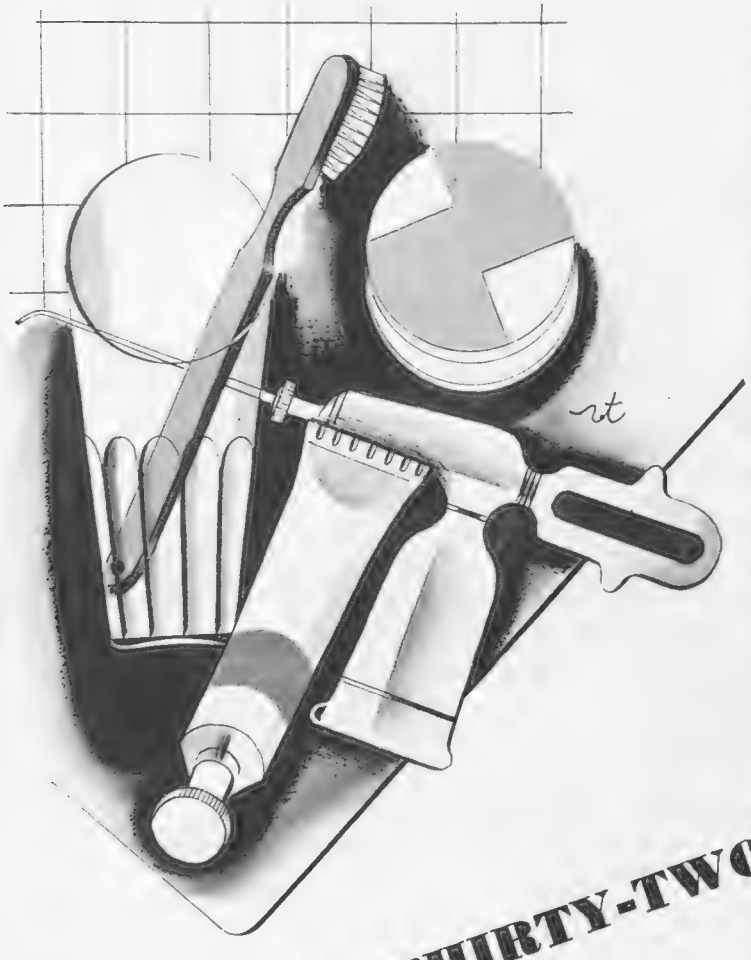
If gums become puffy or bleed, a mouth-wash of half peroxide, half water is a good thing. The peroxide foams and disinfects.

Forhan's Dentifrice is excellent for puffy gums. The routine of brushing first the teeth with it and then the gums is a good one, particularly as it contains an astringent for gums which keeps them toned.

Smokers especially should clean with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It whitens teeth unbelievably, it neutralises acids and dissolves stains. Smokers precipitate a good deal of tartar, and the neutralising of acids is important.

Finally, if you have flaws in your dentine and a thoroughly weak enamel coating, as so many of us have, and find that decay is always developing, in spite of your care, Glazurol is your aid. This is a tooth-powder which must be kept very dry, and only uncovered when it is to be placed on the teeth. It effervesces agreeably, contains calcium and mineral salts which renew and strengthen the enamel.

Tek is the toothbrush to use, always. It is curved to the shape of the jaw. It cleans every surface, front, back, between, behind.



Dental Floss must become a habit at the age of ten. It should be passed between the teeth just before going to bed, before washing them, so that all débris which cannot be removed by a brush can be taken out by the waxed thread.

Some people prefer a spray. It serves the same purpose, and the jet massages the gums. Adults, in particular, should always spray their teeth after meals. One that is small enough to go into a handbag can be obtained. But the finest spray, of course, is one that is propelled by a small electric motor run off a power-plug in the wall and fixed near a basin in the bathroom.

This will play a continuous stream of water into your mouth that can be regulated down from the forceful to the mild, and in either case will wash away all rubbish. Water stimulates the blood-flow in the gums, which cannot fail then to expel poison. After a few sprays, gums that are puffy cease to bleed. Massage is health-bringing, water-massage doubly so, and a pulsating water-massage still more so.

Moreover, no sensation could be more enjoyable. Add a drop of eau-de-Cologne to the spray, and you 'll feel on top of the world.

Two things taken internally fight decay. Ten drops of Radio-stoleum daily, taken between the ages of seven and fourteen, is said to make the teeth decay-proof from the latter age on. Milk is the other. Milk is the great supplier of calcium, good for forming strong teeth, eyes and nerves. It can be sipped cold, half a pint at a time. A pint daily is not too much.

The mouth should always be rinsed after milk with a magnesia mouth-wash. No food forms acids as quickly. No child ought to be allowed to sleep after drinking milk unless its mouth has been rinsed.

And babies should have their gums wiped, or the teeth that come up may have decay spots. In the summer months, substitute orange-juice.

Plenty of raw fresh vegetables, crusts, and gnawing a bone from time to time will also exercise the teeth, by giving them something to bite on. Don't forget to do this. And clean your teeth, keep polishing them, have a salt mouth-wash if none other is available, but keep them scrupulously free from food particles; then you will triumph over the pyorrhœa bugbear and they will remain your own.

Brushing over the head, upwards and fiercely, is the way to keep hair luxuriant. It doesn't disturb a set.

Banish dandruff by an eight-day pomade. Work in one dose Monday, another Wednesday, Friday's application will have you in a mess for Saturday, but follow bravely with more and wash Sunday. You will have to wrap your head in towels wrung out in boiling water before you can move the grease. But it will lift every atom of scurf and leave you with a new scalp.

If your hair has become thin, a recently discovered vegetable compound instantly increases its resilience and makes it look four times as thick. In two days' time the scalp will be covered with fresh growth.

By Chrysis

LET YOUR SKIN BREATHE

Let us consider your skin scientifically for a moment, and realise that all flaws in your complexion can be broadly classed under one heading: Imperfect skin breathing.

The cells which strike down through the layers of your epithelial tissues like dwindling tunnels should open, contract and close successively like the cells of a living sponge. It is only when they become blocked and distended that this action ceases, breathing is brought to a standstill, and the skin becomes sallow, thickens, or a drift of blackheads—maybe, whiteheads—appears round your nose, in the fold of your chin or the middle of your forehead.

Blemishes that follow in this state linger on interminably, even when the visible block has been removed, as no true healing can take place until perfect breathing has been restored. The law which applies to life applies to skin: Breathe badly and wilt, breathe well and bloom.

Of all times in the year when this is most important, May is the month. New warmth stimulates the circulation and drags impurities to the surface. Their exit is sealed by a fine dust, so that just when your face should be looking radiant, unlashed by winds, unpinched by cold, it looks terrible. Prevent all this by giving the cells a May holiday from over-work, by helping them to breathe, using Pond's.

The Pond's story is a romance that began far back in great-grandmother's time. A doctor who was with one of the first great caravan trails which blazed a way to Western America noticed that however badly a Red Indian might be wounded either on the war or hunting-path, the injury was miraculously healed by a brew they made from a root, witch-hazel.

He made his own potion from the root, and this ultimately became the world-famous Pond's Extract.

It is because Pond's Cold Cream contains such a large percentage of witch-hazel—which cleans, knits the tissues, rebuilds by helping the cells to breathe—that blemishes disappear after a few days of its use and the skin takes on a fairer, finer colouring.

Use the liquefying cream for quick cleansing. It melts instantly, acts as a speedy wash-away. A film of cold cream every other night will seep down through the layers of your epidermis, deep pore cleanse and serve as a filter to your complexion.

Witch-hazel never fails to produce enlivenment. It may be too drying if dabbed on frequently as a lotion, but the rich emollients in the cream counteract this, and a regular application of cold cream will soften, ensupple, and assure a state of first-class functioning to your skin.

A touch of vanishing cream before making-up supplies day-long protection and is a good powder base. If ever you incline to feel sticky, Pond's Freshener does what it says it will.

While undergoing Pond's May doctoring you would do well to follow through with their powders. The ingredients are pure.

The finished product is passed through an ultra-fine sieve, so that exquisite smoothness is assured and it clings to the face. Moreover, it contains no drying orris root to silt up the pores. It furthers in every way the principle of hygiene so implicit in Pond's. You cannot make a mistake.

The lipstick is a newcomer to the Pond's range, and what a newcomer, It goes on silkily and stays indefinitely. Even more important, it costs only sixpence and 2/6 for two very generous sizes. There are four shades, Light, Vivid, Medium and Ruby.

WAR CONDITIONS have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned on this page, write to me at Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts (our war emergency address).

The story of an UGLY

1. A small bedroom was fitted with cupboards and drawers on each side of the chimney breast. The cupboards have glass-fronted shelves labelled for blouses, underclothes, stockings and gloves, and, on another, for bed linen. The woodwork is dutch blue to match the walls and the cupboard doors have painted flower motifs. **2**. Deep and spacious windows with a view of the garden outside are played up in the lofty sitting room where the walls are coloured turquoise. The turquoise curtains are figured in wine colour. The carpet is sea green. **3**. The best bedroom is simple but very colourful. The walls are blue, the curtains canary yellow patterned with blue and green, the bedspreads are of the same material. The floor is fitted with a light blue carpet, and lamp shades and accessories are canary. **4**. Colour in the dining

HOUSE

room, furnished with old mahogany, is lavender for the walls with a claret carpet and claret linen curtains patterned with french pink and lavender. The room is sparsely furnished, but charming colouring and good display give it comfort. **5**. A new front door and pediment of simple classical design put a new face on the house which had a square, drab and undistinguished front

By Winifred Lewis

There was once a young woman who very badly wanted a house of her own. She deserved to have it because although she was not very clever she was resourceful, and because she believed that if you can't have precisely what you want you can still have a great deal of fun with the best that you can get. In other words she was a shrewd, as well as a lighthearted, young person.

She got her house. Never mind how. Moreover, she was grateful that so much of her ambition had been fulfilled and she didn't mind at all that it was an ugly house instead of the beautiful one she had wanted. At least, if she did mind she never said so. All she said was that making an ugly house attractive was one of the most stimulating problems that any woman could be set.

She made a remarkably good job of it and when it was all finished and she could sit back and preen herself on the possession of a beautiful ugly house she was a very happy woman indeed. Much happier than women who get beautiful houses by just asking their husbands for the money and buying beautiful things that other people have thought of.

Even the fact that there was not a great deal of money to spend could not depress her. She knew that every penny would have to be laid out skilfully, and to the very best effect, but that the final result would depend more upon her judgment and her patience than upon the pennies and pounds at her disposal.

So the very first thing she did was to make an inventory of the house's good points. These she meant to play upon and emphasise by every means.

At first it seemed that they were few, but later she discovered that they were so very good that each of them was as good as two.

The house was spacious. I don't mean large, but there were lofty ceilings, large windows and plenty of elbow room which promised license in decorative effects.

Structural alterations had to be few. This she knew at the start because these are expensive, but she wisely figured that one or two strikingly effective ones would give the house quite a new character. So she began on the outside, which was like a million other rather square, rather drab and undistinguished house fronts. A new porch and a new front door, simple but of beautiful design, literally put a new face on the house. This was not an inexpensive measure, but she justified it on the grounds that such an important concession to first impressions was allowable and that economies inside the house could be made to permit it.

This question of economy had to be very carefully weighed. She realised that to save money in the wrong places would wreck all her plans, yet they had to be made somewhere. The question was where?

Comfort was vital and that could best be provided by a sound and economical heating system, an adequate and beautiful lighting system and cooking equipment which viewed economy over the distance rather than in its initial cost.

Her knowledge of these matters was small, but she was an avid student of the advertising columns for paints, varnishes, electrical devices, household gadgets, and she had learned of a hundred ways and means of turning an old house into a modern home. So between one and the other she decided that a two-in-one system of heating and cooking was the best of all.

Out came an old kitchen range and in went one of the new slow combustion cookers that require very little stoking and hardly any cleaning, and which provide enough hot water for the household as well as an infallible and easy cooking medium.

It wasn't the cheapest stove, but once installed, the cost of upkeep was low enough to assure saving the purchase price in a year or so. And how it improved that house to have gushing hot water in the bathroom, the kitchen and the bedrooms, along with the comfort of small radiators in the passages.

The next practical step was the improvement of the bathroom. It had a yellowing varnish paper on the walls and an uninviting bath with the paint chipped off. This was one more place where it seemed advisable to be generous with expenditure so far as possible, so she had the walls faced with Vitrolite, which resembles a highly polished marble and costs nothing like the same.

A coloured porcelain bath replaced the ugly chipped one and the floor was refreshed with coloured rubber covering. This had a sponge rubber back which made it soft and comforting to the tread.

One discovery she made in the course of her dealings with plumbers and painters and builders, was that they have to be told what materials to use. That is, if you are employing fairly low-cost labour. If you can't tell them, they carry on with their own ideas which are seldom related to your own.

So this young woman got exactly what materials she wanted for each particular job and told the decorators what (Continued on page 75)

MARY YOUNG'S FINDINGS FOR YOUR KEEPINGS
IF ANY OF THE SUBJECTS DISCUSSED ON THESE PAGES ANSWER YOUR CURRENT PROBLEMS WRITE ME AT "BRITANNIA AND EVE" HAZLEWOOD HUNTON BRIDGE KINGS LANGLEY HERTS (OUR WAR EMERGENCY ADDRESS) WE SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEND YOU FURTHER INFORMATION

Every gardener has gone through the back-breaking job of making cats' cradles out of reels of black cotton in order to protect seeds, lawns and fruit, from the birds. Both amateur and professional gardeners, then, will be interested in a new device that does the job, effectively and speedily, without having to stoop or risk trampling the beds.

The device is simple and inexpensive. It consists of a spool holder in two parts : handle and wire frame, with guide bar fitted with loops and eyes, and spool bar to hold the cotton. Friction between the spools gives the correct tension when paying out the strands.

Spool capacity is four hundred yards. Seed-bed frames that go with the set are strong, rigid, and not at all unsightly, and once purchased, the only further expense is black cotton. Price 3s. 6d.

A blackout lamp which can be used without window screening of any kind, is now available. Perhaps you have not visualised the horror of hot summer nights when windows must be closed lest a breeze steal up and flutter your blackout curtains? With this lamp by one's chair or bedside, it is possible to read or sew in comfort without any fear of getting into police trouble. The lamp is portable and is fitted with two 6-volt batteries (replacement only costs 4d.). It has a swivel bracket, so that the light can be adjusted to any angle. But, apart from being a wartime indispensable, its streamlined elegance is a decorative addition to any room. It comes in black or cream with chromium, costs £1.

At the time of writing, wool rationing is a threat. But this does not mean that our knitting activities must be curtailed. One of the most important wool manufacturers in the country foresaw the possibility of the shortage, and set about to find a substitute.

I have seen the first jumper made up in this most attractive new yarn. Actually, it is artificial silk, but artificial silk glamorised beyond all recognition. Gone is that shiny cold surface. Instead, we have a medium to work with that has all the lovable attributes of wool : elasticity, warmth, lightness, combined with the softness of real silk, with a dull crêpe finish.

The yarn is ideal for summer garments of all kinds, for it is cool and porous and comes in a variety of charming colours.

Three thousand members are on the books of a thriving beauty club which has its headquarters in Bond Street. It thrives, even in wartime, largely on account of its reliable postal service, about two-thirds of its members being country dwellers. The subscription is 2s. a year. This small sum entitles members to five preparations from the list of thirty-nine beauty aids, for the price of 7s. 6d., or to three for 5s. 6d.

It also brings free advice on all beauty problems and the chance of having a facial and/or massage in a Bond Street salon for prices which range from 2s. 6d. to half a guinea.

To see and to try any of these excellent and charmingly packed cosmetics is to ask oneself how it is done for the money. The answer is : direct supply ; strict economy in overheads, and inexpensive packs.

Simplicity itself is a slicer for kitchen use. The slicer is just a triangle, two sides being of stainless metal, the top a Sheffield steel swivel blade. The more it is used, the sharper gets the blade. With this tiny implement, all kinds of salads and vegetables, both the solid and the shreddy kind, can be made to look more appetising.

More important in wartime, however, is its proved economy. No doubt you and your family like your potatoes peeled. With the slicer you may peel potatoes with a clear conscience : it takes skin off thin and uniform. It is grand, too, for potato chips and those tiresome runner beans, or for wafer-thin cucumber slices for salads and sandwiches.

Whether you are right-handed or left-handed, the slicer will be your right hand, and won't stain your fingers, 1/-.

Chair covers ready to wear, at less than half the cost of having them made to measure, sounds like a housewife's dream from which she will awake, sadly to shake her head over worn arms, grease spots and darns, and decide that the old loose covers must do for yet another season.

It is no dream. Mass production has made possible the "off-the-peg" furniture cover. All that is necessary, is to write for the Overcover Book, then measure up your chair or chesterfield by the clear line drawings and measurements of the different furniture styles, which you will find within (if they come within a few inches of the maximum size, perfect fit is assured), and choose your cretonne from the large-size patterns. Yes, it is as simple as that. Price example : grandfather wing chair in cretonne, 14s.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your current problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts (our war emergency address). We shall be happy to send any information.

POISE

comes partly from an inward sense of assurance and partly from confidence in the impression we are creating. Clothes alone cannot give poise, but they make the final and indispensable contribution to the mental and physical complacency which are its foundations. This woman has poise. It is expressed in the easy carriage of her body, in the lift of her head. She is sure of her charm, of her clothes, of herself. She has built up her poise, carefully, intelligently. Here are some of the things that give it to her.

THIS WOMAN HAS POISE

Hat. Her hat is a Henry Heath model of the kind that has brought this maker fame. It combines the sporting touch with chic.

It is a lightweight felt in deep tomato red with a slouchy brim, an amusing stove-pipe crown and a pert quill of the same colouring.

Skin. She knows that the effect of clothes and poise are minimised unless her skin is clear and beautifully textured.

She is a busy woman. Elaborate beauty treatments demand too much of her time, so she chooses a method of skin care based upon simplicity. It is the Barbara Gould method.

Morning and nightly use of the Gould preparations ensure a skin well cleansed, well toned and well nourished, and an occasional visit to the salon for treatment doubles the effectiveness of her home work.

Figure. She is slender from much exercise and healthy dieting, but she realises the necessity, even so, for perfect figure control to keep her youthful outline.

She wears the new Caprice net brassière, delicate in looks, but miraculous in uplift, with an ingenious cross-over front band of elastic that gives perfect expansion for breathing without hurtful pressure under the breasts.

The Adlis girdle is of softest lastex, supporting the abdomen and the back perfectly, yet permitting freedom of movement without a feeling of constriction.

Hands. When she can, she takes a professional manicure, but it is the few minutes of daily care, never missed, that really matter.

The skin of her hands is soft and white from the daily use of lotions, the nails are groomed, healthy and beautiful. She uses Nulon to keep them so. This scientific preparation not only strengthens the nails and eliminates brittleness, it also leaves the surface of the cuticle smooth and clean and brings out the natural polish. It costs sixpence a tube.

Clothes. She wears last season's suit, though none but herself would guess it. Economy ruled out a new outfit this spring, so she sent the suit to Clark's of Retford for cleaning. There was good reason for choosing Clark's. The suit was a favourite one and she knows that Vita-Cleaning preserves the fabric's natural oils, prevents it from wrinkling easily and removes all traces of dust and dirt without removing the body.

Clark's cleaning is reasonable, too. The charge for the suit was 3s. 6d., which includes tailor pressing, finishing and spot removing.

Shoes. Her shoes combine the qualities of service and comfort with smart cut and interesting design. They are Norvic shoes, one of the many hundreds of good designs by the same makers.

These are of brown glacé with a soft suède vamp, lightly perforated and finished across the instep with a scallop effect, flattering to the ankle. The same design can be had in black and in blue.

Arrangement. The most beautiful furniture is wasted unless well presented. Give each piece a background that will set it off.

Mix high pieces with low pieces so that the balance of the room is well maintained. Uniformity is not a good thing. You can mix woods like walnut and oak, but tread warily. A Jacobean sideboard is out of harmony with a Queen Anne table.

Never crowd furniture. A sparsely furnished interior can be very beautiful if the furniture provided is sufficient for comfort and if each piece is attractive and at peace with its neighbour.

Gadgets. Increase your comfort with electrical gadgets. Some cost more than others, but you can justify the purchase price by time and money saved in discarding worn-out methods or, in connection with cooking, with the improvement of the food.

There is a boiling plate which you can attach to a small cooker. It increases the boiling capacity without entailing structural alterations.

An electric table cooker which will prepare meat, fish and fruit on the plate right at table. This is excellent for breakfast and snack meals.

Floors. The floor, being part of the background, should be planned in unison with the whole room, not as an afterthought.

Keep floor covering darker than walls. Light carpets and linoleums are permissible, but only with light walls.

A wide margin round the carpet makes the room seem smaller. All-over fitted carpets make it larger. If you can't have fitted carpets, paint the surround to match.

Small rugs on large floors are ugly and reduce its apparent size.

Walls. Treat them as a backcloth against which various colours and forms are to be shown.

Patterns and colours that advance to meet the eye are not considered good in the average small room.

To make a room higher, dispense with the whitewashed dado and carry the paper or colouring to the cornice. For spaciousness, colour walls and woodwork to match.

Vertical stripes are good for a low room. Horizontal ones for a high room.

Kitchen. In your kitchen, even gadgets and the best kind of equipment are a hindrance if they interfere with elbow room.

Kitchens are apt to be small, but they need not be stifling if the best use is made of the space available.

Don't hoard utensils. A few really good ones are better than a host of old things that give the kitchen the look of a junk shop.

Make your kitchen bright, and discourage the thought that because you don't receive guests there, appearances don't matter. They do.

YOU OUGHT TO

Among the queer things that human beings do from day to day, one of the queerest is in putting up with small discomforts, enduring tiresome inconveniences that can easily be righted.

You do it yourself. We all do. The most efficient people are often the worst offenders. It may be laziness or indifference or just habit.

In the home it shows itself repeatedly. Women go on bearing with trifling discomforts around the house, clinging to worn-out methods, putting up with ugliness that could very easily be changed, making hard work of simple tasks, grumbling, but never doing anything about it, though the remedy stares them straight in the face.

Frequently they do not even realise that a little simple reorganisation could increase the comfort and beauty of the home beyond knowledge.

Are you doing this? It's a safe bet that you are, in some way or another. Look around you. You'll be surprised to find that there are a heap of things that you could be doing much better.

How about your comforts? Take an inventory of the things that cause you daily irritation. They may be small but put together they add up to something vital. Can't they be improved? Of course they can.

The trouble is that you get so used to things that you almost forget they are there. Maybe you have been putting up with a bad light somewhere, a door that sticks, a bed that creaks.

Perhaps your excuse is that you haven't the time to improve these things. That is always a good excuse, but not good enough. You can make time.

On the other hand, you may argue that you can't right these things because you don't know how to or you can't afford to. That is not such a good getaway either. Perhaps you don't know how to attack a particular problem in the house because you have never really tried. Instead of going out to discover how the thing can be done, you have simply sat back and waited for the knowledge to come to you.

The money question is a little more complicated, it is true, but within limits, it is also true that if you want something enough you can have it, and at your own price.

You don't need to be particularly clever to have a beautiful and efficient home. You must be persevering and knowledgeable. That is what so many women are not. They go on vaguely, repeating the same mistakes. They are capable but not expert; enthusiasts, but not specialists. Don't let the word specialist scare you. It merely means that you must study every aspect of your homemaking. You must

Use every hour of summer by furnishing the terrace outside your windows. This is an arrangement that could be carried out at a moderate cost in a fairly small area. The striped awning is a protection from sun and wind and a square of coloured matting adds colour and a sense of comfort. Potted geraniums flank each side of the matting and baskets are hung from the awning

KNOW BETTER

learn the rules and commit them to memory and experiment.

Take the question of decorating, for instance.

You want your home to be beautiful. It can be, no matter what your circumstances.

Learn the elementary rules of decorating. Read them up. Keep your eyes open for ideas. Be a copyist by all means; many professional decorators are.

If you can only make the fullest use of colour in your home you will have done something good. So many people are afraid of colour. There is no danger in it, if you stick to the rules and exercise restraint.

Don't go for bold colour schemes unless you are pretty sure of yourself and your rooms. Stick to soft colour backgrounds and use the bright tones in staccato accents. Understatement in decoration is a very good thing, especially in the smaller house.

Some women are quite astonishingly haphazard about their decorating. Don't let that happen to you. Plan your decorative schemes right through and stick to your plans. Don't allow yourself to fall for a fabric in the shop because it happens to appeal to you at that moment. Good decorative schemes don't occur that way.

Be firm about this. Don't let the salesman persuade you to have a slightly different colour or a different kind of design from the one that you have planned for a room just because he is without the thing you asked for. The salesman hasn't got to live with the room. You have.

These matters of colour blending and contrast are important enough to make a drab room look beautiful.

Get to know something about the value of colours, what to use to make a cold room seem warmer, a dark room seem brighter. Learn the simple facts about building up a suitable background for your furniture.

Study the laws of proportion and balance in arrangements. They are as simple as your alphabet, so simple that it is hard to know why so many houses are furnished and decorated without any regard to them.

Now that you are getting really interested, start some more improvements around the house. Pep up your routine. Look closely at it and find out if there are not better methods than the ones you have been using in your cooking, your cleaning, your entertaining.

What have your failures been in the kitchen? Isn't it probable that a new piece of equipment here or there, a new system, might make all the difference?

Start right in with repairs. Among the minor ones there are plenty that you can do yourself. You will never realise, until you begin, how many improvements it is within your power to make in the home if you will just get around to it.

A wardrobe you can walk into. Two sides of this deep cupboard are reserved for hanging clothes. The third side is fitted as a dressing-table where make-up can be done without cluttering the bedroom. Inside the door is a long mirror and a rack for shoes. Electric light switches on and off in the cupboard as the door is opened and shut

Summer Heating. The snow that we sometimes have in May, chilly evenings following hot days, ought to have convinced you that adequate means of summer heating is a necessity.

Electrical and gas fires that can be plugged in wherever there is a suitable connexion have much to be said for them, but if these are not suitable for any reason, don't forget about oil heating. It is good nowadays.

There are one or two very efficient, non-smokeless, non-odourless oil heaters that will give you comfort throughout a cold summer.

Noise. This is something we are inclined to accept as though it were inevitable. It is not. A quiet house is a boon to health and equanimity and most houses can be quiet houses, with good organisation.

Carpets and linoleums with good underfelts eliminate much noise. Banging doors, noisy radios are matters of adjustment.

Try damping down noise in your home, and you will realise what your nervous system gains from peaceful surroundings.

Routine. Run your house to a time schedule, but don't make a fetish of routine. A household that is a slave to the clock is worse than the one that muddles through.

A Smith's "Sectric" clock will give you a good start in the direction of efficiency. It will tell you the time without trouble and without fuss. It cannot possibly go wrong, yet it needs no attention.

Smith's clocks are not only accurate, but beautiful, and in this sense they do your home two good turns in one.

Bathroom. Few of the cracks foreigners indulge in about English bathrooms are true, but some of the mud sticks.

Is your bathroom as good as it might be?

Is it warmed on cold mornings? Can a man see to shave without straining his eyes or cricking his neck? Is the floor covering warm to tread on, and must you sit on the edge of a cold bath instead of on a proper seat? Are there plenty of towels and do they really dry, or slither across your skin and leave you damp?

Garden. Are you getting the very best use out of your garden?

Do you lay it out with consideration for the view from the windows of the house?

Do you crowd too many effects into a small space, too many beds, too many paths?

Have you planned your garden for a specific purpose, to grow beautiful flowers, to be profitable, for the children to play in or for the neighbours to admire? Make up your mind which, and stick to it.

Tailored Dress and Jacket

MATERIALS

17 oz. of Sirdar Majestic knitting wool (for dress) ; 12 oz. (for jacket) ; 1 pair of No. 9 and 1 pair of No. 10 needles ; 24-in. circular needle, No. 10 ; petersham ribbon for bind.

MEASUREMENTS

Dress.—Bust, 34 ins. ; length of skirt, 27 ins. ; bodice (shoulder to waist), 15 ins. ; length of sleeve, 4½ ins. ; (shoulder to hem), 44 ins. **Jacket.**—Length, 23 ins. ; sleeve at seam, 18½ ins.

TENSION

Dress.—9 rows and 6 sts. to 1 in. **Jacket.**—9 rows and 7 sts. to 1 in.

The dress is worked entirely in st.st., i.e., 1 row k., 1 row p.

SKIRT. (This is worked every row k.)

Using circular needle, cast on 450 sts. and join, taking care not to twist sts. Work for 3 ins. Place a piece of coloured wool to mark end of round.

Next round.—* K. 13, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 6 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 12, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 9 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 11, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 12 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 10, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 15 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 9, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 17 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 8, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 19 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 7, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 21 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 6, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 23 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 5, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work until 25 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge. **Next round.**—* K. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 10, k. 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round (160). Cast on 6 sts. at end of this round, turn. **Next row.**—P. 166, turn.

Next row.—K. 166, turn. Rep. these 2 rows until 27 ins. are worked from the cast-on edge, ending with p. row. Cast off.

BODICE—THE BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 81 sts. and work 6 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 25, k. 2 in next st., k. 30. Work 5 rows, commencing with a p. row. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 27, k. 2 in next st., k. 30. Work 5 rows as before. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 29, k. 2 in next st., k. 30. P. 1 row. K. 1 row. **Next row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. to end of row. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 31, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 33, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 35, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 37, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 39, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 41, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 43, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 24, k. 2 in next st., k. 45, k. 2 in next st., k. 24. Work until 9 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge, ending with a p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

1st row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. to end of row. **2nd row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. to end of row. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **4th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once (77). Work without shaping until 14½ ins. are knitted from cast-on edge, ending with a p. row.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDERS

1st row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. 17 (18 sts.), cast off 29 sts., k. 23 (24). **2nd row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 17. **3rd row.**—K. 18. **4th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 11. **5th row.**—K. 12. **6th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 5. **7th row.**—K. 6. Cast off 6 sts. Join wool at centre neck.

1st row.—P. 18. **2nd row.**—Cast off 6 sts., k. 11. **3rd row.**—P. 12. **4th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 5. **5th row.**—P. 6. Cast off 6 sts.

THE FRONT

Cast on 83 sts. Work 6 rows.

7th row.—K. 28, k. 2 into next st., k. 25, k. 2 into next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 27, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 29, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 31, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 33, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 35, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 37, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 39, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 41, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 43, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work 5 rows. **Next row.**—K. 28, k. 2 in next st., k. 45, k. 2 in next st., k. 28. Work until 9 ins. are knitted from cast-on edge, ending on a p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

1st row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. to end of row. **2nd row.**— (Continued on page 97)

ABBREVIATIONS

K = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; tog. = together; m.s. = moss stitch (i.e. p. 1, k. 1 to end of row, ending p. 1); st.st. = stocking stitch (i.e. 1 row knit, 1 row purl); patt. = pattern; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; beg. = beginning; m. = make; s. = slip.

Lacy Bolero

Materials.—6 oz. 3-ply Golden Eagle Polynit. 1 pair No. 7. 1 pair No. 11 pins. Embroidery Stones.

Measurements.—Length from shoulder, 19 in.; across back underarms, 19 in.; across front, 12 in.; sleeve length from shoulder, 12 in.; tension for No. 7 pins, 9 sts. to 2 in.

The Back

With No. 7 pins, cast on 86 sts., and k. 1 row. Continue in the following pattern:

1st row.—S. 1, *k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 2, k. 2 tog., k. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * ending k. 1. **2nd row.**—S. 1, p. 3, *p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 1, k. 1, m. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 6. Repeat from * ending p. 3, k. 1. **3rd row.**—S. 1, k. 2, *k 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 4. Repeat from * ending k. 3. **4th row.**—S. 1, *p 3 tog., m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 4, m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 3 tog. Repeat from * ending k. 1. **5th row.**—S. 1, m. 1, *k. 2 tog., k. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 2. Repeat from * ending m. 1, k. 1, instead of m. 2. **6th row.**—S. 1, p. 1, *m. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 6, p. 2 tog., m. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Repeat from * to end of row. **7th row.**—S. 1, k. 2, *m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 4, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4. Repeat from * ending k. 3. **8th row.**—S. 1, p. 2, *m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 3 tog., p. 3 tog., m. 1, p. 1, m. 1, p. 4. Repeat from * ending p. 2, k. 1. These 8 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern until 7½ in. from the cast on edge.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 6 sts. (half pat.) at the beg. of the next 4 rows, work 7 in. on the remaining 62 sts.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 4 rows, cast off remaining sts.

Right Front.—With No. 7 pins, cast on 50 sts., work as for the back, until 7½ in. from the cast-on edge.

Shape Armhole (wrong side of work facing).—Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next row, work back to same edge, cast off 6 sts. Work 7 in. on the remaining 38 sts., decreasing 1 st. every alternate row, at front edge, until 26 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder (wrong side of work facing).—Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next and every alternate row until 8 sts. remain. Work back to armhole. Cast off 8 sts.

Left Front.—Work as for right front, until 7½ in. from the cast-on edge.

Shape Armhole (right side of work facing).—Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next row, work back to same edge, cast off 6 sts. Work 7 in. on the remaining 38 sts. decreasing 1 st. every alternate row, at front edge, until 26 sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder (right side of work facing).—Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next and every alternate row following. Work back to armhole. Cast off 8 sts.

Sleeves.—With No. 7 pins, cast on 74 sts. Work as for the back, until 3 in. from the cast-on edge. Then dec. 1 st. each end of next, and every alternate row following, until 38 sts. remain. Work 2 in. without shaping. Cast off.

(Continued on p. 99)

Evening Sweater

Materials.—9 oz. of Sirdar Bouclé knitting wool; 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; 4 buttons; ½ yd. of ½-in. satin ribbon for lining neckband; 2 oz. extra will be needed for long sleeves.

Measurements.—Width at bust, 34 in., width across back at shoulders, 13½ in., length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 18½ in., length of sleeve at seam, 5 in., alternate long sleeves, 19 in. Tension, 6 sts. and 8 rows to 1 in.

The Back

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in k. 1 p. 1 rib for 2½ in.

Next row.—P. 7, p. 2, tog. (p. 5, p. 2 tog.) 12 times, p. 7 (87 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st row of pattern (right side).—K. 1, m. st. 7, k. 4, m. st. 7, k. 6, m. st. 7, k. 8, m. st. 7, k. 8, m. st. 7, k. 6, m. st. 7, k. 4, m. st. 7, k. 1. **2nd row.**—P. 1, m. st. 7, p. 4, m. st. 7, p. 6, m. st. 7, p. 8, m. st. 7, p. 8, m. st. 7, p. 6, m. st. 7, p. 4, m. st. 7, p. 1. Repeat these 2 rows of pattern. When you have worked 6 rows, increase at each end of next row and continue to increase every 8th row (working your extra sts. in st. st.) until there are 107 sts. on needle. Continue without further shaping until work measures 13½ in. in length from commencement, ending on the 2nd row of pattern.

Shape Armholes (right side).—Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows. Continue in pattern, decreasing at each end of every row until 79 sts. remain. Work 10 rows. Work should measure 14½ in. in length, and you should have just ended the 1st row of pattern.

Shaping for Yoke

Next row.—Work 36 sts. in pattern, cast off 7 sts., work in pattern to (Continued on p. 99)

What Sort of Patriot Are You?

LAST September you may have donned one of the uniforms of National Service; you may have busied yourself with some of the many un-uniformed services, sandbag-filling, evacuee helping, black-outing; or you may have just made up your mind that when the time came you would be ready to "do your bit" in the best possible way. And you felt quite the heroine. That was last September.

Since then we have all learnt that there is a heroism more necessary than the Joan of Arc variety and far more difficult, because it lacks the flame of inspiration and the applause to fan it. It is calm unselfishness, intelligence, forethought and sustained high morale.

To-day—for most women—the rôle of true patriot is a mixture of small, almost annoyingly petty, services, with an underlying spirit of bravery to combat any personal losses.

How, individually, are *you* helping the morale of the nation? Do you go around with a face like Cleopatra's Needle because of the black-out? The rationing? Evacuation? Do you moan because the trade restrictions have prevented you from getting buttons to match the buckle you bought last summer?

Every housewife has a large amount of wastage passing through the kitchen door. Papers, peelings, scraps of bread, bones, and so on. Some of this is suitable for dogs and cats, some for chickens, some only for pigs.

There may be enough refuse going to waste from your street alone to keep a whole roost of chickens fed; or a pen of pigs in food for a few days each week. The housewife next door is wondering what to do with her scraps just as you are—why not get together? Perhaps two or three of you could keep a chicken yard. Perhaps there is a farmer in the country just beyond your suburb who would be willing to call for pig fodder two or three times a week.

You would need to buy a separate rubbish bin to keep suitable refuse apart, but it is worth it. This is where you can show your initiative and perhaps start an organisation that will be invaluable to your country.

Do you carefully unwrap your parcels so that no string or paper is wasted; or do you become impatient and use the scissors to tear them open? Do you tie up all paper in separate bundles before putting it on your rubbish bin?

The silver paper around cigarettes, chocolates and other things is wanted. Hospitals will take it, and there are bins for it in many of the large chain stores.

Maybe you have a valued garden and a lovely lawn that has taken you at least five years to get to its present perfect state. Grow vegetables there? Why, the war will be over before that is necessary, and that lawn is precious. Suppose everyone took this attitude?

Perhaps you started to do your gardening with great enthusiasm, working all one day furiously. The next morning your back let you know that you really could not start being a market gardener at your time of life, and so the garden hasn't been touched since.

Organise your spending and saving. Reckon what percentage of your money (if any) remains for spending after Income Tax and essential outlays have been dealt with, and from this remainder allot a certain share for sane spending, and a fair share for possible War Loans, Saving Certificates, or even Post Office Savings account.

It may be some consolation to the thousands of Post Office Savings holders in this country to know that their savings are helping the country just as much as the other loans schemes, because their money is at the disposal of the country in exactly the same way—the only difference being that they do not get so much interest and have not the same incentive to let it remain untouched.

Do not belong to the group who are saving so meanly that they are killing home trade; but don't say "What's the use of saving? I may be dead next month!" That is even worse. Save and spend with guarded forethought. Buy good shoes and things that will be of value to you next year and the year after that, also things that give your morale the necessary stimulus. If you go without make-up and other brightening influences you will feel dowdy, consequently you will make yourself and those around you miserable.

If you are in any of the National Service uniforms, do you now find yourself playing on that fact to take liberties with your driving and with your use of petrol? There are many who look upon the petrol situation as something that should be wangled if possible. Joke as much as you like about it, but try to realise that it is here for a definite purpose.

Housewives should form their menus from whatever happens to be flush on the market at the time of shopping. Don't grumble because one particular thing is unobtainable. You can always make things sound much worse than they are, and there are plenty of ways of circumventing an individualised shortage. Find out the ways and means of making the best of obtainable products—and take the trouble of carrying out these ways and means. Explore every economic possibility.

All these are little things, seemingly unimportant things. Certainly it is not easy to get into a flag-waving mood about them. Yet they constitute your rôle of true patriot. How far do you fit into this rôle to-day?

FASHIONS

By JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Women will get more kick out of their hats than their clothes this summer. Millinery is widely frivolous, violently coloured, flower-massed, mad. Clothes are sober, simple, sane. Since it is going to be difficult to get straws, milliners are using dress fabrics, crepes, woollens, ginghams, printed cottons, organdies and calicoes for hats, with success. Ostrich feathers are making one of their regular come-backs. The snood is *passé*, but coarse veilings are used for back drapery, and narrow flower or ribbon-covered bandeaux, wedging down the back of the head, keep flat and half hats in their place. Flowers are the favoured trim, as many bright ones as can be massed together on one crown. Crowns are lower, on the whole. There are very large hats, worn, with equal *chic*, flat or on the side. There is a spate of small, flower-laden toques which sit on top of the head. There is the usual summer run on flower-trimmed boaters.

Every other dress has its matching or contrast bolero. This useful little affair, in its latest form, shares the swinging movement of skirts, and looks its best with cummerbunded or wide-belted dresses.

Jacket lengths vary from just below the hip-line to several inches below. There is a loose informal type which just misses being boxy.

Pockets and white piqué are the two outstanding trims of the season. For formal occasions there are suits of heavy silk serge, gros grain, ribbed silks, surah, with hats and gloves to match either suit or the accompanying chiffon or silk blouse. Prints are small, neat in design. Printed dresses have matching jackets and the inevitable long plain coats which pick up one of the colours in the print. Not one of the designers sponsors skirt lengths longer than sixteen inches from the ground. Checked gingham is being groomed to move in classy circles. Since the world is upside down, necklines are lower for daytime, higher for evening. Colours, generally, are more dashing than lines. It is fortunate that bulls do not roam the streets of towns, since red, red is everywhere. You are also offered pink champagne, saffron yellow, every shade of pale pastel, white, a bright navy (used with washed-out pink), orchid and bright combines.

The brightly coloured odd jacket which can go over everything in the wardrobe—evening dress, too, at a pinch—is the year's best seller.

Navy jacket with a cut-away basque worn over a blue, red and yellow tartan surah skirt

White crepe, with a concealed zip from throat to hem. Red stars, a red, white and blue belt of pliant leather. *These Spectator Models can be obtained from good shops all over the country*

FORMAL

① Graduated tucks of the bodice of a grey novelty crepe dress are echoed on the sleeves of the matching swinging jacket, £5.15.6. ② Black, white-spotted crepe two-piece. The long coat has short sleeves, a corselet waistline, white piqué neck-band and flower, a full skirt. The dress (detailed, larger below) follows the coatline, has white buttons. £7.17.6. ③ Ice-blue double-breasted coat in smooth hopsack, with black buttons, a swing skirt. (Also in shrimp, natural, grey.) Four guineas.

Informal

Names and addresses of the shops where these clothes can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, near King's Langley, Herts. (Our war emergency address)

④ Scarlet woollen shirtmaker dress, with interesting bow trims, single pleats at back, front and sides. Five guineas. ⑤ A grey gored jersey skirt, a grey jersey waistcoat with sleeves and collar in scarlet (or royal, yellow, emerald). Skirt, 45/9. Jumper, 39/6. ⑥ Emerald jersey dress with six fake pockets on bodice, the new bloused back, a four-piece skirt. £4 . 14 . 6. ⑦ An odd woollen jacket in scarlet, emerald, ice blue, and other colours, £2 . 2 . 0

Beneath Your Frock

(1) Slick slip in Celanese pearl lustre locknit, with bras top, contrast lace and embroidery, impeccable cut. (2) Celanese crepe nightgown of classically simple cut, with satin bows, appliquéd flowers and embroidery trim. (3) Kayser Underwear embodies all the features you have been searching for . . . it is tailored, perfectly fitting, has adjustable shoulder straps, uplift bras tops, comes in many sizes, the slips have bias-cut fronts and straight backs to counter frock seating. . . . These pale blue satin pants, cami-knickers and slip (sold separately) have a washable gold and blue R.A.F. badge trim. Pants, from 5/6; cami-knickers, 6/11; first quality slips, 15/11. (All prices are approximate owing to wartime supplies of silk.)

YOUNG WIVES' TALES

MANY things have changed since our mothers were bringing up their families, and nothing more so than the attitude of the young wife toward the problems of baby rearing.

It was traditionally expected of the young mother of former days that she should tremble and shrink at her new responsibility and on every conceivable excuse run home to mother for guidance. Now, if the young woman trembles at all, it is more likely to be with indignation at interference from mother, whose methods she regards with condescension.

Such is progress and the widespread teachings of medical science, which have given to young motherhood an entirely new confidence, a wider and fuller understanding of the problems to be faced.

All the same, no amount of theory is quite so valuable as good practical experience, and the young mother who dismisses the guidance of her elders too lightly is not the wisest of women.

I suppose there are more family tiffs between mother and daughter about bringing up baby than over any other thing. "Mother's methods are old-fashioned," says her daughter.

"So they may be," says her mother; "but I've had my family and brought them up healthy. I ought to know something."

She ought and she does.

Not all the old wives' tales are poppycock. In fact, some of the young wives' tales could be improved by the mother touch that our elders acquired in their hard school.

Many of their methods have been discredited, and rightly, but some haven't. It must be remembered that the mothering instinct is something away and above theories, either old or new.

Your grandmother believed that a young baby should be tightly swaddled in clothes. That theory, now practically forgotten, had its basis in a sound form of reasoning, namely, that delivery into the great outside after an embryonic existence spent in the comfort and confinement of a private world was a great shock.

They held that the swaddling helped to give the new baby a sense of security which sudden and complete physical freedom was apt to minimise.

It is not a bad idea and responsible medical opinion in many quarters continues to support it to-day.

Your mother and your grandmother believed that babies should not walk until their bones were hard enough to support their weight without bending them. They were right, but what they did not know, as you do, is that sturdy bones develop in plenty of time if the child has sufficient vitamin D in his diet from the start.

They certainly had no conception of the life-giving value of sunshine. Of the fact, for instance, that cows grazed upon pastures where there is much sunshine give milk of much higher vitamin value than milk from cows that feed in the shade.

Young mothers have to thank scientific research for the fact that the discovery of vitamins has made the correct feeding of infants a simple matter and a positive insurance against ill-health.

Our mothers believed that natural feeding should be continued, at whatever cost to the mother, for nine months. Most doctors now entirely reject that theory. They claim that six months, even in favourable circumstances, is sufficient. One eminent specialist prescribes four months' breast-feeding for mothers who come under his care.

Clothes for the modern mother's child entirely reject the theory that the body must be kept warm entirely from outside, and encourage the view that most of the body's warmth should be generated from within by a healthy circulation and a sufficiency of Nature's own vitality, which springs from a healthily functioning organism. Therefore, clothes are light and porous, giving freedom to the limbs and air to the pores of the skin, as against the heavy and constricting garments of former times. Self-reliance is encouraged, (Contd. on p. 104)

Louisa Kay

RECIPROCAL RECIPES

Five hors d'œuvre are plenty . . . diced cold vegetables, flaked, dressed fish, sliced sausage, sliced tomatoes, fresh radishes

By Harriet Muir

The British and French Governments have been getting together about food. The French are buying oils and other things for us; we are buying beef for the French Army. As well as doing each other's marketing, why not exchange recipes? You may think we English would score heavily by this arrangement. Or you may say "No; French cookery is extravagant."

I say that a housewife who makes use of every scrap, including the fish-bones, is not extravagant—and Frenchwomen do just that. So here are some French recipes for our kitchen *entente*. Quantities are for four people.

Haddock Soup

Bones and trimmings of one large smoked haddock, one carrot, one onion, one tomato, bunch of herbs (parsley, bayleaf, thyme), six medium-sized potatoes, one pinch mixed spice, two tablespoonfuls top milk, one egg-yolk, three pints hot water, olive oil, salt and pepper.

Peel and slice the carrot, onion, tomato. Heat a little olive oil in the soup-saucepan and fry them in it. Add herbs, fish-trimmings, bones, potatoes and spice.

Season with pepper and a little salt. Pour on water; boil gently. After half an hour, remove and keep hot three of the potatoes. Boil a further half-hour, when the soup should be reduced by about one-third.

Strain it, add a tablespoonful of top milk and the potatoes, cut up, you have kept hot, and leave on the fire for a few more minutes. Just before serving, add the egg-yolk, mixed with the second tablespoonful of top milk.

Hors D'Œuvre

As the average French household serves them, these are no wasteful prelude to a meal, involving the opening of innumerable tins and bottles and a hangover of messy little dishes. Four or five are quite enough.

One can be of cold, left-over fish, flaked and dressed with oil and vinegar; another of fresh radishes or spring onions; another of cold, cooked vegetables, diced and dressed with oil and vinegar; a fourth of sliced sausage, the fifth of sliced, dressed tomato.

Or if the ingredients are available, knock up some such concoction as cold boiled rice, mixed with match-like strips of cold meat, a little chopped parsley and mayonnaise, surrounded by slices of tomato.

Salmon En Papillote

1½ lb. salmon (if this sets you back, try Canadian, which, properly treated, is excellent), cut in slices about one inch thick; olive oil, salt and pepper, greaseproof paper.

Brush the fish with olive oil—very lightly, if using fresh salmon. Generous use of olive oil in cooking prevents any suspicion of dryness in imported salmon.

Take a piece of greaseproof paper for each slice of fish, paint it with olive oil on the inside, and wrap up each piece of fish separately, twisting the ends so that the "parcels" stay that way.

Cook under a hot grill. This should take about fifteen minutes. Serve with horseradish sauce. Use the sauce from a bottle, or make it this way if there is room for cream on your budget.

Horseradish Sauce

One tablespoonful of vinegar, two shallots, finely chopped, about 1 oz. finely-grated horseradish, one small cupful of cream.

Cook the vinegar and shallots in a small saucepan until the liquid is reduced by about a third. Add the cream and the horseradish, stirring well, and let all simmer very gently for fifteen minutes, or until sauce thickens. Serve hot with the salmon.

Peas À La Française

This goes down well as a separate course. Ingredients are: one pint shelled peas, one lettuce (cos preferred), six shallots (small), 3 oz. margarine, one tablespoonful sugar, salt and pepper. (Continued on page 104)

Salmon en Papillote, the fish brushed with olive oil, tied up in greaseproof paper, grilled for a quarter of an hour

Toute Sweet

Dried figs, chopped, sweetened, boiled, cooled, baked with egg yolks until set, and then topped with meringue

Since the rationing period began, we have been overwhelmed with recipes for sweets which use no sugar. This is useful up to a point. But in most households the family sugar ration is so managed that a reasonable proportion of it goes into sweets. For which reason most of these recipes for sweets, while not causing you to be fecklessly prodigal with sugar, make no attempt to do without it altogether.

Gooseberry Fool

1 quart green gooseberries.
About 3 oz. sugar.
1 pint cream or custard.
½ pint water.
One pinch bicarbonate of soda.
(*Six or seven people.*)

Put the gooseberries, topped and tailed, in a jar with the water, adding the bicarbonate of soda. Place the jar in a pan of boiling water, and cook until the fruit is tender. Rub the gooseberries through a hair sieve, and add the sugar. You will find that the bicarbonate of soda has made it necessary to use less sweetening than usual.

Let the pulp get absolutely cold, and stir in the cream or custard just before serving. If cream is used, whip it first. Add cakecrumbs to thicken if you like. Serve in individual glasses with :

Wheatflake Cakes

Two breakfast cups wheatflakes.
One breakfast cup (not quite full) of milk.
Two tablespoonfuls honey.

Thoroughly beat up the honey with the wheatflakes. Add the milk, a little at a time, mix all together and shape into small cakes.

Coffee Cream

1 pint packet Chivers' coffee jelly cream.
1 pint milk.
1 oz. dates or preserved ginger.
¼ pint cream.
(*Five or six people.*)

Make up the jelly cream as indicated on the packet. Pour into a ring mould, and turn out when set. Whisk the cream, add ginger or dates, finely chopped, and fill the centre of the mould with this mixture.

Fig Meringue

½ lb. dried figs.
¾ pint water.
2½ oz. sugar.
Two eggs.
(*Three or four people.*)

Chop the figs, and cook gently in the water for thirty minutes. Just before the figs are cooked, add ½ oz. sugar.

Let the fruit cool. Now add the two egg yolks, beaten. Put into an oven dish, and bake (moderate heat) until set. Make a meringue with the two egg whites whisked up with the rest of the sugar. Cover the pudding with this, and brown in the oven. Serve cold.

Apple Omelette

Four eggs.
Three eating apples
Olive oil.
Pinch of salt.
One tablespoonful water.
1 oz. castor sugar.
(*Four people.*)

Lightly beat the eggs with the salt and water. Grate the apples or put them through the mincer. Have an omelette pan ready with a little olive oil, smoking hot. Pour in the eggs, beating gently with a fork.

As they begin to set, shake the pan to prevent sticking. Put the apple on one half of the omelette, fold the other half over, and scatter with castor sugar before serving.

Raspberry Meringue

½ lb. tin raspberries.
2 oz. tapioca.
Two eggs.
About ¾ pint milk.
Pinch of salt.
One teaspoonful sugar.
(*Three or four people.*)

Bring milk to the boil. Now add the salt and tapioca, and cook gently for quarter of an hour. Add enough juice from the raspberries to make the liquid up to a pint. Separate the egg yolks, beat them lightly and add.

Put the raspberries in a glass oven dish, add the tapioca and cook for about ten minutes in a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4). Meanwhile, beat up the egg whites with the sugar, put over the top of the dish and remove from the oven when brown (Regulo Mark 1).

Fruit Salad Without Cream

Two large or three small eating apples.
Two oranges.
½ lb. black or white grapes.
A few walnuts.
Juice of a lemon.
Sugar to taste.
(*Three or four people.*)

This fruit salad is actually nicer without cream. Peel and core the apples and cut them into small cubes. Peel the oranges and cut them in slices, crosswise, removing pips. Split the grapes and remove stones.

Put all the ingredients in a glass dish, and then add the lemon juice and walnuts shelled and peeled, and sweeten with a little sugar. (Continued on page 92)

I like being 30

By Vere Denning

I always did suspect that what the French all-embracingly call the *femme de trente ans* was at the best of all possible ages. Now I'm thirty, and I am looking forward to twenty years of proving that it's true.

My childhood was precocious and lonely. From seventeen to twenty-five I was maladjusted and miserable. I wouldn't live those floundering years again even if it would take away every line the next twenty years can mark on my face.

I spent my youth going to rugger matches, because chaps didn't like girls who didn't like rugger. I went through stomach-turning miseries because I wasn't brave enough to admit that I was a physical coward, so that I had to join in jolly romps across roof-tops and the like. And I went through social miseries because I hadn't the moral courage to say what I thought of stories which were old, dirty and unfunny.

It's good for the feet to lie on the floor with your legs straight up the wall

Now, in the safe haven of the thirties, I can run my life the way I like it, and the result is called personality, where before it would have been just plain odd.

I can refuse to go to enormous parties, which I loathe, without the fear of missing something. I can admit to a passion for cooking, without being thought eccentric. I can drink, or not drink, and if I am firm enough about it, no one will try to convert me.

After thirty you can, if you feel that way, admit to seeing something in the conventions; you can even refuse to tolerate bores and people who grind out their cigarettes on your Sheraton.

At thirty, too, it is nice to be more of a success with men, but it is better still not to mind if you are a success or not.

In the twenties, you are rated almost entirely on the number of your beaux, and you suffer accordingly if it turns out that women like you better than their husbands do.

After thirty, the sex of one's friends matters less and less, providing one hasn't taken up flirtation as a life work, and you need no longer to be ashamed to own that you prefer lunch and a gossip and a cinema with a girl friend, to dining with a good-looking man who bores you with tales of golf and gunnery.

After thirty, too, what you do for your looks shows gratifyingly obvious results. I know that I am better looking now than at twenty, and it is true of nearly every other woman of my age who has learned to trust her looks less to luck and more to a workable routine.

My own technique is simple. I don't diet, but I have found out that certain things react at once on my skin and I give them a miss. I have nothing against whisky, for instance, for the next girl—but it makes my skin tight and dry and turns my eye-whites yellow, so I don't drink it.

It's bad for the Sheraton to have cigarettes ground out on it's surface

My skin is dry, and got worse when rationing reduced the enormous amount of butter I used to eat. I check this by using more olive oil in cooking, and by being a spendthrift with skinfood and a miser with astringents.

Because age shows first in necks and hands, particularly if they are thin, I massage mine with a mixture of lanoline and almond oil. When I do a messy job, I dig my nails in soap to protect them, and once in a way I have a hand treatment which includes electrical massage, baths of warm lemon oil, and other delicious cossetings.

I look after my feet, too, as I'm convinced that most middle-aged women lose their looks because their feet hurt. War or no war, shoes are the last thing I shall economise on.

I rub the heels and balls of the feet with pumice after my bath, so that callouses never have time to appear, and when my feet really are exhausted, I have a trick I learned from Danilova, who always does it between ballets. Lie on the floor with your legs stretched straight up the wall, at right angles to your body. Five minutes like that, and you can dance all night.

Figures at thirty can be a problem. There is hardly a women in a hundred with a body so firm that it doesn't need care from twenty-five on, if she isn't to be faced with a job of reconstruction in the middle thirties.

It's good for the mind not to switch off the radio the moment a talk is being announced

I'm glad I was persuaded into giving up cheap two-way stretch girdles, which were encouraging my behind to stretch as much as they did. Now I wear a feather-light but efficient all-in-one, which deals with the (Continued on page 73)

* THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE * THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE *

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One probably hears more talk of sleeplessness since the war than ever before. People who have never known the misery of disturbed rest, the strain of lying wakeful through the night have suddenly become acquainted with it.

There are plenty of reasons for it. Worry, suspense, for some, a reconstructed mode of life, give plenty of scope to the demon insomnia.

Even people who sleep complain that they wake feeling unfreshed, languid, depressed. This is often due to a lowered vitality and an excess of acid in the system.

Both conditions can be improved in a simple and agreeable way by taking a cup of Horlicks before bedtime. This is not only a delicious beverage but a tonic to the nerves. It feeds and clears them of the acid waste products which interfere with normal functioning.

Try Horlicks at bedtime. Plenty of people are finding that it gives just that little extra help to tired nerves, sufficient to carry them through this time of strain.

There are many things to think of in choosing a face powder. Texture and fragrance are among the first, and as to this, every woman has her personal tastes and preferences. But to find the right shade of powder for your skin and colouring is a matter of experiment and good judgment.

Three Flowers, which has been popular for many reasons over a very long time, makes the choice much simpler now with the introduction of a new shade called "Apricot." This, with extraordinary subtlety, adapts itself equally well for blondes or brunettes

Fair women, particularly the lighter blondes, will find that it gives a radiant warmth to the skin. Brunettes and brown-heads will be just as pleased with the delicate tint which makes it suitable for them as well.

Three Flowers sells in big boxes at 2s. and 1s. 3d.

Surface beauty is not enough for your complexion. Most women are aware of that by now. Look at your skin closely. Unless you are lucky enough to have a flawless complexion, you will notice that blemishes and discoloration, poor texture and open pores are plainly due to an unhealthy condition under the skin.

You must have a healthy underskin if the skin you show to the world is to be beautiful. To achieve this you need a cream that will seep down into the pores, cleansing and purifying as it goes, guarding the precious underskin, nourishing it so that when the natural process of shedding the outer skin is completed, the under one is perfect.

Potter and Moore's Powder Cream does this work. It makes the skin velvety soft and rich. It cleanses and purifies it.

Make this powder cream your regular complexion care, because it takes care of to-morrow's beauty as well as to-day's.

So very few nice things are good for us that it is nice to be able to report about lime juice. Every one likes it because it is a delicious and refreshing summer drink, whether taken alone or laced with something. You, personally, may like it even more, when you know that the citric and phosphoric acids in lime juice play a most important part in nutrition, assimilation and metabolism. These mineral salts influence the blood in a very marked manner and are beneficial in skin diseases, rheumatism and allied complaints.

Rose's Lime Juice is a valuable source of these alkaline salts. It is rich in vitamins. Acidity of the blood leads to many things and skin blemishes are not the least of them, so if you value your complexion make it a daily drink in some form or other.

Medical science has long known that magnesia was effective in neutralising acids in the system. But it was much later that beauty specialists tumbled to the fact that the same medium could be used to neutralise the acid wastes upon the skin which are so largely responsible for facial blemishes.

Once the discovery was made, the next task was to discover a form in which the magnesia could be employed. It was discovered at last and the result was two unique creams : Phillips' Magnesia Cleaning Cream and Phillips' Magnesia Texture Cream.

In these you have the perfect antidote to acid skin. One cleanses, loosens and absorbs dust and make-up, neutralising the fatty acid tissues as it does so. The other protects the skin against dust, wind and heat, and makes a perfect powder base, refining and beautifying the skin as it works.

We are still much inclined to look upon the condition known as nerves as a result entirely of mental strain. But this is not always the reason. The physical condition can just as easily be the source of the trouble.

It is now well established that the nerves are fed and nourished by the blood stream, and it is well known that impurities of the blood reflect themselves in a condition tantamount to poisoning of the nerves.

The elements in the blood most necessary to the proper nourishment of the nerves are phosphorus and protein. This is supplied in its most assimilable form in Sanatogen. It rebuilds the nerves and replenishes the blood.

If you are feeling depressed and run down, start an eight-weeks' course of Sanatogen. You could not do yourself more good.

Beauty specialists will tell you that many women ask them if soap and water is good or bad for the skin. Opinions vary about this, but one thing is certain : soap and water is only a surface cleanser, it cannot penetrate into the pores.

This is why the regular use of a good cleansing milk is an absolute necessity in every woman's beauty routine.

Anne French Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it not only softens the skin's surface, gathering up dust and grease, but it penetrates deeply into the pores, throwing off embedded waste acids which when allowed to accumulate, lead to muddy, blemished skins and open pores.

Deep cleanliness is vital to skin health and easy to attain with Anne French Cleansing Milk. Bottles cost 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

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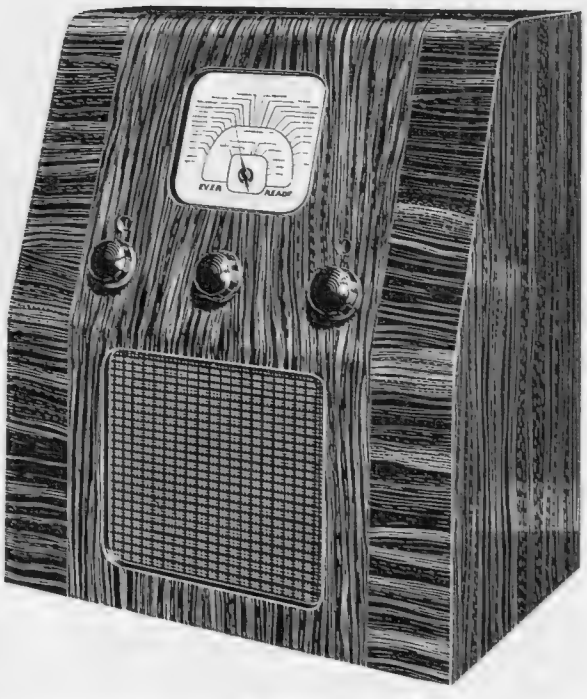

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Fortunately, the early months of this strange war have enabled the authorities and business men to assess the relative national values of control and freedom of action, and it now seems clear that the Government is disposed to relax some of the restrictions which stifle courage and energy, which is vital if business is to carry on. Control of material is inevitable; distribution may be re-oriented, but when goods or services reach the selling stage, there must be that free and competitive spirit without which a business structure—big or small—cannot be expected to function to the utmost for the national good.

This aspect of wartime operation is well worthy of reflection by business executives and especially by those whose financial investments have been made in concerns whose product names *were* in themselves an absolute guarantee that money was well and safely placed.

In recent months many good names—great names—profit-making names—have been threatened with obscurity through the undue curbing of prudent advertising expenditure. With proper regard for all war effort; to those who fight, to those who grow and transport our food and to those who make our munitions of war, it is to those who can SELL British merchandise at home and in overseas markets that we must look for the making of money with which to pay the war bill.

Companies whose products are of high reputation need not run the risk of consumer obscurity. If national needs indicate that "spend now" is not a patriotic theme, the institutional and prestige-sustaining campaign is well justified and highly valuable against the happy day when Britain can get back to normal business. A number of great firms are adopting a "holding on" campaign in the great publications of the Illustrated Newspapers Group: The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," The "TATLER," The "SKETCH," The "BYSTANDER," The "SPHERE," The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" and associated monthly magazine "BRITANNIA AND EVE."

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The Austin Eight: *A Popular Car Road-tested*

By A. Percy Bradley

HAVING had considerable experience of the Austin "Seven" over many years, even in its enlarged form, I could scarcely believe my eyes that the new Austin "Eight" which was handed over to me for test only had an engine of 900 c.c. capacity. It looked large enough to be a 12-h.p. car. Having got over my surprise in this direction, I soon found that another one was in store for me. With such a small engine in a chassis carrying such a large body, I thought it would just struggle along the road and fade completely out when it caught sight of a gradient. On one occasion—true, on a downslope—I went floating along the road with the speedometer showing a speed of 68 m.p.h. Main-road gradients, such as that leading up to Hindhead from Milford, are frequently extremely unpleasant to negotiate in a small car. The long hill brings many of them down to a lower gear, but the Austin "Eight" sailed up to the summit on top and the speedometer needle never went below 35 m.p.h. It seemed perfectly happy performing this task and never at any time did it give any indication that it would like its burden lessened by my changing into third gear.

The whole car handles more like a large car than a small one and yet the owner will find that the running costs are definitely those of a small car. The engine appears to be well up to that high standard which has always been set by Austin's. It runs smoothly throughout its entire range of revolutions and it is quiet. In spite of these qualities it is far from being a sleepy unit, but on the contrary it has any amount of snap. Of its many excellent qualities one in particular is worthy of mention. The choke has only to be used for about a minute first thing in the morning, and then apparently the engine is hot enough to get on with its job.

THE gearbox provides four forward speeds and a reverse, the control lever being placed in the centre of the front compartment. The gears are easy to change and the operating lever is conveniently positioned. Quite a light push with the foot on the pedal is all that is required to disengage the clutch, which takes up the drive smoothly and pleasantly. The car is extremely well sprung and does not in any way rattle or squeak when driven over rough surfaces, and some of the roads which I traversed were far from being smooth. The brakes are definitely satisfying and are easy to operate and progressive in their action. The steering was nice and a very good lock is provided.

Driving this car is a very effortless proceeding, due to the fact that the driver is given a really comfortable seat with all the controls being placed just where they should be. His visibility is excellent and the car instantly carries out his wishes. I found that the cruising speed was about 50 m.p.h., which is really rather remarkable for a large car with a comparatively small engine. At the same time, the car is pleasant at all lower speeds and one is not tempted to go faster than conditions deem advisable. The actual car loaned to me was a two-door four-light saloon, and I found that getting in and getting out was a simple proceeding and the passengers also experienced no difficulty in this respect. Although the occupants have been given ample room, there is in addition plenty of covered space for the accommodation of luggage.

THE Austin "Eight" Two-Door Saloon. A notable newcomer to the British Car Market that brings with it a new conception of small car elegance

THIS Austin "Eight" has quite a distinctive appearance and not a bit like that of any other Austin which has gone before. It possesses the now fashionable bonnet, the top of which lifts up in one piece, being hinged close to the windscreen. When this is lifted up, the first impression gained is that the engine is difficult to reach in case adjustments were needed at any time; but accessibility has not been lost through the dictates of fashion because the makers have provided detachable sides to the bonnet and these are easily removed. The battery is placed under the bonnet high up in the scuttle so that even a lazy driver has no excuse for neglecting it. The front view of the car is definitely pleasing and distinctive.

The equipment provided is very comprehensive and although I cannot mention all the items, I would like to single out a few. To start with, there is a very efficient windscreen wiper, which has its motor mounted in the scuttle and is silent in action. The front seats are built on tubular frames and both are adjustable. These are really comfortable to a greater degree than usually found on what is, after all, a cheap car. The trafficators are self-cancelling and are operated by a small lever in the centre of the steering wheel.

Frequently, I come across cars where it is difficult to open or shut the windows or doors, but on the Austin the glass can be moved up or down easily and without shifting one's position. Another point which pleased me was the large rear window which enabled me to see perfectly when reversing the car.

At any time this Austin would be a popular car, but under war conditions, where economy has to be considered and easy driving is sought for, every vehicle which the factory can turn out should find an immediate customer.

Penalties and Speed Limits

THE longer evenings of May will be welcomed by everybody, but particularly by motorists as the extra hours of daylight will allow us to pay visits to friends in the evening with a reasonable chance of returning home before the blackout period commences. Of all the unpleasant things which war has brought to motoring, driving in the blackout is, I think, the worst. In fact, conditions are so unpleasant with a 20 m.p.h. speed limit in the built-up areas during the hours of darkness that I recommend every one who cannot return to port before dark to put up at the nearest hotel and wait till the morning. The penalties inflicted on drivers who exceed the limit during the period and in the areas concerned are frequently so harsh that it is definitely not worth while running the risk of getting into trouble. In the areas that are not built-up, blackout driving is not so bad; but a run through a big city like London which may mean covering twenty or more miles is an experience which, if once undergone, is not willingly repeated. A great number of people nowadays drive small cars, and quite a proportion of these vehicles do not like being kept in top gear at a speed so low as 16 or 18 m.p.h. and, of course, if third gear is used the gearbox may after a time start to complain.

Reverting to the penalties which are inflicted on offenders who exceed the 20 m.p.h. limit, I have read of cases where the unfortunate driver has been fined £40 for doing 24 or 25 m.p.h., and at the other extreme another who has got off with a £2 fine after colliding at over 40 m.p.h. with a lorry. I know of a case myself where a young man was followed by a police car and was alleged to be doing 34 or 35 m.p.h. No evidence was produced to suggest that any other road user was endangered—but nevertheless the magistrates imposed a fine of £10 and suspended the victim's licence for six months. Not only was the driver unable to pay the fine in a lump sum, but he was immediately prevented by the withdrawal of his licence from reaching his work and so lost his job immediately. I think many of these complacent self-satisfied magistrates look upon all motoring as a sport, quite forgetting that in these modern times a tremendous number of the cars used to-day are just a means of transport for employees getting to and from their work. One has only to pass by any factory to obtain proof that such is the case.

IT seems to me that driving in the country, too, is not so easy as before. The authorities in many districts have allowed the guiding white line to be neglected with the result that progress definitely calls for greater concentration which results in increased strain. Definitely, drivers should make certain that their regulation headlamp shield is permitting the maximum amount of light to pass through it. Most of these shields can be taken to pieces, and where this is possible it is a simple and quick matter to clean the interior which will probably be found to have accumulated an appreciable amount of dust and dirt. Motorists who usually wear spectacles will probably find that driving is less irksome if the glasses are removed, and from my own personal experience I do not find that any resulting ill effects on the eyes.

A. P. B.

An Exact Science (*Continued from page 8*)

said gallantly, a note of pity in his voice.

"And why didn't you want me to listen to the wireless?"

"Because that is how you get your orders."

"My orders!" She dropped into a chair; resting her chin on her hand and looking at him with the interest a child would show to whom something new was being explained.

"Yes, your key word is 'Admiralty,' the next sentence after that contains your personal message." Shore took a paper from his pocket and read from it. "British people! Ask your Admiralty. *Dare your fleet put to sea?*" He looked up. "Decoded, those six singularly inane words were an instruction to you to proceed to an agreed rendezvous this afternoon and collect a piece of paper which contained certain information required by your employers."

"As long as you know," said Miss Valinsky.

"We do know."

"So you say." She leaned back, blowing smoke through her nose. "But how are you going to prove that a German propaganda announcer is communicating with me or anybody else by means of a code?"

"That is easy; like to see?" Shore sat down at her writing table. "May I have a sheet of paper?"

"Certainly."

He took a piece of paper and a pencil. "Now watch this," he said. "We assume your code word is 'Admiralty' and that the next complete sentence contains your special orders. The next six are—he wrote in block capitals:

DARE YOUR FLEET PUT TO SEA

"We will now compile a frequency table and we get:

E E E E	D
T T T	Y
A A	F
U U	L
R R	P
O O	S

"Now we will write out part of the message again, transposing a few letters."

SLEEPY FORT ROAD

"Every one of those letters occur in the original," he said, showing her what he had written. "Of course your orders come in instalments. The announcer is broadcasting all day."

"Sleepy Fort Road," repeated Miss Valinsky as if she was reading aloud words she had never heard before.

"We now come to a phase of the affair that is more, as you would say, like the novels and films," Shore continued. "To begin with there is such a place as Sleepy Fort Road, it is a very odd name, which owes its origin to the fact that there is the remains of an old fort at one end of the road which runs by the river. At 3 p.m. this afternoon you went to this old fort and met a man who has reddish hair and a birthmark on the right-hand side of his neck. Shore paused to watch the effect of this.

Cara laughed. "More film stuff!"

Shore shook his head. "I'm afraid not. You are in a jam Miss Valinsky."

She laughed again. "Why? It isn't a crime to receive money from Holland under another name It isn't a crime to listen to a German broadcasting in English."

"Not in this country," Shore agreed.

"And it isn't a crime to meet a man with red hair by an old fort, who happens to have been up north for a few days making inquiries about ship-building contracts which he hopes to get placed in America."

Shore interrupted. "But it would be a crime if you had in your possession a little bit of paper showing the construction of a new gun turret."

"Quite," Miss Valinsky agreed.

Shore inhaled and blew out the smoke. "You had never seen the red-headed man before."

"How do you know?"

"Because he had to be identified to you by the birthmark; as a matter of fact we produced another red-headed man, birthmark and all."

"You did?"

Shore nodded.

Miss Valinsky said: "How did you know I was going to meet a red-headed man?"

"Because we decoded the German broadcaster's messages: once we knew how you were getting your instructions that was easy."

"I see." She lit another cigarette. "And then you intercepted the real messenger and sent a bogus messenger to meet me. What was the point of that?"

"Evidence," Shore got up. "As you say, there is no law against you listening to the wireless—but there is a law against visitors in this country receiving documents like this." He took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "That is a photograph of the original."

Cara Valinsky stared at the neat diagram showing one of the latest armament inventions.

"That is what you were sent the fifty pounds for, wasn't it," Shore asked. "You were to pay that sum out; your own money comes to you separately."

"What happens now?" she asked.

Shore saw she was breaking, he said: "I've never heard of a woman being shot in this country, but you will get a long sentence."

"That will be the same as death—to a woman." She spoke under her breath.

Shore stood by the fire watching her. He was waiting for the next phase—the phase his chief had said was always to be expected.

Presently she looked up "Is there any way out of this?"

"Maybe You must answer one or two questions truthfully. What made you work against England and France?"

"Money."

"You don't consider yourself a French subject?"

"No; I'm Russian. We Russians fought for you, but when we lost and they took away our homes and land, England and France did not help us. They called us 'refugees.'"

"So you are bitter," Shore said.

"Yes and poor—that is, I was poor."

"Until you took up this business?"

She looked at the ground. "I've only been at it a month."

"That is what we thought. I don't think you have done anything very bad—yet," Shore spoke gently.

"I'm a spy. I haven't a country. Everything I touch is dirty. I am miserable." She fumbled at her bag, loosening the catch and groped for a pocket handkerchief.

"Let me help you," Shore said; he wanted to chuckle; everything was going so exactly as his chief had foretold. Tears! Then cajolery! An offer to play on his side—because he was sweet and she would tell him everything she knew. An offer that would be weighed, tested, and if found of value, accepted.

"Don't cry," he put his arm round her shoulder. She was holding the handkerchief to her face. "There may be a way out of this," he said.

As he spoke she dropped through his arms and lay crumpled on the ground, while the poison she had swallowed in her handkerchief frothed from her mouth. In three minutes she was dead.

END

It Never Worries Men (*Continued from page 15*)

"Great pilot, Gerry," answered Johnnie. "Guess he was too interested in those wings to jump." And so will you be, Johnnie. I won't matter in those minutes. Stop it. Stop it. Let's talk about Paris.

But it wasn't until Howard Winthrop's party three days before the test flight that Frances blew up. It was a launching party, as Howard Winthrop called it.

"You can't very well throw a bottle of champagne at an aeroplane," he said. "So I've thrown a party. And the toast is . . . Hush-Hush Two, coupled with the name of Johnnie Manners. Good luck, both of you."

"Good luck."

Even afterwards Frances did not know why she did it. Maybe it was because Johnnie looked so much like a schoolboy who'd been made captain of the school "fifteen." Perhaps it was Mary Trevor and the look in her grey-green eyes as she lifted her glass to Johnnie. More likely it was that Frances had not said: "No, thank you," so continually at this party.

"Damn the Hush-Hush Two," she exclaimed, and crashed her glass to the floor. The sudden quiet and the look of amazement in Johnnie's eyes were like a glass of cold water dashed in her face. She just stood there and took, mechanically, the fresh drink that Howard Winthrop handed to her.

"Just a little strung up, eh?" he said.

"We all are." And, suavely, with a word here and a wink there and another record on the gramophone, he had his party swinging along in the way his parties always did.

Johnnie, too, was sweet. "I always did say Winthrop made his cocktails too strong," he said, one arm round her as they drove home in the little two-seater half-an-hour later and hours before the party broke up. "Let's have the windscreen up. Fresh air's what you want. Say, can't Mary Trevor sink 'em?" She'd have preferred him to be angry, to have told her what kind of a fool she'd made of herself—and him. In his kindness and his tenderness she saw that he had at last discovered what Mary Trevor had always known.

It was to torture herself that she said: "Why did you have to pick on me, Johnnie? You should have married Mary."

"Say, I won't have my choice of wives criticised by any one," he said, holding her closer. "And don't interrupt my thoughts. And you know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking that maybe, after this trial, I'll get in touch with your Uncle Toby about that job. Why, if I couldn't write aviation articles better than. . . ."

That wasn't the answer. Frances knew what the real answer was. She'd failed. But it was Mary Trevor who showed her how complete was her failure next morning.

"A nice act you put on last night," said Mary, leaning slimly against the door, watching Frances clear the breakfast table.

"I never could act," said Frances, shortly.

"No," drawled Mary, tantalisingly. "But you've a long memory. You remembered what I told you about Howard Winthrop not liking his pilots to have nervy wives, didn't you?"

"If you mean . . ." began Frances, then stopped bustling between living-room and kitchen, piled tray held incongruously before her. "Howard Winthrop's not changed his mind?" she asked.

Mary was quick to answer the challenge in her question. "As if you didn't know he would. Your gamble's come off, Frankie. He's dropped Johnnie without a parachute. Tommy Thompson's the blue-eyed boy from now on."

"It's not fair!" exclaimed Frances, scattering cups and dishes as she discarded the tray on to the table. "Why should Johnnie get the blame because I made a fool of myself?"

Mary flung herself into an armchair. "Why bother, Frankie? You know you're glad."

Suddenly Frances was too tired to worry about the contempt in the grey-green eyes, the insolent disdain in the twisted smile. "Supposing I am?" she said. "I love my husband." (*Continued on page 66*)

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"Love him!" Mary uncoiled herself rom the armchair like a rattlesnake about to strike. "I call it ownership. Yes . . . you want to own his life, not share it. What's it matter to you if he loses all he's striven for, so long as he's around to make you happy? His life? Why, he's lost his life now without ever taking the plane up! Don't you understand? He's killed as a test-pilot . . . and you've killed him."

"How dare you!" Frances was flaming now. "You talk like that when. . . ." She stopped, her temper under control as she realised how nearly the unforgivable had slipped from her tongue.

But Mary Trevor had already gone, slid as stealthily and as quickly away as a rattlesnake that has struck.

At lunch Johnnie was quiet and unhungry. It needed no question for Frances to know that he, too, had heard the news. It was not until the evening that he made any comment.

"Guess Winthrop's right. Taking up the Hush Hush Two isn't a job for a married man."

Frances kept her eyes on her book. "He didn't think that way when he sent Gerry Trevor up."

"Oh, but everybody knew Mary was as tough as nails," he exclaimed, impetuously. "She made Gerry the pilot he was . . . encouraged him . . . made Winthrop give him all the jobs that a test-pilot prays for——"

Frances closed her book abruptly. "Don't, Johnnie. I know I'm a failure. You needn't rub it in."

"Sorry, Frankie," said Johnnie. "I didn't mean it that way."

A week ago he'd have taken me in his arms, thought Frances. Now he just looks at me like a dog that's been scolded for chasing a cat. A dog and a cat . . . a test-pilot and danger . . . it's the way they're made.

IT became unbearable to be in the same room with him as the day of the test came nearer. To watch him, slumped in armchair, staring into the empty fireplace, cold pipe between his teeth. And his eagerness to assure her that his days as a test-pilot were over was as agonising to her as she knew answering Uncle Toby's letter was to him.

"We'll have some grand times when we get to London," he said, staring at the notepaper on which he'd written three words. "Gosh, it must have been rotten for you, sticking around in this old bungalow, wondering what was happening to me."

"I think I'll let you write that letter in peace," she said. "Walk will do me good."

If Mary Trevor was surprised to see her she didn't show it. "Come to tell me what an impossible person I am?" she asked, switching on a small table-lamp in the darkness.

"I've come to ask your advice," said Frances. Then, "Do you always sit in the dark?"

"Sometimes . . . when I don't want to feel so alone. Cigarette?"

"Thanks. I'm worried about Johnnie."

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "I should have thought your worries were over now."

Frances jumped her fence. "You were right, Mary. I have killed him. And, worse still, I've killed something in our lives. Oh, do you think I don't know what the future will be? In his heart he's going to hate me for taking him from the work he loved—and he'll spend his time hiding it from me." She looked at Mary. "Oh, I know you can't understand. To you aviation has always been an exciting adventure, like it is to Johnnie."

"I hate it," said Mary, crunching her unlit cigarette into a mass of paper and tobacco. "I hate it! It took from me the only person I've ever loved."

"Oh . . . I'm sorry . . . I never realised . . ." Frances was shocked at the bitterness in the other woman's face.

"It's a relief to be able to talk to someone who feels as I did—once." Mary smiled at her. "Yes . . . I was like you . . . just as afraid . . . just as jittery. For ten years I hid it. Then . . . the night before Gerry took up that plane I let him see it. That's why he crashed. Test-pilots must think of their jobs . . . not their wives." She looked at the one photograph on the table. "It's because I loved him that I stay on here . . . hating the sound of a plane . . . loathing all this talk. But in doing that I feel I am paying for my selfishness."

"I don't think you were selfish," said Frances.

"I was!" exclaimed Mary. "If I'd been as brave as he was he'd be alive to-day.

"You can't help being afraid if you're in love," said Frances.

"No . . . but you can hide your fear. We should have married bank clerks . . . you and I. And have made them wear woolly vests so's they wouldn't catch their death of cold, poor little dears."

"Don't," pleaded Frances. "You're making me feel like some motherly little soul who smothers all the manhood out of her husband with her fussing and fretting."

"Well, aren't you?" asked Mary, lighting a cigarette. "And now Tommy Thompson, who's just about scared stiff anyway, will take that plane up to-morrow and crash it and himself. Poor boy!"

"Poor boy!" exclaimed Frances, indignantly. "Am I to sacrifice Johnnie for someone who's not fit to lace his shoes?"

"No, you're to sacrifice your selfishness so that you can keep your husband's love. If Tommy crashes to-morrow, Johnnie will blame you. Oh, he won't show it . . . but you'll never be able to forget it."

"You're right . . . I know it," said Frances, distractedly. "But it's too late now. I've failed Johnnie . . . and if Tommy kills himself——"

"You leave Tommy to me," interrupted Mary. "If you can find a way to make Johnnie believe you're not afraid I'll see that Tommy doesn't take that plane up."

"I could do that even now," said Frances, slowly. "But how will you——"

"Oh, I'll take Tommy out on a wild party to-night and let Winthrop hear about it."

"You can't," exclaimed Frances. "It would kill his future as a test-pilot."

"Better than killing himself to-morrow.

Frances gave Mary's arm a quick squeeze. "You're rather wonderful, Mary. . . ."

"We want a drink, Frankie—that's our trouble."

Frances shook her head. "I'll need a clear head if I'm to persuade Johnnie I really am a test-pilot's wife. Thanks, Mary—you've taught me a lot."

Mary splashed the soda into her glass. "I'll teach you one more thing, then. When a test-pilot goes up with his mind on his job he always comes down wheels first. Here's luck."

In the short walk back through the still night air Frances found that all her fears had vanished. There were other things she discovered, too. She discovered the pride of a woman in the achievements of her man and the exultation of dangers and problems shared. And, as though the casting out of her fears had cleared her mind, she suddenly saw the way to convince Johnnie of her belief in him.

"I could shake that Howard Winthrop," she exclaimed, taking off her hat and watching Johnnie through the mirror as she combed her hair.

"Did you meet him?" he asked, disinterestedly continuing to clean his pipe. "Just like him to have a casual flirtation in the dark."

"Don't be silly! Anyway, do you think I'd flirt with any one as dense as he."

"Dense!" exclaimed Johnnie, with more spirit than he'd shown for days. "Why, he's as clever as——"

"As you," interrupted Frances. "Oh, but all you men are the same. You never can see what's in front of your noses. *Any* woman would have known I was jealous of the Hush Hush Two."

"Eh!" exclaimed Johnnie, ceasing to clean his pipe.

"Yes! Jealous! When I heard every one praising a silly old plane I just had to say 'damn.' What about the pilot? What about my husband? Couldn't any one give *him* any credit?"

"Listen, Frankie." Johnnie grasped both her arms so tightly that she had no need to pretend to look surprised. "I've got to get this thing straight. Were you just jealous at that party?"

"Was I jealous!" Frances laughed. "I was so jealous I didn't even care that you all thought I was afraid. Why, I was glad! I thought someone else would take it up and the test would fail and then they'd *know* you were the best test-pilot in England."

"I could shake *you* now!" said Johnnie, grimly. "Because that's just what is going to happen. Oh, I don't mean any one's going to think I'm good. I mean, Tommy will crash that plane. . . . You're a little fool, Frankie."

IT was easier than she had hoped. And it was easy, too, to watch Johnnie throw cushions about and listen to him give his opinion on women in general and herself in particular. But it was easier still when he took her into his arms and in between the kisses that always made her feel as though she were in a wildly stunting plane to hear him say: "I must have been crazy to think you'd ever lose your nerve, Frankie. Can you beat it? Here was I moping around because I thought you'd be telling me to wear woolly vests next and all the time you were jealous."

"You'd better get some sleep, darling," said Frances. "I've got a feeling you're going to take that plane up to-morrow."

He shook his head. "If only I could believe that, I'd be really happy. Gosh! How can I sleep when I know Tommy won't make it. Poor Tommy . . if only I could tell him I know he's scared. He can't help it. It's the way we're made, I guess."

But he was still asleep next morning when the phone call came from Winthrop. "You're right, Frankie." He turned a face so incredulous to hers that she nearly laughed outright. "Tommy's been on a party. Winthrop's not going to risk it." He listened at the receiver. "What's that? Will my wife mind? Hey! What do you think, Winthrop? She wasn't scared. No . . . just jealous! Yes . . . *jealous*, I said. What are you laughing at? Why shouldn't she be?"

It was as she turned her face to his before he left that she knew how great her victory had been. "Get your coat. You're coming, too. I'm not leaving my mascot behind. But don't be jealous, will you?"

"Jealous?" asked Frances, too puzzled to remember.

"Well, I shan't be thinking of you. My mind'll be on my job."

Even when he walked across the tarmac to the stripped, sinister looking plane she felt only pride. And in that last, bullet-like dive as the shrieking flash hurtled downwards, she knew not fear but exultation.

It seemed only a few minutes later, when he came to her, still in his flying clothes, and the Air Ministry officials were laughing and chatting over their champagne with Howard Winthrop.

"We did it," he said, a white grin across his oil-blackened face. "They're signing the contracts now. And what do you think? Winthrop wants me to become a director of the company . . . give up test-flying . . . and design planes from now on."

"Darling!"

"But I'm not taking it. I'm going to become 'Our Aviation Expert' for your Uncle Toby."

Frances clutched his arm. "Johnnie . . . you're not to."

"Oh, yes I am. Do you think I want you sticking around this joint . . . getting to be a woman like Mary Trevor?"

"Listen, Johnnie." Frances hid his smile with her hand. "You're going to be an aeroplane designer . . . and I'm going to be like Mary Trevor . . . but not in a way you'll ever recognise. Oh, Johnnie, if our trip to Paris wasn't going to be a second honeymoon I'd ask if she could come, too."

"Hey! We want to talk about something else besides planes in Paris. What's Mary know about love? Come here!" It always feels like this, thought Frances, like a plane soaring beyond the clouds to the blue skies . . . but there's no more fear . . . now . . for me.

END

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Call to Arms

(*Continued from page* 31)

So they lived on Chloe's pitifully small nest-egg; a hundred odd pounds inherited from a godmother. Just over a year ago they had taken this shabby but airy bed-sitting-room which overlooked the Thames and Rocke Manderville had sunk deep into a happiness he had dreamed about and tried to bring into his music, but which he had never really believed could exist for him.

Friends came to see them—young men and women who belonged to the same artistic world, painters and writers and young poets with burning despairing eyes who simply didn't notice that most days Chloe forgot to dust the room and who didn't raise critical eyebrows because all hers and Rocke's meals came either from the delicatessen shop down the road or out of tins. From his old life, Rocke had brought only one reminder to this Chelsea attic—the black, shining grand piano which his mother, now dead, had given him on his twenty-first birthday.

Dusk, coloured a fiery gold and orange, was falling across the river now and Chloe moved away from Rocke to fix enormous sheets of brown paper at the windows.

"Blackout time," she reminded him.

Rocke got up from the piano stool.

"Mind if I go for a stroll, poppet?"

"Of course not. . . ."

Rocke gave her a tenderly appreciative smile. Even after knowing her for over a year he still marvelled at her understanding acceptance of his rare but urgent needs for complete solitude. He put his hands on her thin shoulders.

"Perhaps I'll bring you back some port."

Chloe's eyes lighted childishly. She adored a certain brand of sweet, cheap port which they sold at the pub downstairs. She teased:

"Your generosity embarrasses me. We've got two quart bottles of beer if any of the gang should drop in——"

"Sweet, my dearest . . ." Rocke pulled her into his arms, then pushed her gently away from him and she noticed again that haunted restless look in his eyes. She stifled her panic—those cold, crawling fears which had been dragging themselves across her heart ever since war had been declared, ever since this haunted restless look had first come into Rocke's eyes when, standing close to each other, their fingers interlaced, they had listened to the Prime Minister on the radio in the pub downstairs, telling the country "It is evil things we are fighting."

"Rockie, you must write a war song; darling, you're the man to give the world the new 'Keep the home fires burning.'" She had rushed him into action before that fatal historic Sunday came to an end. Rocke had stared at her.

"You think that—you think that's my job?"

"I know it is," Chloe had told him, but for the first time, giving advice to Rocke Manderville, late Captain Manderville of the 68th Hussars, she had been uncertain of herself. For the first time, telling Rocke what to do, she couldn't be sure whether she really was thinking of his welfare and peace of mind and not making safe her own happiness.

Rocke pinched her cheek.

"I shan't be long, poppet."

He ran down three flights of rickety uncarpeted stairs and went into the street. Night came swiftly upon the city—the sinister black night of war-ridden London. Cars moved cautiously along the Embankment, their dimmed lights making them look like an uneven line of glow-worms. Rocke, gazing across the river, knew a nostalgia for the gawdy illuminated signs from the factories and the warehouses at the other side. Britain was at war again. Yet no dreaded casualty lists filled columns in the newspapers; British airmen had flown over Germany but their cargo had consisted more often of pamphlets than of bombs; except for the tragedies of the *Courageous* and the *Royal Oak* the losses of the neutrals at sea

were greater than those of the belligerents. A crazy war, decided Rocke Manderville, who had been educated at Wellington and Sandhurst and who had been Captain Rocke Manderville until a year ago. He wondered what his father, the colonel, would have to say about it—that thin man of fine steel who had had his first taste of battle in South Africa forty years ago and who had "wangled his way" to the front line in France in 1914?

Rocke scowled in the darkness. He wished that the old man's image weren't so firmly imprinted on his mental vision just now. He hadn't seen him for a year, not since the day he had gone down to Camberley to give an account of himself, for the news had reached there before him, that he had resigned his commission and had left Esme. Their quarrel had been stormy and bitter.

At first Rocke had allowed the colonel to do most of the talking; he had accepted in a grim, twisted-lipped silence the enraged clichés about having let down the regiment, disgraced the family and insulted a sweet girl whose shoes he wasn't worthy to clean; he had taken without protest his father's sharp contemptuous gibes about his music. ("To think that a son of mine should throw away an honourable career in order to strum out nonsense about the moon in June," the colonel had thundered, banging his fists on the table.) But when it came to the things he had to say about Chloe, Rocke didn't even try to curb his own temper.

"Look here, father, I've got to ask you to apologise for that . . ." Rocke banged the table, too, but the colonel merely reiterated:

"You've got yourself caught by the shoddy wiles of a Chelsea slut and mark my words, Rocke, one of these days you're going to curse the day you first set eyes on her."

And Rocke who was prepared to take all the insults for himself, who even saw his father's point of view and admitted that to him there was no sense, no decency in a man throwing up a commission in the regiment in which other Mandervilles had served before him, in order to write dance music, wouldn't budge an inch in his determination never to see his father again if he refused to apologise for what he had said about Chloe; he had walked out of the house within an hour of his arrival. He heard occasionally from his younger brother, Arthur, also a soldier and who had been going out to India before the war broke out; it was he who informed Rocke that "the old man" had torn up every photo he possessed of his elder son; one night dining with a crony at the Dorchester, he had left the table when the band started to play "I'll love you best in blossom time" and didn't come back until they had switched into something else. "Though goodness knows who told him it was your ditty," Arthur added.

He and Rocke remained good friends though they didn't see each other often. He had been to the room in Chelsea and he was charming to Chloe and bought her a sheaf of pink roses. Chloe accepted him and the flowers gravely. "He must be most awfully fond of *you*, Rockie," she had insisted, when Rocke triumphed what a violent success she was with his brother.

What, he pondered, was Arthur thinking of this "strangest of all wars"? He had only seen him once since hostilities broke out and Arthur had been curiously guarded then. Yes, he was going to France some time—couldn't say when. He had emphasised: "Anyway, there's no call for men this time—the military authorities have more on their hands than they can cope with as it is and then there are the militiamen coming along all the time."

Rocke had understood. Arthur was making it easy for him to go on with his song writing, to stay with Chloe in their room which overlooked the river. Rocke was out of the army and there was no reason for him to be sentimentally patriotic and get back again. The army had no need of Rocke Manderville who had once been Captain Manderville of the 68th Hussars was what Arthur had been trying to tell his elder brother.

Arthur was with (*Continued on page 70*)

"I wish I had your energy!"

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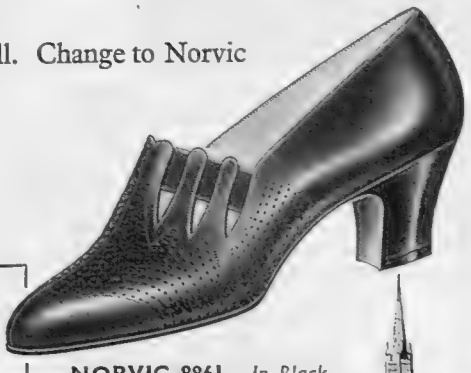

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the artillery. Not so *chancey* as if he held a commission with the infantry. He had a girl—Rose. Not so hot for her—not so hot for any of the women-folk who had men with the fighting forces. Rocke knew a moment of exaltation. At least his Chloe would be spared that; oh, he, Rocke Manderville who worshipped her but whose love had given her plenty of rotten deals, could at least spare her that ordeal of waiting for War Office telegrams when they did arrive—he could spare her the loneliness of women whose men had gone from them on that hazardous adventure of warfare—Chloe's man would stay at home and write songs for the soldiers and their women to sing—music for the boys to dance to with their girls when they came home on leave.

Chloe said that was his job and she never made mistakes. Besides, the country wasn't calling for men; it couldn't absorb even those who were trying to get into the navy and the army and the air force.

Rocke had reached the Albert Bridge, he had come farther than he had intended. But Chloe wouldn't worry if he were late; Chloe didn't ask that a man should run his entire life to a meal time table. That, of course, had been part of the trouble with Esme. His mind moved away from his brother, from his father, to the brown-haired, merry-eyed girl he had married on his twenty-fourth birthday five years ago. She was "army," too; her father had been killed during the last days of October, 1918, and she and her mother had a tiny house near to Rocke's home in Camberley. He had loved her—yes, yes, he had loved the deceiving gaiety of her, that soft ripple of her laughter, the way her hair danced in curls against her apricot-hued cheeks. He had believed Esme when she enthused: "Your music is lovely, Rocke, of course I want you to go on with it. . . ."

Well, maybe she had meant it at the time. In so many ways Esme was a fine girl; it was wonderful the show she had put up on his pay; no, you couldn't really blame her, Rocke supposed, for those nerve-wracking periods of sulks of Esme's when he didn't get back to dinner and only telephoned her at the last moment; she took such trouble with his meals and he could only afford to give her a daily woman to help in their flat on the drawing-room floor in a big ramshackle house in Kensington. You couldn't blame her either for protesting because he was always bringing people in and keeping them late into the night while he played his new numbers; entertaining cost money and there was always so little left over for Esme herself.

But living with her neat, methodical mind, had been like living with a cord tied round your neck and which threatened to throttle you at any moment. She had been ambitious for him, too—but following his own father's lines.

"I'm going to end up as the 'colonel's lady,'" Esme would encourage him in the early days.

Such a pretty cuddlesome little thing he had thought her in the brief months of their engagement. But that girl—she could be hard, unrelentless. You would never have thought that any one with Esme's laughing eyes could keep in a silent, reproachful temper like she used to, until from sheer despair, you gave into her. You wouldn't have thought that those soft, curved lips could utter sarcasms such as Esme had hurled at his songs. Oh yes, she admitted, she thought he played very nicely; yes, she had said she wanted him to persevere as a composer, "But, Rocke, only as a hobby; I never imagined you would neglect your *real* job for piano playing."

He had been at the end of his tether, nervous, overwrought when he met Chloe at the party of a coloured cabaret singer whom Esme most certainly would never have received in her home. She had enjoyed entertaining modestly, women and their soldier husbands, little dinners at which everybody exclaimed in surprised praise when they learned Esme had cooked each course herself. Cards afterwards, bridge at a farthing a hundred and Esme would nearly send

Rocke mad asking in the sort of voice you used towards a child to persuade it to say its poetry: "Rockie dear, will you play something for us . . . ?"

How he had loathed it when she called him Rockie.

He had reached a pub, hesitated and decided to go in. He was out of love with his own thoughts, those painful musings about the past, and the bright lights of the saloon bar, the thick smoky beer-laden air gladdened him. He ordered himself a pint and stood at the counter. At first he didn't notice the soldier next to him; a man nearing middle-age, self-conscious still about his newly-acquired khaki.

"Nice night, sir—not counting the black-out."

He addressed Rocke in the slurred Midland accent. Rocke saw the grenades on the man's collar. He was R.A. like Arthur. He agreed it was good weather for the time of the year then added:

"You been in the army long?"

The man shook his head.

"Only since the show started—I was one of the lucky ones, sir. . . ."

Rocke raised his thick eyebrows.

"One of the lucky ones—then you're liking soldiering—that's fine."

The man shrugged.

"I can't say as though I like it, sir—it was a wrench you know, leaving the wife and kids—homey kind of family we are; then I worry a bit about the job—they're still paying me but I don't know that they'll be able to keep it up."

Rocke motioned the barman to give the soldier another tankard of beer.

"Then why," he asked, "did you join up? It isn't as though they're calling for men yet; surely you could have let the younger ones and the single ones go first."

His companion looked at him a trifle oddly and he was suddenly acutely conscious of his flannel bags, his well-worn Harris tweed sports coat, his gay orange poplin shirt. He caught sight of himself in the mirror at the back of the bar. He looked younger even than his twenty-nine years. He hadn't got that "married" look. (Chloe saw to that.) Then strangely his reflection seemed to be changing—he was wearing a peaked cap, khaki—a khaki shirt and the khaki tie closely knotted as he had always liked it. *Captain Rocke Manderville.* But that was old history; he was letting himself get morbid; he supposed it was reaction from having worked all day on his own waltz which he was going to take to Peter Craille in the morning. Better finish his beer and get back to Chloe, to reality.

The soldier was answering his question; his rugged face had a bewildered expression.

"Why did I join up?" Though his eyes met Rocke's, he seemed to be talking to himself. "You know, sir, for the life of me I can't tell you. When you work it out, there isn't any reason. I never was one to believe in using your fists in an argument whether it's between chaps or nations, and that still stands. But there you are, England goes to war and you look at your kids and wonder how you're going to make out later if they ask what you did about it and you've got to say you stayed at home. I suppose it's sort of in your blood—your country fights and nothing matters so much as going in to do your bit for her; you can't argue it, sir.

"No, you can't argue it."

Rocke said the words with slow distinction. All at once his mind was very clear, rid of problems which he had insisted weren't problems ever since he had heard Neville Chamberlain announce that the British Empire was fighting "evil things." This man was so right; you didn't argue why you fought, you just went in and saw the job through; leave the reasoning to the politicians, to the women, to the "parlour pink" worshippers of Stalin in Bloomsbury. His blood was hot in his veins, a violent impatience seized him; he looked again at his reflection—his bare head, his orange

poplin shirt and the Harris tweed jacket and was more shamed, aside of this soldier's khaki, than if he had discovered himself in a saloon bar in the nude. He finished his beer in a gulp, turned to the soldier :

"Got to rush—an appointment—I nearly forgot."

Outside he saw a taxi waiting and hailed it and gave the number of Arthur's club. It was heaven-sent luck that his brother was in London on a few days' leave. Oh, lord, he nearly *had* forgotten an appointment —an appointment with all the traditions of his family and his class.

He telephoned Chloe from Arthur's club in Piccadilly much later on in the evening. It was agony having to do this to her. Chloe didn't deserve it. But she would understand. Chloe always did.

"Darling, don't be angry, don't be unhappy," he pleaded. Arthur had been splendid, luck was all on Rocke's side. His own colonel happened to be in the club. Yes, he would be glad to use Rocke Manderville again. There would be no difficulty in giving him back his commission. The country had sent out no S O S as yet for untrained men but she was in real need of officers of experience.

"I understand, Rockie dear; I'm not awfully surprised. No, I won't be unhappy." There was a crystal clarity to Chloe's voice. She wasn't crying, Rocke knew that. He heartened himself further that perhaps she had wanted him to do this all along, she had only pretended that his music was so important because she knew how much he had always disliked soldiering.

"Will you be back soon?" Chloe asked next. Rocke couldn't say—not very soon because Arthur and the colonel were insisting on him staying to dinner.

"You understand, poppet?"

Something must have happened on the line then because it went dead and he didn't know if Chloe had heard him or not. She hadn't answered.

Chloe was waiting for Rocke. She was sitting, curled up in her usual attitude, in the low chair by the fire. It was three weeks since he had telephoned her from his brother's club to say he was re-joining his old regiment. He had come home in the early hours of the morning, elated, so dear in his apologies, his excuses. He had held her close in his arms, his cheek against hers, but it had been like the embrace of a stranger. Two days afterwards he had gone away. He had wired her this morning. He had leave. He was coming home to-night. It would be the first time she had seen him in khaki.

She pushed her light soft hair from her forehead. Her eyes were staring fixedly into the dying fire. Any moment now she would hear Rocke's footsteps rushing up the stairs—any moment Rocke would burst into the room, this shabby attic which she hadn't bothered to dust since he went away—he would gather her in his arms, he would call her his poppet.

"But it won't be my Rockie," cried her heart.

That panic, that indeterminate crawling thing within her had become a reality. Rocke had gone back to his other life. He didn't know it yet himself. Rocke believed he was back in the army again because the country was at war. He had tried to make that very clear to her, mixing up his own reactions with that of a soldier he had run into at the "Golden Lion." She didn't give way to fear at once. She had forced herself to believe him. She wouldn't remember Rocke's past—bits of it he had told her and which she had pieced together so that it had become a complete picture in her imagination. Captain Rocke Manderville who used to belong to the Army Club and who lived in Kensington—Rocke at the head of his table entertaining guests for dinner—Esme always had three courses, Rocke had told her. Rocke on the parade ground adored by his men—son of Colonel Manderville, grandson of the famous general who had won a knighthood for gallantry in the Crimea. Of that Rocke she knew so little, she hadn't wanted to know him; he wasn't the man she had fallen (*Continued on page 72*)

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Food Problems Solved

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In these days when so many women are doing "National Service" work, some stay-at-home housewives get a feeling that they are not doing their share in our war effort. This is foolish of them because the work of the average housewife was never of more importance than it is to-day when every housewife is a Home Minister of Food.

Catering for a family was never easy even in normal times. Now with certain foods rationed, supplies of others limited and prices rising, it is a really difficult task.

Housewives have had to revise their menus. They've had to learn to use some unaccustomed ingredients—some foods they never dreamed of buying in former times.

But the great thing to remember is that whatever food we serve we can make the most and the *best* of it with proper seasoning.

Get a bottle of Lea & Perrins Sauce specially for kitchen use. Add a dash to vegetable soups, to brown sauces of all kinds, to egg, fish, meat and vegetable dishes. Made-over dishes such as fish-cakes, rissoles, shepherd's pie and so forth are enormously improved by the intelligent use of seasoning.

Seasoning! Spices, herbs, vegetables, fruit! You get a strong, concentrated true essence of all these, matured in purest vinegar and soy, in Lea & Perrins Sauce.

Sausages and mashed is homely fare. But serve haricot or butter beans, with Lea & Perrins for essential seasoning, and you have a delicious, body-building nourishing meal. For beans have a food value equal to that of meat, and, like sausages, they are unrationed.

Slowly simmer ½ lb. beans (soaked overnight) without stirring, until they are soft enough to bite through easily. Fry 1 lb. sausages to a warm brown. Sprinkle in a dessertspoonful of flour and brown in with them. Add ¼ pint of water from the beans, a teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins Sauce and salt to taste. Simmer for a few minutes. Add the drained beans. Simmer all together for 15 minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes.

* * * *

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so deeply, so despairingly in love with. No, no, no, her Rocke was a dark-headed boy whose music awakened the echo of his song in your own heart—a gentle, frightened person who tried to run away from life by always taking the line of least resistance.

"But why did you go into the army in the first place, Rocke? Why didn't you tell your father you wanted to study music?"

"Oh, I don't know: I suppose I didn't want a bust-up with the old man."

"Rocke, why didn't you tell Esme that you couldn't always get in at a certain time? Why did you let her have all the dull people she liked to the flat and then make a fuss when you asked yours?"

"I don't know, I suppose it was to save a row."

Fragments of conversation came back to Chloe, sitting on her low chair before the fire waiting for Rocke. Then she drew her mind further towards the present; she was remembering almost word for word, what Rocke had written a week back about his reconciliation with his father. *The old man wrote me such a grand letter, Chloe darling. He said he wanted to see me. It was pretty fine of him to make the first move.*

And so he had been down to Camberley for a couple of nights before joining his regiment. Chloe would understand. He longed for her, ached for her, but it was the only chance of seeing his father. Arthur had been there, too, and the girl he was going to marry, Rose. Rocke was meeting his former fellow officers, they were all glad to see him back.

Oh, perhaps she didn't have to be so unhappy, so afraid. Rocke still loved her. He wouldn't be coming here this evening if he didn't. He had dropped the hint this might be his last leave before going to France. If he were tired of her, he would have spent it at Camberley—or in the West End having soldier's fun. Chloe's haggard eyes travelled round the room, they lingered upon the piano. It was still open just as Rocke had left it that evening when he went out for a walk and didn't telephone her until hours later that he was getting back into the army. She got up and touched the notes, they were thick with dust. She supposed she should have cleaned up a bit; Rocke wouldn't be used to this sort of untidiness any more. At his home in Camberley there were two maids and a manservant. But he had loved this room just as it was with its dust and magazines and used cups, glasses strewn all about the place. "Chloe, after Esme's damnable neatness, this is peace, come and sit on my knee, love me, Chloe," Rocke used to plead, when half-heartedly she would suggest she ought to tidy up.

Esme!

Chloe didn't want to think of her. Esme who was Rocke's wife, Esme who would be the one to hear from the War Office if anything happened to Rocke while he was on active service—Mrs. Rocke Manderville—*but that was Esme, not Chloe.*

In her own reserved conventional fashion, Esme had loved Rocke; Chloe knew that though Rocke himself would hardly admit it. She would be so proud of him now, back again with his regiment, three stars on his shoulder again. Did Esme know? It was more than likely because she kept in close touch with her father-in-law. Had Rocke seen her? No, no, no. . . . Chloe pressed her finger-tips against her eyes and it was like holding out that sudden conviction that Rocke had seen his wife.

She heard footsteps on the stairs—Rocke—a nervousness held her; she hadn't brushed her hair, she was wearing her old grey pants and her brown sweater. She should have changed into something more festive for this return of the man she loved—had her hair properly done at a hairdresser's—her nails varnished—but Rocke used not to want her like that—not the Rocke who made unforgettably lovely music and whose free soul had jibbed at the conventional ties of marriage.

"Chloe, dearest—loveliest—my sweet . . ."

She was in Rocke's arms—her fair head pressed against the smooth khaki of his tunic. She pushed him away from her with a little laugh.

"Let's look at you . . ."

It was like looking at any young captain in His Majesty's uniform for the first time.

After a while she urged:

"Play something, Rockie—please play."

She knew she would discover his secrets through his music which couldn't pretend with her. He played a few chords, then wheeled round, rubbing his hands and frowning.

"My fingers are so stiff; I can't find the notes. I haven't touched the piano since I went away."

His dark eyes searched her face.

"Chloe, the waltz—we never did anything with it, did we? It's a good waltz, darling, and it's yours. . . . I did drop a line to Peter about that—all the royalties and the advance—he's sending them to you—and all there is due from "Blossom Time," dearest, I owe you so much and I can do so little now—you understand, don't you, Chloe . . . ?"

Chloe understood. For just one second she nearly gave way to the violence of her bitterness, her humiliation, she nearly hurled reproaches at him which he would have expected from any other woman who was being left by the man to whom she had given her love, her very life for over a year.

You understand, don't you, Chloe?

It was such hell but she did. Rocke still loved her, one side of him was going to be lonely for a very long time without her. But he had gone back to where he belonged. He was Captain Rocke Manderville again, not just Rockie who wandered about in pyjamas and dressing-gown all the morning.

Rocke got up from the piano stool. He put his arms round Chloe's huddled shoulders.

"Darling, I've got to go . . ."

He faltered an explanation—his father was up and he had invited him and Arthur and Rose to dinner. Chloe didn't have to ask if Esme were going to be there, too, she just knew she would be, graciously forgiving. Rocke had come to his senses again. It was wartime and Esme would be proud of her soldier husband; she would go on giving dinner parties and tell of Rocke's news from France.

But perhaps that was unfair—Esme loved him in her own fashion; she must love a lot to have forgiven so much in this last year.

"Chloe, darling—my poppet . . ."

Rocke's face was anguished as he bent towards Chloe's lips. She broke away from him and ran to the door.

"Go, Rockie, go quickly. . . . *I understand.*"

He crossed the room and hesitated.

"You will get in touch with Peter, Chloe . . . ?"

"Yes, yes—but go now."

He looked at her—she was his love, his peace—but peace had gone from the world and there seemed precious little love left in it. "The old man" had made it all very plain to him. If he wanted to do his country real service at this critical time, he must rid his name of the smirch of scandal. To Rocke's genuine surprise his colonel had always considered him a most promising soldier. Rocke could go far in this war if he wished. "I've had a word with Esme," Colonel Manderville had told his elder son. "You are a lucky boy, Rocke, there aren't many women who would show her generosity. She is willing to forget this last year; she told me to tell you your home is waiting for you."

Rocke had listened, thinking of the soldier he had met in the pub. The man who was against fighting but who had risked his job, left his family in order to join in actively in England's battle. He hadn't jibbed at the sacrifice asked of him.

"Thank Esme for me—no, I'll thank her myself," Rocke told his father.

For Chloe's sake, to spare her all it was in his power to spare her, he had invented the lie about the family dinner to-night. He was going to dine with Esme in their flat—he was going to ask pardon of his wife for having stolen a year of utter and complete happiness.

END

Baby Garden in Town

(*Continued from page* 32)

golden gleam nasturtiums, salvias, fuchsias and begonias. Think also of heliotropes, calceolarias, ten-week stocks, mignonette, asters, antirrhinums, and campanulas.

A very small sum spent on a gardening dictionary at this stage will tell you what all these plants like, sun or shade, much or little moisture and so on. If you yearn to grow things from seed, there is no earthly reason why not, if you have a suitable pan filled with the right soil in light, air and shelter. But get first those seedlings you cannot kill—climbing nasturtiums. Buy a penny packet and try them up the trellis or the netting

If you have the room and can give them the consistent care they need, try Tom Thumb Lettuce, French Breakfast Radish, mustard and cress, carrots—Carter's Perfect Gem are the best, I think. If you have a suitable place, try tomatoes.

For the town gardener as well as the countrywoman, the seedsmen's catalogues are a mine of information : Carter's Blue Book, Sutton's publications, Dobbie's, of Edinburgh, are a trio which I cannot do without. Seeing what things look like is also an enormous help—either in the nurseryman's plot, or at the Royal Horticultural Society's bi-monthly shows.

The tools and equipment needed are few, and all are relatively cheap. For the minimum town gardening (window boxes) a hand-fork, a trowel and a good fine rose watering-can are all that are necessary. For a roof or back-yard garden, a syringe is an asset and garden secateurs or scissors. For the roof-garden, three or four glass houses for plants are useful. But, so un-standardised is gardening, it is impossible to generalise. Gardening is a very personal adventure, even the buying.

If you have a passion to grow new things, alpines can be grown, and with success, under sooty town conditions. Even a small space, provided it has adequate drainage, can be the site of a small rock garden and then, for life, you are set for the most exciting of hobbies.

END

I Like Being Thirty

(*Continued from page* 58)

spare tyre menace. I buy one a year at three guineas, and have it repaired when it shows signs of wear.

One is tubbed every week, and I swear that some kind of good foundation is the best investment, next to shoes, that the woman of thirty and up can make, no matter how limited her clothes budget.

I do exercises fairly regularly, but not enough to bore me. It keeps one feeling young to be able to high-kick without any creakings, and it certainly helps local bits and pieces of fat.

I do the shaking hands with yourself exercise to keep my bosom firm, toe-touching for waist and general suppleness, and rolling on the floor for hips.

Seven hours a night sleep is my minimum, and if I miss it one night I make it up during the week.

These are the things I do to keep my body supple and young.

I try to do the same for my mind by reading a non-sensational newspaper every day and concentrating on it, which is harder than it sounds. I try not to switch off the radio the moment a talk is announced, though this is a struggle.

Music is one of my main pleasures, and since the war I have been to more and more concerts. But I still haven't read every word of *Mein Kampf*.

Now I must ask your forgiveness for writing such a very personal piece. My only excuse is that these are the things I have found by a genuine trial-and-error process, and you might like to compare notes.

END

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Points on Entertaining

Summer time meals can be made ever so much more exciting—and without the least extravagance—with the help of Point, the famous British wines produced by Vine Products Ltd. Because Point Wines are so unassuming in price, it becomes possible as never before to use wine of *real* character and quality to give new zest to your jellies and trifles, and to add piquancy to your sauces and savouries. It's just the little more that means so much in the result.

*

For instance, when next you're making jelly, stir in ½ a pint of Red Point Wine with ¼ pint of water and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. When the jelly is set and chilled, serve with whipped cream. Try fruit salad made nicer by well soaking the finely sliced fruit in Point Wine—White Point and Red Point—and serving iced with more Wine added to taste.

*

For your clear soups add one teaspoonful of Amber Point (British Sherry) to each portion before serving, and as a special savoury cover some trimmed rashers with Red Point Wine, and cook in a casserole till tender. Serve with spinach on toast. You can get Point Brand Wines from your wine merchant at 2/9 a bottle. There are three wines to choose from —*Red Point* (rich ruby wine of Port character): *White Point* (white sweet wine of Port character) and *Amber Point* (a fine quality British Sherry).

Chemists Create a New World

(*Continued from page* 11)

taken from stinking coal tar, seems akin to the wizardry of ancient alchemy.

In the modern chemists' laboratory you actually see fine, silky thread for underwear and hose made from coal, air and water. This very same material can be hardened and used as bristles in brushes and for a variety of other purposes. How is it done? Needless to add the process is a highly technical one. The two main factors are tremendous heat and pressure. Until the chemist, aided here by the engineer, was able to devise new alloys of incredible toughness, capable of withstanding terrific heat and pressures as high as ten tons to the square inch, the chemist was unable to produce artificial silk and artificial rubber. He had first to learn the secrets of the structural units of which matter is built up. So he took the molecule and studied it. A molecule is the smallest quantity of a substance capable of separate existence without losing its chemical identity.

The machine that revealed this secret was a little supercentrifugal bowl capable of whirling at 60,000 revolutions a minute. It takes an hour and a half for the machine to reach top speed and an equal time to stop. At full speed a speck on its rim travels at the rate of 1,200 miles an hour. If made of ordinary metals, the bowl would fly to pieces from centrifugal force. Once the chemist learned the secret it was but a step to build larger machines, and for the manufacturer to lay down plant to produce the new material on a commercial scale.

Why has man suddenly, as it were, made all these imitations? The reasons are many, ranging from economic to political and even geographic. Foreign trade routes, merchant shipping, barriers, embargoes, tariffs, scarcity or lack of uniformity in raw materials, and even the germs of war itself, figure in the reasons why man is creating this new world of artificial things. Mother Nature has not bestowed her gifts equally over the surface of the earth, with the result that while some countries are rich in certain raw materials, others are not. So to-day synthetic chemistry aids a country to be more independent. But no country can hope to make itself completely self-contained, in the sense of one big happy Swiss Family Robinson, but far more so than was the case a few short years ago.

BY taking nitrate from the air, which is being done now in every industrial country, the nitrate industry of Chile, which was a world monopoly, received a hard blow. It was Sir William Crookes who predicted that in time we might starve unless science found a substitute before the Chilean fields became exhausted. Science did so, but at first it was merely to procure a fertiliser. In working out ways to purify gases and make nitrates and ammonia, the chemist hit on how to make methanol, other alcohols and urea. Here, indeed, were a host of compounds that could be put to many uses. While these new discoveries meant reduced labour in mining and shipping the nitrates, economists are agreed, however, that as a result of the new air-nitrate plants thousands of new jobs have been created which would not have been the case had the world still relied upon Chilean nitrates. It is all a question of adjustment.

But synthetic chemistry does mean this, that countries that once boasted the monopoly of a certain raw material can do so no longer. Japan, through her forests of camphor trees in Formosa, controlled this particular commodity until the chemist came along and demonstrated how he could make camphor from turpentine. To-day chemists are making a hundred or more new things from rosin and turpentine, including oil for disinfectants, insecticides, perfumes and flavours.

Rubber is another article which is being artificially produced. It is only right to add, however, that the greater majority of rubber articles to-day—particularly tyres for cars, heavy vehicles and planes—are made from the natural product, latex, the milk of the rubber tree. Synthetic rubber is made from minerals. For certain uses synthetic rubber mats are preferable to the natural product. What is more, they are cheaper and fully answer the purpose.

It is with those chemical compositions known as plastics, where the chemist has created a veritable revolution. Fancy combs, brushes, mirrors, trays and a host of other toilet and household articles are not now fashioned of wood, bone, ivory, tortoiseshell, metals and porcelains, but of plastics. They have many trade names which need not be mentioned here. The pioneer of the new order was celluloid. To-day celluloid and its offspring are responsible for some 25,000 industrial applications.

Most plastics are resinous compounds. Natural resins come from plants and trees, and include shellac and pitch. Ordinary, or what the trade terms straight, celluloid, is highly inflammable and will warp in a hot sun. But when treated chemically with certain resins it is as hard as steel and is not affected by the heat.

Then we have laminated plastics made by many sheets of plastic-impregnated cloth, paper, or plywood pressed together hot, which possesses amazing strength. It forms ideal material for making aeroplane fuselages, gear wheels, wallboard, instrument panels, and many other things. It supplements and often wholly replaces wood, steel, and slate. On the *Queen Mary* the staterooms are lined with fireproof plastic wallboard.

A NEW addition to the plastic family is lucite which is as transparent as glass. Through a rod of lucite light flows as water through a pipe. In surgery and dentistry, lucite instruments are used to illuminate body and oral cavities without risk of burning the patient, because the light bounding through the tube is cold!

You cannot define a "plastic" by merely saying it is something that can be moulded by heat and pressure. In a certain chemical laboratory there is a whole room filled with plastic products. They are grouped in four types. First come synthetic resins, which may go into any object from tableware and jewellery to steering wheels and radio cabinets. Then come door knobs, telephone parts, and talking-machine records. Cellulose derivatives in the plastic trade show up in safety glass, photographic films, artificial leather, lacquers, and celluloid toys, hair-brushes, pens, pencils—thousands of things which you can see in any shop to-day.

Up to the present, women's dresses have been made from wool, linen, cotton and silk. To-day, thanks entirely to the chemist, she has entirely new and beautiful fabrics. Foremost amongst these come rayon. It was man's first step in his quest for artificial textiles. Its dramatic history shows vividly how human patience and ingenuity not only stole Nature's secret, the mechanics of the silk worm, but actually built a textile superior in many ways to the silk it imitates.

AMONG the dozens of experimenters associated with its discovery the name of Count Hilaire de Chardonnet stands out prominently. It was while watching the silkworm exude its fluid through fine holes in its body that the idea of the "spinneret" came to him, that tiny platinum-gold disk full of fine holes used now in all the rayon mills. Through spinnerets man forces his chemically prepared cellulose; toughened in a chemical bath, picked up and wound on wheels, it forms into spider-webby filaments, a thousand miles of which may weigh but a pound.

Now man cannot control Nature's silkworm. But he is master of his own machine. So he can make rayon fibre finer than silk, or coarser than horsehair. He can give it any lustre, too, from grey, chalky dullness to the silvery brightness of shiny metal. A later

synthetic textile, which bids fair to become as popular as rayon, is nylon, while yet a third is now announced, known as vinyon. Then akin to rayon is cellophane. It, too, is made through a spinneret, but comes out through a slit instead of fine holes, which makes it flat.

Cellulose comes from wood. Treated with nitric and sulphuric acids, cellulose forms pyroxylin, which is the base of motion-picture film, quick-drying lacquers, gunpowder, and various plastics. Look at the showcases in any store, or check over the items in your own home, and you will be amazed at how many were born in the laboratory! Combs, brushes, buttons, buckles, bracelets, pens, pencils, costume jewellery, fishing tackle, and hat-boxes, cigar, cigarette and food wrappings—even your wife's hat, hose, underwear and gowns, as well as your window blinds and draperies. The charm of all these synthetic fabrics and innumerable artificially produced articles is their beautiful colouring. Here the chemist has beaten Nature. The dyes, of course, principally come from coal tar.

END

The Story of an Ugly House

(*Continued from page* 43)

scheme she required to be carried out.

She got wise about saying: "I'll have this room pale green." Instead, she said: "I'll have so-and-so's paint number such and such here," and saw that she got it.

It meant a lot of swotting up advertisements and catalogues and looking for information, but as she calculated this to be the only house she would ever have, it seemed worth while.

She badly wanted pine panelling for the hall. "How do you get pine panelling," she asked herself, "when you can't pay for it?"

She went round asking everybody about the price of panelling and finally one of the wallpaper manufacturers put her up to a substitute which is made of paper and looks so much like panelling that panelling itself couldn't tell the difference.

That fixed the hall, and at a very reasonable cost. She was very satisfied indeed with the first impressions of her ugly house as you came through the nice front door into the lofty panelled hall with its Persian pink rugs.

In some of the rooms the surface of the walls was far from perfect. This made difficulties in using distemper which, by this time, was all that the budget would permit. But a plain lining paper gave an even surface and in her own bedroom she had distemper put over the lining paper, then a coat of size and finally varnish. The effect was like a lustrous paint, but much cheaper.

In two bedrooms, deep dark cupboards were stripped of shelves and fitted as hanging cupboards. In each case an automatic switch snaps the light on and off as the door opened and closed.

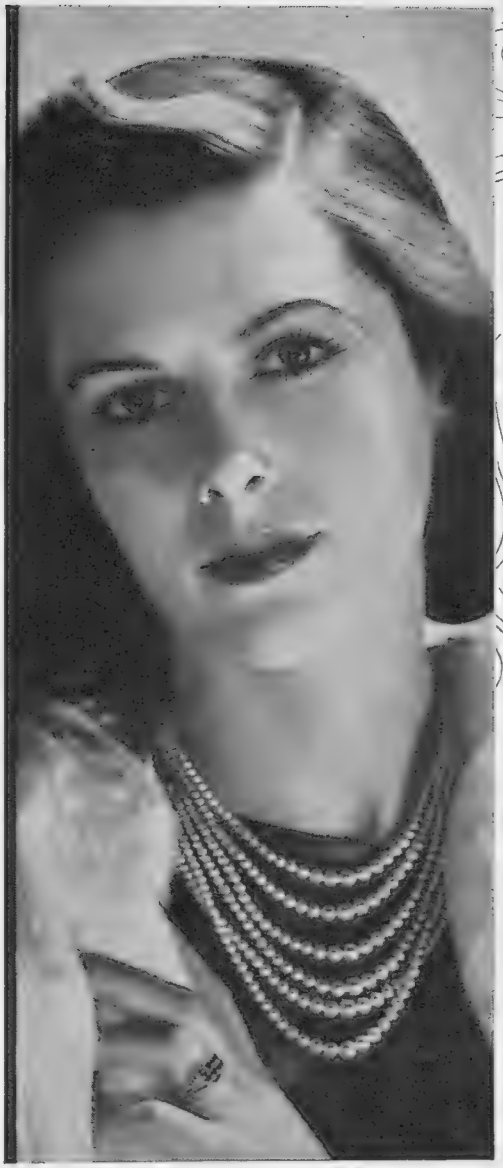
One small bedroom that was awkwardly shaped so as to offer very little room for furniture is fitted at each side of the chimney breast with built-in cupboards and drawers (picture on page 42). A divan bed, an easy chair and a small dressing-table are the only other pieces the room requires.

With such lofty rooms and large windows it was possible to be bold with colour. Backgrounds everywhere were kept very simple.

In the sitting-room which has long sash windows looking on to the garden, the walls were coloured a soft turquoise. The linen curtains have a bold pattern in a rich wine shade and the fitted carpet a deep turquoise, almost sea green

In the dining-rooms lavender walls make the background for a claret carpet and linen curtains of claret patterned with french pink and lavender.

Simplicity of treatment with bold but beautiful colour effects has given this ugly house a new dignity and a character entirely its own. The furniture is carefully chosen, beautiful in form, suitable in character and cleverly displayed. There is comfort in the house, not luxury but a sense of well-being. Above all, there is a sense of achievement.



Analysis of

Lady Kinross's

features

(**1**) *Shape of Face:* Oval, with high, finely-modelled cheek-bones.

(**2**) *Forehead:* High, smooth, and very white.

(**3**) *Eyes:* Large, clear blue with a hint of green, fringed with long, up-curling dark lashes. The eyelids very white, smooth and unwrinkled.

(**4**) *Nose:* Small and straight, the skin very fine and even-textured.

(**5**) *Mouth:* Clear-cut, with sensitively-moulded lips.

(**6**) *Chin:* Softly rounded, with smooth, fine skin. No blemishes or large pores to spoil its youthful perfection.

(**7**) *Hair:* Dark and silky — a lovely foil for a transparently fair and delicate skin.

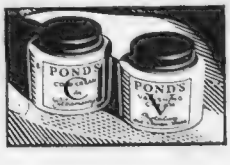
• • •

"Nothing could be simpler than my complexion care— yet it does wonders for my skin" SAYS *Lady Kinross*

FOR her exquisitely fine skin, Lady Kinross uses only the very simplest of beauty-care. "Simple—yes," she says. "But it does wonders! Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition with no trouble at all."

These famous creams can safeguard *your* complexion, too. By using them you can make your skin clearer, finer, smoother than ever before. Pond's Creams cleanse, protect, stimulate and lubricate your skin. After just a few weeks you can see the difference. Big pores close up, little lines and wrinkles are smoothed away, sallowness gives place to fresh, healthy colour. Your skin takes on new brightness, new youthfulness.

Begin using Pond's Creams now! Use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and lubricate your skin. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream during the day to protect your skin. It smooths away roughness, holds your powder on smoothly for hours. Pond's Creams are sold in handy tubes as well as in the usual jars.



LADY KINROSS, wife of Baron Kinross, is tall, slender, blue-eyed, with an exquisitely delicate skin. Her war-work is nursing. She says: "Whenever fatiguing work threatens to make my complexion lined and tired, I spend a little extra time with Pond's Creams. They work *wonders* in keeping my skin fine and smooth."

YOU CAN'T FIGHT INFECTION FOR HIM

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Now as in 1914 Wright's Coal Tar Soap is the recognised skin protective for the Services. The antiseptic lather of Wright's is a safeguard that you can give him.

Send him a tablet of

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

THE SAFE SOAP

AVOID IMITATIONS

Delilah Upside Down

(*Continued from page 21*)

white. Her silk dress was like milk pouring over her body. Vallimardier took her hand through the grille. She withdrew it and removed her glove and gave it to him again.

"You must not come and see me like this," he murmured.

"Why not?" she asked. "I like coming to see you."

"I love you," he said. "You have eyes like worlds without sin, but it is no use."

"Why is it no use?" she asked in a soft voice that made him tremble.

"It is no use because I must die," he said. "You must know that as well as I do."

"I do not know that as well as you do." She gave him a full look. "It's only fools or cowards who despair and I do not think that you are either a fool or a coward."

"You mean——"? he asked.

"I mean that where there's a will there's a way," she said. "And there ought to be a will because I love you."

He tried to kiss her through the bars but she drew away from him, erect and sure and cool.

"When I kiss you I shall kiss you in a field of yellow corn with God's blue sky above," she said.

"But that's impossbile," he said.

"It's not impossible if you will listen to me," she said. "I have friends in high places. We will contrive your escape. Never mind how. I shall be waiting for you in a car at the gates of the prison. We'll fly to the nethermost ends of the world."

HE knew then that he wanted to live. He stretched out his hands to her through the bars, dragging her to him by the arms, so that the edge of her frock blew into the cell in a little white wind.

"You mustn't make me hope in vain," he said. "It's unkind of you."

"I am not making you hope in vain," she told him. "Things will be as I say if only you will do as I tell you."

"I shall obey you implicitly," he said.

"Even to the point of not being hurt by my request?" she asked.

"You could hurt me only by not loving me," he told her.

"It's a very silly thing I've got to ask you to do," she said, drawing away from him a little. "Promise me that you won't laugh at me."

"I might laugh *with* you but never *at* you," he said.

"I love you," she said. "Whatever happens I want you to know that. But I could love you more if you weren't bald. Please don't think me unkind for saying so. But if I am to live with you in a foreign country for the rest of my life I must love you to the utmost of my powers."

He turned away from her and walked a few paces back into his cell.

"I was a fool ever to think that a woman like you could find me other than slightly ridiculous," he said. Then he came back to her again. "I'm afraid that I can no more add a hair to my head than a cubit to my stature," he said.

"But I can," she said, producing a small bottle from her handbag. "Listen. This bottle contains an infallible cure for baldness. It's the one cure in the world which works. My father was given a few bottles by an old mandarin in China. It worked on him so there's no reason why it shouldn't work on you. Try it for my sake." She looked hastily over her shoulder. "Take it now. Quick. While the warder isn't looking. Otherwise they'll think it's poison I'm giving you."

Vallimardier took the bottle and hid it in his garments.

"And if it doesn't work?" he asked.

"It's got to work," she said. "For both our sakes."

He used the lotion as she directed him, rubbing a few drops into his scalp every morning. About a week later short black hairs began to appear all over his pate. Vallimardier was so overjoyed he almost wept with impatience for the lovely widow to come and see him again. And when she did come she rather disappointed him by appearing both less surprised and pleased than he had expected.

"But I told you it would work," she protested when he expressed his disappointment.

"When will your friends be ready to help us?" he asked, overawed by her loveliness.

"When your hair is as long as a normal man's," she answered. "Please don't think me unkind. I love your spirit but I want also to love your body."

"Kiss me," he pleaded, crushing his whole body against the bars. "Just one little kiss to give me courage."

She withdrew from him immediately and smiled at him from her ivory tower.

"When we are free," she said. "When the stars stud our canopy."

"You are like Delilah," he said.

"Like Delilah upside down," she said, and once again she left him.

The chaplain was the first to notice that Vallimardier's hair was growing in again.

"I think, my son, that I shall shortly be able to make you afraid by threatening to pull your hair," he said. "I could wish that I could make you afraid by reminding you that every act we commit in this life has its consequences in the next."

Vallimardier laughed at him kindly.

"I am frightened neither of living nor dying, father," he said. "I am the happiest man in the world."

The chaplain shook his head sadly and went away; he had seen many men that were about to die and he knew their madnesses.

Vallimardier's hair grew in strong and stiff and black. The warders began to chaff him about it, and Vallimardier joined in their laughter, telling them that he was as surprised about it as they were. He said nothing about the lotion that the widow had given him because he was afraid that they might take the bottle from him if they discovered it. He called for a brush and a comb and parted his hair at the side. He was not allowed a mirror in his cell but his warders told him that he looked very handsome. He hoped that the widow would think so, too, and began to grow very impatient to see her.

One day he noticed that a warder who brought him a meal looked at him strangely. At first he thought that it might be because of his ever thickening hair but, watching the man closely, he was appalled to remark a gleam of commiseration in the man's eyes. A sudden and terrible suspicion crossed his mind.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked. "Is anything the matter?"

The warder made a pretence of being surprised by Vallimardier's question.

"Not that I know of," he answered. "Why? Was I looking at you in any special manner?"

Vallimardier knew at once that the man was lying. He also knew why he was lying. He was lying in order to conceal his knowledge that the execution was to take place the next morning.

"So it's for to-morrow morning?" he said quietly. "Oh, you needn't bother to pretend that you don't understand. I know that you're sworn to secrecy and that no power on earth will make you tell me the truth before you come to waken me to-morrow morning."

"People in your position often imagine strange things," the warder said as he went away.

But Vallimardier knew that he had not been mistaken. He would be guillotined to-morrow morning unless the widow and her friends acted quickly. She had not been to see him for several days. If she did not come to-day it would be too late. But she would come to-day. She must come to-day. She must have read the notice in the papers announcing the news that only the person

most concerned must not know : "To-morrow at dawn Henri Vallimardier will be guillotined." She could not hesitate once she had read that. She and her friends would act at once. This time to-morrow he and she would be far away. On the open sea, perhaps, with the free sky above their heads.

In spite of his confidence that she could not fail to come Vallimardier trembled. So much was at stake. She might have missed the announcement in the papers. Other and more important news might be crowding the notice of his execution into an obscure corner of the paper. He pushed his meal from him and sat down on his bed and buried his head in his hands. He wanted to live.

It was her shadow falling across the cell which aroused him from his reverie. He raised his head. She was there, in a glorious white silk dress and with something red in her hat. For a moment he could not believe his eyes. Then he rushed to the bars of his cell. His voice was full of tears and of laughter as he greeted her.

"You've come in time," he said.

She smiled at him gravely.

"Yes," she said, "I have come in time."

"Then the execution *has* been fixed for to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," she said. "It's in all the papers."

He clutched frantically at the bars.

"We've no time to lose," he said. "My hair is long now. Your friends must help me to escape to-night."

She drew away from him and said very coldly :

"My friends will not help you to escape to-night."

His face turned deadly white.

"You mean . . . ?" he stammered.

"I mean that they have never had any intention of helping you to escape," she said. "I mean that I have lied to you. I mean that I do not love you and that I have never loved you. I mean that I hate you." She paused for the full force of her words to take effect and then continued : "I played on your vanity when I said that I loved you. I wanted you to consent to allow me to make your hair grow. You said at your trial that the only thing that could make you afraid was having your hair pulled. Well, to-morrow morning you are going to be very afraid because you are going to have your hair pulled in a way you will not like. Do you know how they guillotine a man? Well, I shall tell you so that you may think about it to-night. Two men stand behind and push the condemned man and another man stands in front and pulls his head into the socket by the hair. He pulls hard and it hurts a lot. It is the last pain that you will feel and I shall be there to watch and to laugh at you." And with that she turned and left him and was gone.

It was only slowly that the full meaning of what the young woman had said dawned on Vallimardier. But when it did a cold sweat broke out on his brow and he began to shriek and to yell and to tug frantically at the bars of his cell as though he would break them by an effort of superhuman strength. The warder on duty came and stared in at him with a look of stony commiseration.

"Well?" he asked, not unkindly.

"I want a barber immediately," Vallimardier shouted. "I want my hair cut."

"I am afraid that that is impossible," the warder said. "The prison barber comes only on Fridays. To-day is Wednesday. You'll have to wait two days."

"But I'll be dead by then," Vallimardier protested.

The warder shrugged his massive shoulders.

"We may all be dead by then, my friend," he said.

"Don't humbug," Vallimardier said. "You know perfectly well what I mean. The young woman who came to see me just now told me that she had read in the papers that I was to be executed to-morrow."

"That is impossible," the warder said. "If the announcement of your execution had been in the papers neither she nor anybody else would have been allowed to come and see you." (*Continued on page 78*)

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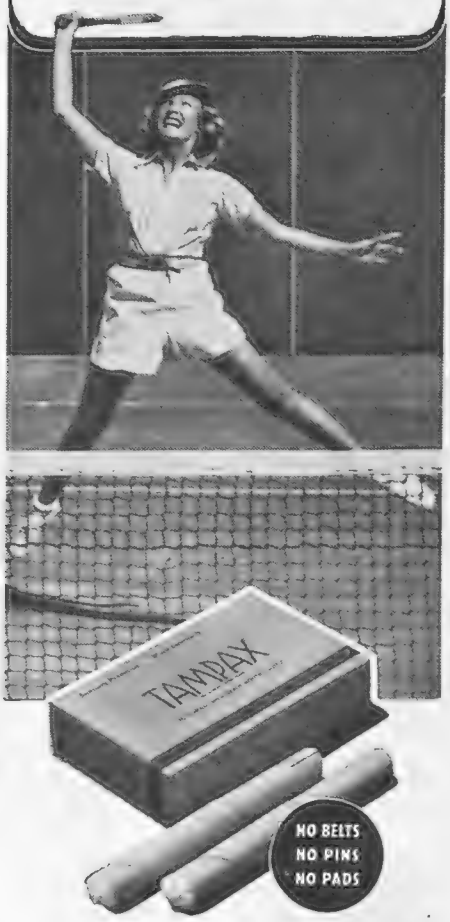

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But Vallimardier knew that whatever the warder said he was going to die the next day. He was not afraid of dying but he was almightily afraid of having his hair pulled. All night long the dreadful picture that the girl had painted was before his eyes and all night long he screamed for a barber to come and cut his hair. He was still screaming when the magistrate, his counsel and the chaplain and the executioner's assistants marched into his cell the next morning at five o'clock.

"Be of good courage . . ." the magistrate began the ritual formula.

But Vallimardier did not allow him to finish. Screaming and yelling, he flung himself at them and tried to bite the executioner's assistants as they held him in their iron grip.

"I am not afraid to die," he shouted. "But I am afraid of having my hair pulled. Cut my hair for me, shave my head for me and I'll die like a gentleman. But if not I refuse to die."

"I am afraid that your request is against the regulations . . ." the magistrate began.

"My son," the priest began, "Almighty God——"

"I don't want Almighty God," Vallimardier shrieked, "I want my hair cut."

"The regulation toilet and no more," the magistrate ordered. Immediately the two assistants seized him and cut away the collar of his shirt. While one held him the other shaved the back of his neck. And all the time Vallimardier shrieked and sobbed that he would not die unless they first cut his hair.

"My son, you have done so many brave things in your day," the priest admonished him. "Do not let it be said that Henri Vallimardier, the world-famous aviator, died like a coward."

"I am not afraid to die," Vallimardier raged. "I'm only afraid of having my hair pulled."

He was still shouting and screaming when the assistants had finished with him. In spite of the chaplain's and the magistrate's exhortations he refused to walk from the cell. The executioner's assistants were about to carry him by force when the priest intervened.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, if you were to allow me to remain alone with the prisoner for a few minutes," he said.

The magistrate hesitated. Then he gave orders as the chaplain had suggested. The priest and the prisoner were left alone. Vallimardier went on blubbering that he refused to have his hair pulled.

"Stop," the priest cut in angrily. "Don't go to God with a lie on your lips."

"But it isn't a lie," Vallimardier protested. "It's the truth. I am afraid of having my hair pulled when they place me on the guillotine."

"You know that it is not that at all," the priest said. "You are not going to make me believe that the man who has flown the Pacific and the Atlantic is afraid of having his hair pulled. You are afraid for the big thing and you are trying to hide your real fear behind a simulated fear. Henri Vallimardier, you are afraid to die. You are afraid of the pain of the guillotine."

For the first time since the girl's last visit to him Henri Vallimardier laughed.

"Everybody knows that you feel nothing when you are guillotined," he said.

"Who's 'everybody'?" the chaplain asked. "I have seen at least twenty people guillotined and they have all suffered atrociously. When I approached to anoint their severed heads their eyes still rolled in agony."

Already Vallimardier was beginning to square his shoulders. Already his chin began to jut out aggressively.

"Are you sure of what you say, father?" he asked.

"I am positive, my son," the chaplain answered. "Believe me, I quite understand your being afraid. I had only expected, like the rest of Paris, that Henri Vallimardier would not screech and scream like the common run of malefactors."

"But it always says in the papers that they go bravely to their death," Vallimardier protested.

"It says lots of things in the papers, my son," the priest said, shaking his head. "I had hoped that for once it would have been able to say them truly."

Vallimardier's eyes were blazing now. He threw back his head.

"You've given me another record to break," he said. "How can I thank you, father?"

"By fearing the only fear that is noble," the priest said, but already Vallimardier was kneeling in contrition.

It was the chaplain himself who told me this story, so you may be sure that it is a true one. He says that he never saw a condemned man go more boldly to his death than Henri Vallimardier. There was a young woman in a white evening dress seated a yard away from the guillotine, he said. She laughed when Vallimardier was first led out of the black Maria but she was weeping by the time the execution was over.

"But does being guillotined really hurt as much as all that?" I asked.

"It does not hurt at all," the priest said. "Oh, I know what you're thinking. But there are some lies which are not lies at all. And the miraculous circumstances of the case would seem to justify me."

"Miraculous?" I asked.

"There never has been a complete cure for baldness," the chaplain said.

"But surely the lotion——?"

"It was never heard of again," the chaplain said. "And the young woman in question was subsequently proved to have been in Cannes all the time she was supposed to have been visiting Vallimardier in prison." He sighed and added: "God sometimes moves in a mysterious way when He wants to save a human soul. And in the present case I think He was a greater gentleman than Henri Vallimardier imagined."

END

I Like Hollywood Because . . .

(*Continued from page 29*)

exhibitions, with all the zest that makes her the terrific personality she is.

I like Hollywood because they use such odd expressions out there for so many things. You are searching for somewhere to live, let us say. You think hotels are not the thing; a flat of some kind would be better. Wherever you drive—and you drive everywhere because most people in Hollywood have trained themselves to believe that feet were invented for the purpose of showing off well-made shoes, not for carrying their owner from one spot to another—you see elegant notices dangling from the stucco walls of Spanish, Moorish or Early Colonial buildings.

The notices announce "FURNISHED VACANCY." They all announce it, so I was forced to believe that it could not mean what it appeared to mean. It did not. It meant, simply, that there was a furnished flat to let in that house. And when you penetrate past the uniformed Fillipino boy who looks after the elevator and feeds the goldfish in the inevitable Mexican-tiled pond in the entrance hall, you find a charming lady in a modernistic office. The first thing she inquires is, "Would you care for a 'Double Bachelor'?" It only means, would you like the type of apartment that has a large sitting-room, with a long wall inside which lurks two beds which descend plunk into the room, when the right handle is pulled.

I like the way you are asked if you have seen "the dailies." And when you say, "Yes, thanks, you did read the papers that morning," you are told, "No, *no!* Not those dailies, honey, the *other* dailies"—meaning the rushes of each day's effort on the set.

I like the way the head of one of the biggest publicity departments in a town full of big publicity departments, always inquires, "Where have *you* been all my life, my sweet?" whenever a female writer enters his office—and gets away with it, too, because he is such a charming person.

I LIKE Hollywood because it has at least ten thousand inhabitants who will stand out in the street for a mere matter of six hours just to watch Carole Lombard scramble out of her car; capering on the heels of Norma Shearer and Jean Arthur, through a lane of cameramen to the radio receptionist, who is waiting to ask the Misses Lombard, Shearer and Arthur to be nice kind girls and say a few nice kind words into the microphone for the public.

I like the way those ten thousand misguided saps will stand for another mere three hours just to see Carole Lombard scramble *back* into her car, hotly pursued by the Misses Shearer and Arthur, who scramble into theirs. There's something screamingly funny in the way these fans mill round Jimmy Stewart (who looks terrified) and stage a combined assault on Georgie Raft, Tyrone Power, Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Cagney and Ray Milland, in an effort to rip a corner off a handkerchief, or a button off a coat, or a carnation from a buttonhole. Yet those same fans will sit next to Mr. Raft, Mr. Power, Mr. Tracy, Mr. Cagney and Mr. Milland at a drug store counter and take not the faintest notice of any of them! It all proves something or other. I wouldn't know what, exactly; it is just part of the cockeyed pattern that makes Hollywood such a maddeningly puzzling town.

I like Hollywood because you can go to a party there, and see Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr smiling at each other, in gowns that cost an average year's salary for many of us, while at their elbow Rosalind Russell may be handing out her string of amusing comments, wearing tennis shorts and a scarf bound round her head. Ann Sothern, as likely as not, will be in trousers and a sweater, with Gail Patrick, who is one of her intimate pals, clad in the soft of frock that carries its owner to the glory of a grand tier box at the Opera.

Nobody takes the slightest notice; no hostess raises her eyebrows. You dress as you please in Hollywood, and even if the occasion is what filmland calls "formal," somebody is sure to turn up in slacks—with a tennis eye-shade well in evidence. One thing only is unforgivable. You may wear any old costume you like, but it must be immaculate. Not a crease, not a wrinkle, not a shoe-lace untied. That would be straining casualness a trifle too far.

I like Hollywood because you can go shopping at almost any hour of the day or night and find always fresh meat, fresh fish, and the best vegetables in the world. It is fun to buy asparagus by the pound. It is pleasant to be served by the ever-smiling Japanese men and girls who seem to run all the food markets throughout the sprawling city. It is even more pleasant to purchase celery delicately trimmed and cut, ready for immediate use, to find potatoes scrubbed and beans polished. There is always a thrill in getting about forty oranges for a shilling and taking them away in a kind of wire waste-paper basket.

THERE is, for me, a laugh in the way the film great will pay ten dollars per head for a dinner and dance function, held in one of the big hotels. They might just as well keep their money in their pockets, for all the dinner they consume. They are far too busy saying "Hullo, there!" to hordes of dancers swaying past the table to do more than peck at the fried chicken and avocado salad that finds a place on every Hollywood dinner menu, like a uniform. Waiters, with frozen faces, whisk loaded plates away; and even the ice-cream melts while some choice morsel of studio gossip is chewed over with relish.

Then one goes home, and on the way back, for the sum of ten cents, one munches a sandwich while seated on a high stool at a sandwich shop. That is a far better meal than the ten-dollar dinner to which it forms a happy epilogue. (*Continued on page* 80)

"The lilies contending
with the roses in her cheeks,
Who shall most set them off" Phillip Massinger

FOR happy days, for joyful happenings, for occasions that really matter, when you must be at your best, you turn instinctively to the quiet, satisfying beauty of the Yardley Lavender. It is such a lovely fragrance. It gives an air of refinement and charm during the day and is ideal for the less formal evening engagements.

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I like Hollywood because only in Hollywood would Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor consent to pose for photographs taken by their butler. Said butler is pretty handy with his own camera, and has a candid-portrait complex. Would Mr. and Mrs. Taylor very much mind if he grabbed a little picture of them for his personal collection? Thanks very much . . . now, chin a trifle up and head a shade more to the left. That was a wizard, sir. Greatly obliged to you, madame. The prints will be ready tomorrow, if you would honour me by accepting one of them.

AT Ann Sheridan's house you may dive into the pantry for some more ice, to find Cesar Romero hard at work teaching Ann's competent maid how to do the rhumba. Cesar does the rhumba better than any one in Hollywood, or the united South Sea Islands. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny have a butler. At any moment during the service of dinner he is likely to strike an attitude behind Mrs. Benny's chair, and remark, "I've got a new one for you, boss!" It means simply that he has thought up a new gag for his master. Jack has used many good gags concocted by his butler. And not a guest turns a hair when the new gag is trotted out between the green peas and the cold asparagus.

When Jean Harlow was alive, I often watched her wonderful coloured maid, Blanche, sending her mistress to face the cameras looking the exquisite picture Jean always did look. Blanche is now maid to Hedy Lamarr. Hedy, being a truly domesticated girl, deeply intrigued with the mysteries of running a big house well, likes to do her own shopping when she can. But let Hedy merely scoot down to the nearest cash-and-carry shop for some onions for the soup, and Blanche is on her trail like a bloodhound.

Never would Blanche allow Miss Lamarr to emerge from her own front door unless she was wearing a couple of ropes of pearls and a turban fit for a rajah. Blanche knows that Miss Lamarr's public demand the exotic touch, and sees that they get it. One day last year I saw Hedy drive up to Gene Markey's office at 20th Century-Fox Studios to collect her hard-working husband and take him home. Hedy was in an open car. She wore a peasant costume from some mid-European state; it hurled all the colours of the rainbow at the beholder. Round her dark hair was tied a peasant scarf, as vivid as the costume.

Nor was that all. Flung carelessly round her shoulders—and oh, how clearly did I spot the hand of Blanche—was a magnificent mink cape, half on, half off. Two great danes, each of them twice the size of Hedy, sat by her side on the front seat of the car. The crowning touch, to my mind, consisted of a pair of the darkest sun glasses with wide *white* rims.

I like Hollywood because Dorothy Lamour gives her personal maid a sarong, in which said maid goes to one of the terrific dances given by the coloured folk, 'way down on Central Avenue, Los Angeles, which is Hollywood's Harlem. And the maid never fails to come home with a prize. . . . Joan Crawford's fondness for gardenias has been written about and gossiped about until it has ceased to mean a lot. But, to me, it does mean something that Joan's maid, whose name is Alice, always carries a fresh gardenia in her hand when she "goes places" on maid's night out.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond told me the sad, sad tale of their gardener.

I Like Hollywood Because...

Such a gloriously capable gardener, but only let them try to pick one little tiny bud from their rioting garden of roses, carnations and lilies, and the fur starts to fly. Jeanette, who adores flowers, did not want to sack the gardener, but wanted to pick her own flowers. Came a lucky day when she found out that he was terrified of bees. So Gene was sent to buy several hives, and now when the Raymonds want to pick their own flowers they let a few bees loose. While the gardener is swooning behind the Calla lilies they grab all the blooms they want and bolt into the house.

I like Hollywood because the parties given by the stars in their own homes are great fun, but not the kind of fun so many people who have never met a film star in the flesh seem to imagine. The present craze seems to be for what I can only call mental evenings. To be a popular hostess you have to make your guests *think*. Joan Crawford gave a party at which a yogi was the principal performer. That yogi was certainly a wonderful individual. We fixed things so that Cesar Romero should put a five-dollar note in his hip pocket; that the yogi—who had been banished from the room—should come in, remove the note, and give it to Miss Crawford.

Sure enough, in came friend yogi. Inside a minute the five-dollar bill was in Joan's hand, and the ooh's and aah's that filled the air must have been heard away down in Los Angeles. Ray Milland and his wife were there. Mel—that's Mrs. Milland—"willed" the yogi to take a big sapphire clip from the neck of Miss Crawford's gown and fix it on the left side of the collar that was clasped round the neck of Joan's dachshund, Puppchen. And he did exactly that. Now that I come to think of it, the yogi did what every one willed him to do, with the exception of Barbara Stanwyck. And he simply could *not* make any headway at all with the lady who is Mrs. Robert Taylor.

I LIKE Hollywood because you can get into a car after dinner and drive up to Mullholland Highway. It takes less than seven minutes to reach the highway, from the junction of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard. When you get there, instead of turning the car west along the highway, and following that wide ribbon of roadway for many miles towards the Pacific Ocean, you turn sharply to the east and pull up with the front wheels of the car on the grass and the car itself facing the valley, from which you have just climbed so swiftly.

There, spread at your feet, is the most enthralling magic carpet in the world. A sprawling city, marked out in winking lines of light, like chains of glittering jewels. Here and there great rubies glow. There are sapphires, too, and some emeralds. Behind you, on the hilltop, frogs are croaking in the Californian night. It is very still. From the valley comes the muffled clang of trolley car bells or the hoot of a Klaxon jerked by an impatient motorist. Though you cannot see a living soul, you know that down there, at your feet, lies the "Celluloid City"—the city that hands out fame, fortune or famine with an indiscriminate hand. They say that those on whom Hollywood has once cast its spell can never leave it, for long. Sooner or later they go back. Maybe that is why, sitting at my desk in the wartime England of 1940, I take pleasure in reminding myself that I really *do* like Hollywood because. . . .

END

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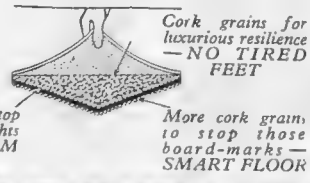
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Passengers to Europe

(Continued from page 27)

Doran admitted him. She had taken off her dress and was already engaged in washing off Miss Held's sallow complexion. The dark wig lay on a chair.

Ray said briskly: "Lock the door. That's right. Any one see you?"

"I passed that Australian woman on the stairs, but I don't think she more than just noticed me."

"No one saw you actually coming in here, I mean?"

"No, there was no one about up here at all."

"Good." Ray had snapped open the suitcase. He took out a bundle wrapped in heavy black material. "When you've finished cleaning-up, you can come and lend me a hand with her ladyship."

"I can come now," Peggy said.

They went into the bedroom together. Peggy started to take off Elena's dress. She needed no orders or instructions. Every move in this busy ten minutes had been discussed over and over again.

"You need not bother about her stockings," said Ray. "Those you're wearing are near enough."

He was unfolding the bundle he had taken from the suitcase. The dark material opened out to be a long sack, inexpertly and patchily dyed black. Wrapped in it were six roughly cut tablets of thick lead sheet. These were linked with wire through holes in the corners of each to form a long flexible strip.

Ray made a sign to Peggy. She raised Elena a little, while he fitted this leaden strip around her waist.

"I can manage now," he said.

He took a pair of pliers from his pocket and spent some time securely twisting the ends of the wires together.

Peggy slipped into Elena's dress and shoes, and put on her necklace and bracelets. She stood at a mirror, patting her hair in to shape.

She left the mirror to help Ray with the sack. Together they alternately slid Elena into the sack and drew it up around her until she was completely covered.

"Now the things from the other room," said Ray.

Peggy brought him the wig and the shoes and dress she had worn as Agatha Held. He stuffed them into the sack and tied the mouth of it with a length of stout cord.

"Lights?" said Peggy.

"Yes."

She snapped up the switch. Ray climbed on to the bed and drew back the curtain that covered the porthole. Against the darkness in the cabin, the night outside glimmered a dark starless blue. He opened the port. The wind was fresh and set the curtains quivering.

"Shall I help?" Peggy asked.

Ray shook his head. "I can manage this best myself."

But with the weight of Elena's body and the leaden girdle in his arm, he staggered a little on the yielding surface of the bed.

"Careful," said Peggy, and put a hand up to his arm to steady him.

"I'm all right."

A third of the sack went through the porthole easily enough. Ray edged it through a little farther. And then with a sudden rush the length remaining in the cabin gave a sharp upward twist and disappeared.

Ray looked down at Peggy. Both waited motionless for the splash. After a moment Ray said:

"Did you hear anything?"

"I thought I heard a little something. But maybe it was only my imagination."

"The wind killed it," said Ray. "It's a good long drop."

He closed the port, drew the curtain across it again, and was getting down from the bed when Peggy snapped on the lights.

He sat on the edge of the bed. "Well, that's something off our minds, anyway." He pulled a flask out of his hip-pocket. "Drink?"

"Thanks," said Peggy.

Ten minutes later, passengers in the ballroom noticed that Elena Witlock and Ray Singer had returned and were dancing together again.

Poor Miss Held, every one said.

An attempt had been made to hush the thing up. This had been at the captain's order. But somehow it had got out, as such things always do on a ship.

The air of the main restaurant during lunch had been already heavy with rumour. But by tea time, the cabin lounge was buzzing, not with mere rumours, but with facts.

And extremely detailed facts, at that. Every one knew exactly what had happened.

They knew how the stewardess had been unable to get an answer to her repeated knocking on the door of Miss Held's cabin that morning, how the ship's carpenter had been called in and had forced the lock, and how an overturned chair had been found immediately below the open porthole, and the cabin empty.

Empty, that is, of Miss Held. Her stick and her tinted spectacles had been found, together with a long, rambling letter of apology to the captain. This had been signed with a name, which, while it was too illegible to be deciphered, was obviously not "Held."

She had written vaguely but bitterly of her family, accusing them of a lack of kindness and of not wanting her, and so on.

Poor Miss Held, said every one.

And that night at dinner they were all busily discussing the iceberg that had been sighted off their starboard quarter shortly after three bells.

They berthed at Southampton at about half-past nine on the following morning but one. Peggy went with Ray to the purser's office and signed a receipt for Elena's jewel-case.

For more than a month she had practised for at least half an hour each day and had covered reams of paper with steadily improving imitations of Elena's familiar scrawl. Now she was able to copy it so well, and, what was more important, with so completely casual an air, that the purser gave the signature no second glance, and wouldn't have noticed anything wrong with it if he had.

Peggy was carrying the jewel-case as they came off the ship.

"You'd better have it," Ray had said. "Elena always used to cling to it like a leech."

He himself carried a small dispatch-case. Peggy smiled and posed for the battery of cameras at the foot of the gangway with the authentic air of one who had been doing it for years.

They passed through the customs without difficulty. Ray presented a typed declaration which included the contents of the jewel-case, and handed over a draft large enough to cover the amount of the necessary deposit against the duty payable.

In the train, on the way up to town, they exchanged the contents of the two cases. The jewels went into the dispatch-case, while the jewel-case was loaded with the two books Ray had been carrying.

They divided their time between looking over the various pieces of jewellery and watching for novelties in the English countryside as it flew past.

"Don't go looking about too much when we get up to London," Ray warned her. "Remember you're only supposed to have left all this about five years ago."

"I'll remember," said Peggy.

At Waterloo they were met by the Texas-born London manager of E.P.I., the picture corporation to whom Elena had been under contract. The London manager's wife bubbled with respectful enthusiasm, and his twelve-year-old daughter presented Peggy with the inevitable orchids.

More cameras had to be faced. Peggy signed autograph-books and said pleasant things about the British film industry into a microphone.

There was a watery *(Continued on page 84)*

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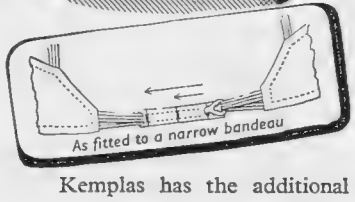

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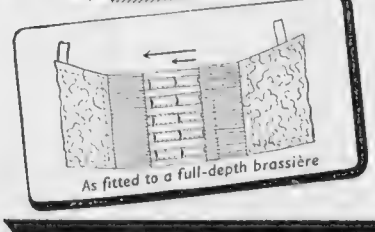

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cheer from the small crowd gathered around as she stepped into the glossy car awaiting her.

Ray followed. They sat together behind the expensive-looking chauffeur and the even more impressive footman. The car slid smoothly and silently northward across the river. Peggy looked out from side to side through the dusty sunshine and sighed gently.

"Dear old London," she said affectionately.

Ray grinned and said: "It must be nice for you to be back again, Miss Witlock."

"It's too divine, you've no idea," Peggy murmured.

The car turned into the courtyard of the hotel Elena had chosen. At the reception desk Peggy handed the jewel-case into the care of the management and took a receipt in exchange. Then she went up to "her" suite to receive the ladies and gentlemen of the Press who had assembled to meet the great Elena Witlock.

Ray said afterwards that she had been magnificent.

"I guess it must have been those two cocktails I had before we got started," Peggy said modestly.

She had answered all the usual questions. Did she think of making a British picture? Or of appearing on the stage in the West End? Was it true that she was standing out for a three-pictures-a-year clause in her new contract? And so on.

And then the red-headed film-correspondent of the *Daily Post* had wanted to know if she thought of getting married again.

Peggy had smiled self-consciously and said: "Well——" Then she had flashed a swift but unmistakably coy glance at Ray and had finished: "Well, not just at present."

Nineteen alert brains had at once made the mental note: "Possibility of romance with Singer." The nineteenth had been Ray's own.

"Of course," he said afterwards, "I know you only meant it as a joke. But it might not be such a bad idea."

Peggy laughed. "How you do flatter a girl, Mr. Singer."

"No, but seriously," Ray said earnestly. "I don't mind telling you I have thought of it once or twice."

"We've got quite enough on hand at the moment," said Peggy. "We'll talk about that later."

They lunched together. They had almost finished when the telephone rang. Ray answered it.

"A Mr. Colefax, of Ohio, to see Mr. Singer."

"Colefax? Say, not old Jerry Colefax——" Ray looked at Peggy and winked. "Well, I'm darned. Sure I'll see him. Send him right up, will you?"

He came away from the telephone looking brisk.

"It's Hansen," he said. He picked up the dispatch-case containing Elena's jewels. "I'll see him in my room."

"I'll tell them to hold back coffee until you're through," said Peggy.

Ray was "through" in about half an hour. He came back and opened the dispatch-case gleefully, revealing thick wads of high-value pound sterling and franc notes.

"Two hundred thousand dollars, Peggy. Look too good to be true, don't they?"

Peggy fingered them. "I suppose they are all right?"

"Sure they are, girl. That's what we've been doing all this time, Hansen and I, mistrusting one another. He took a separate look at every stone he was buying and I sat looking through these."

Their coffee arrived. Peggy looked thoughtful as she poured it.

"What about the programme for this afternoon?" she asked. She knocked a spoon off the table, and Ray bent to pick it up.

"That's easy enough," he said. "In a minute or two, when we've finished here, I'll telephone downstairs for a man to come up and clear away. I'll say you intend resting all afternoon and mustn't be disturbed."

He broke off to light their cigarettes.

"That'll give you a chance to get into that 'sweet simplicity' outfit of yours. And then

Passengers to Europe

you just go downstairs and walk out. Probably no one'll look at you twice. If they do, they'll take it for granted you're a lady's maid, or maybe a stenographer one of the guests has had in for secretarial work."

He drank half his coffee and made a wry face. "Lousy coffee these English do make."

"Everybody says so," Peggy agreed.

Ray went on from where he had left off: "Once you're out of here, you'll get a taxi to take you to a big department store. You'll ask there for the leather department and buy yourself a suitcase. Then you'll wander around the store buying one or two dresses and things, maybe a coat and some shoes, just to provide yourself with some luggage. You'll have a quiet cup of tea in the restaurant and get to Victoria in time to catch the five forty-eight to Brighton. Brighton's one of these vacation towns on the south coast——"

"Yes, I've heard of it," said Peggy.

"It's the sort of place where they get plenty of strangers, and nobody's going to pay much attention to you. You'll just dig yourself in at a quiet little hotel I'll give you the address of before you leave. Here, I shall wait until about eight o'clock this evening, and then call in the police. You'll see it splashed all over the newsbills tomorrow morning."

"'Disappearance of Famous Film Star,'" Peggy quoted prophetically.

"That's about it. And every one'll yawn and say it's just another publicity stunt. But that won't hurt us."

"It might even help us."

"Possibly. Make the police a bit slack, maybe."

Peggy said thoughtfully: "And I just lie low in this Brighton place for a week or two, until the excitement's died down?"

"That's the idea," said Ray. "Then we can start thinking about getting abroad. South America, or some place like that. I know just where to go to get you one of those phoney passports——" He broke off suddenly. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?" Peggy looked surprised.

"I thought you seemed to be looking at me—sort of closely." He slipped two fingers under his collar. "Gosh, it's getting warm in here."

He stood up, uneasily. He looked around the room in a troubled way and caught Peggy's eye again.

There was no mistaking now the intentness of her gaze.

Two small memories dropped into Ray's mind. The unpleasant flavour of the coffee and the spoon he had bent to pick up.

And now Peggy sat there watching him, very quiet and still. He stared at her.

Then his eyes shifted slowly to where the telephone stood on its low table. He made a sudden dash for it.

Peggy put out her foot. He tripped and fell headlong.

After a moment Peggy stubbed out her cigarette, got up leisurely, crossed to the door and locked it.

Then she went into the bedroom and opened the bathroom door. She came back into the sitting-room, turned Ray over on his back, put her hands under his arms and dragged him along the floor into the bathroom.

Ray was not a heavy man, and she had little difficulty in getting him into the bath. She drew up his legs slightly, so that his head could lie flat on the bottom of the bath. Then she turned on the cold water tap.

She returned to the sitting-room and picked up the telephone.

"This is Miss Witlock speaking. Will you send a man up to clear away the remains of lunch, please?"

"Certainly, Miss Witlock, at once."

"And will you make a note that both Mr. Singer and I will be resting all the afternoon, and that we're not to be disturbed on any account until five o'clock?"

"Very good, Miss Witlock."

Peggy replaced the telephone. She picked up the dispatch-case with its forty thousand pounds in notes, and took it into the bedroom.

She wandered on (*Continued on page* 86)

How the AB Cooker saves!

WATER HEATING AND COOKING
COMBINED
The AB Cooker combines perfect cooking with a constant hot water service in kitchen and bathroom on approximately only 3 tons of fuel per annum

The AB Cooker meets the challenge of the present demand for economy as no other cooker *can!* For it combines perfect cooking with domestic hot water supply *in one unit*, for a low fuel consumption that represents a considerable saving in every pound spent previously on coal, gas and electricity. Its balanced oven heat and scientific temperature control ensure the maximum retention of food values with the minimum of shrinkage (you get several more portions from every joint cooked on an 'AB'). Its automatic fuel feed regulates a constant minimum supply of fuel to the firepot—eliminating waste and frequent restoking. These are but some of the practical economy features that make the AB Cooker the soundest household investment you could make—at a price *much lower* than you'd ever believe possible.

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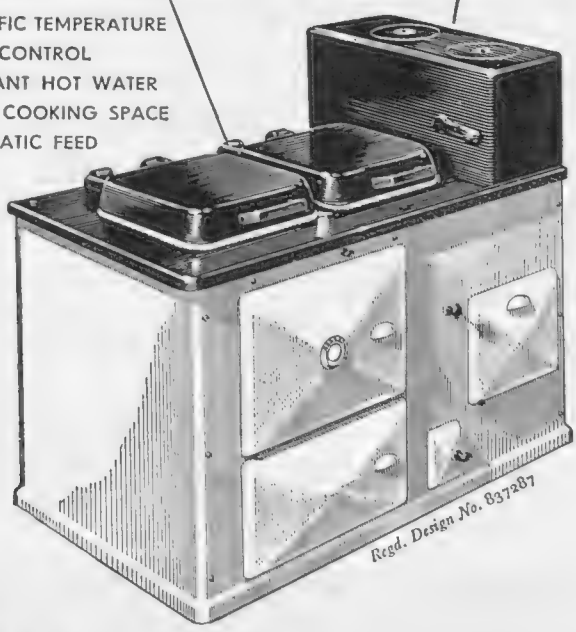

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The Cooker
COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING
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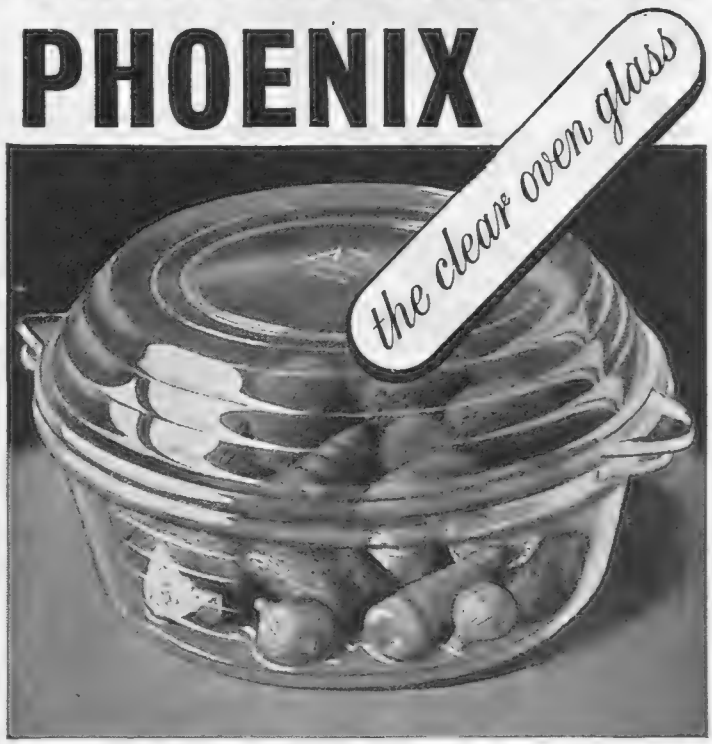
Meat for two, does for three
WHEN YOU COOK IT IN PHOENIX



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'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

into the bathroom. The bath was now half full of water, so she turned off the tap and came out, closing the door behind her.

Back in the sitting-room again she lighted a cigarette. She sat on the edge of the table and looked at her watch. Elena's watch. She hoped the waiter wouldn't be long, because she couldn't start to get changed until he had been up and cleared away.

And then there was a knock at the door.

It had been about an hour before this that a meeting of two old friends had taken place in Piccadilly.

Jock Torrey, the red-headed film-correspondent of the *Daily Post*, had been walking along absently and had bumped into another man.

Both men had said: "Sorry," and then stared at one another.

"Well, I'm damned," said Jock. "Skippy Willowes."

"Jock Torrey," said the other man.

They shook hands enthusiastically, and Jock said: "Boy, it only seems like last week to me, but I suppose it must be longer than that."

"Ten years at least," said Skippy Willowes.

And then they both said in one breath: "Come and have a drink."

Over drinks they exchanged recent histories. Skippy confessed to being a ship's doctor. He mentioned one of the newer liners, and Jock said:

"Isn't that the tub that brought Witlock over?"

"Tub?" Skippy looked pained.

"You know what I mean."

"Yes, we had her on board." And then, as Jock's eyes grew thoughtful: "Why? Know the lady?"

"I've just come from her Press reception," said Jock, and went on to talk of his own job.

But in a very few minutes he was looking thoughtful again.

"Something on your mind?" Skippy asked.

Jock said slowly: "Skip, I suppose you didn't happen to lose anybody overboard coming over this trip?"

"Why, yes. There was a girl——"

"That's good enough." Jock was suddenly excited. "Drink up, my bonny boy. You and I are going to pay visits."

They were out on the pavement in a matter of seconds.

"Where are we going?" Skippy asked.

"You'll hear," said Jock. He hailed a taxi, pushed Skippy inside, and said to the driver: "Scotland Yard. And make it snappy."

Peggy went to the door in answer to the knock and opened it. But instead of the waiter she had expected, there were three men waiting outside.

One of them was the dapper little manager of the hotel she had already met downstairs. He smiled and said:

"Good afternoon, Miss Witlock. I'm so sorry to trouble you, but might we come in for a moment?"

Passengers to Europe

Peggy's fingers gripped the handle of the door.

"Certainly," she said. She stood to one side and closed the door when they had entered.

The manager indicated the heavier of the other two men. "Miss Witlock, this is Detective-Inspector Welwyn, of New Scotland Yard——"

"Oh, yes?" Peggy said calmly.

"And this other gentleman I think you know already." He looked towards the younger red-headed man on his right.

Peggy nodded. "Yes, I know him. He's a reporter. He was here at my Press reception just before lunch."

The three men exchanged glances.

"There you are," said the red-headed man. "I told you she didn't know me."

The inspector moved forward. "This man's name is Jock Torrey. He was Elena Witlock's first husband. She had already divorced him when she went to America as an unknown actress five years ago."

Peggy's heart sank. She was finished, and knew it.

"You mean," she said evenly, "that this man is claiming to be my first husband?"

"That depends," said the inspector.

"Are you suggesting that I am not Elena Witlock?"

There was something in her manner, an impressive quietness, that made even the inspector hesitate.

He said: "Well——"

And Peggy cut in on him with a smile. "That's something I should be able to prove to you without much difficulty, inspector. If you'll give me just a moment." And she went into the bedroom.

Again the three men exchanged glances.

"Bluff," said Jock Torrey.

"I hope to God it is," said Inspector Welwyn.

And then the hotel manager said sharply: "What was that?"

"What was what?" snapped the inspector.

"I thought I heard something. A sort of scream, in the distance——"

"Hell," said the inspector.

He moved quickly to the bedroom door and went in. The room was empty. A tall window opposite the door stood open.

The inspector crossed to it and went out on to the miniature balcony. He looked down and saw that there was already a small crowd gathered around something that lay on the pavement immediately below.

JOCK TORREY came out of it best. That night his editor called him: "Jock, my boy," and gave him a cigar. It not only gave him the scoop of the year, but it made his name overnight. And that means something in Fleet Street. For a week or two, anyway.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 38)

the authorities he was immediately recognised as His Holiness Pope John XVI. The unhappy man, seeing what had happened to Crescentius and the others, had tried to escape in disguise. Pope Gregory V, encouraged by the victory of his cousin, the Emperor Otho, had travelled to Rome with all haste. It is unnecessary to add that his one object was to achieve the final and complete destruction of his enemy. Crescentius's fate had been merciful by comparison with that which was meted out to the deposed Pope John.

Without the ceremony of a trial, he was tied to a wooden bed and had his nose and tongue cut off. Such mutilations not being considered enough, he next had his eyes put out. When the bleeding had been stopped by the application of salt to the wounds, he was strapped on a donkey, his face towards its tail, and in this condition was led in procession through the streets of Rome. Teuton strength and glory must have been greatly gratified, no doubt, by this edifying spectacle.

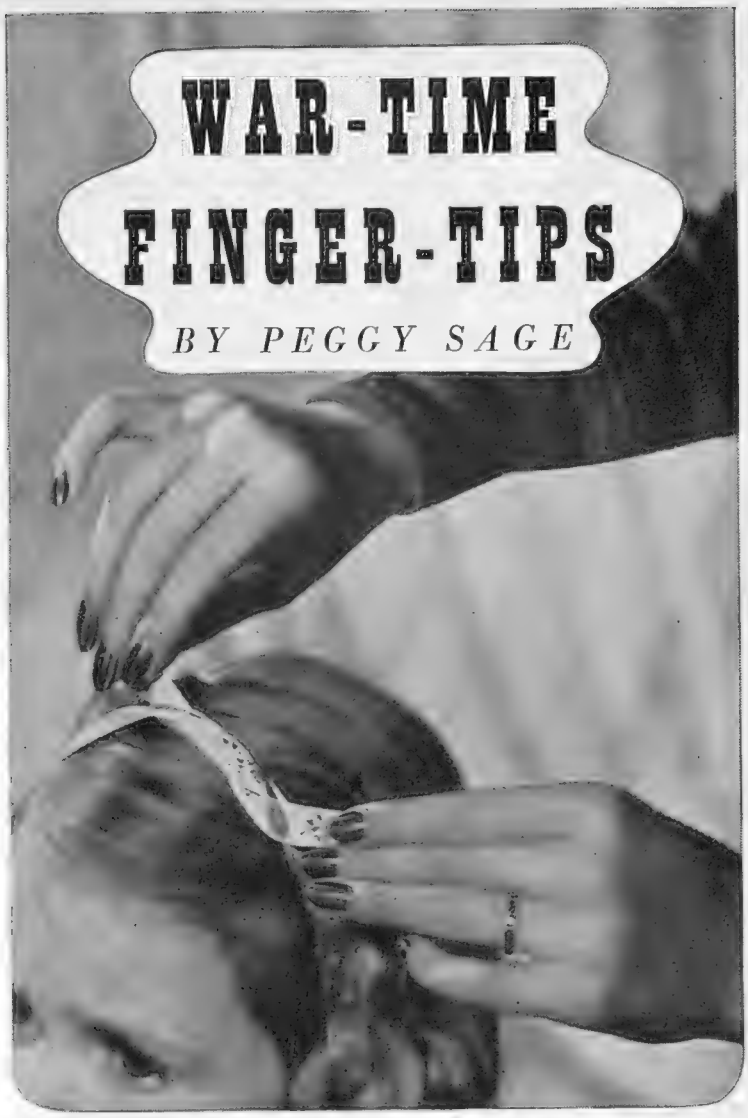
It was St. Nilus—a Greek monk who had risen to fame and subsequently played an important part in the history of mediæval Rome—who took advantage of his influence with the emperor to ask him to stop torturing John and give him into his charge. To this Otho consented.

From that day on, the hapless rival of Pope Gregory abandoned his adventurous career and passed the rest of his days in the peace and calm of a monastery.

He had paid a heavy price for his ambition.

Pope Gregory V, however, did not long enjoy the fruits of his triumph. He occupied the papal throne for only three years. The first of the three was spent fighting against Crescentius, the second as a fugitive, somewhere in the north of Italy, and the third in struggling against the weight of public opinion in Rome, where he was considered a rather "indigestible" personality.

He died quite suddenly while still a young man. Most historians would put a question mark (*Continued on page* 88)



Thousands of once leisurely hands are busy now, washing and dressing little evacuees, driving ambulances, washing up dishes, changing tyres . . . and the question of a suitable nail polish has been a vital one. WEAR . . . that is the most important quality of a war-time polish, says Peggy Sage. And that is why thousands of busy women are using Peggy Sage's famous polishes, simply because they wear *like diamonds*, chip, peel and flake-proof for days.

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How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

Many a doctor frankly admits that, even in peace time, the stress and strain of modern life is too much for the average nervous system to bear. It is good to know, therefore, that science can help us to stand the *extra* strain, the *extra* stress, the *extra* responsibility and work which we all cheerfully accept in war time.

"In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors, "there are many things we do not know about the nervous system and its ailments. But there is one thing we *do* know: that to maintain that system at its maximum efficiency it must be fed with organic phosphorus and protein."

That is why 25,000 *doctors have praised 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.* It provides these two nerve-nourishing elements in their richest, most easily assimilable form. The organic phosphorus feeds the brain, nourishes and repairs worn nerves. The protein helps to build rich, new blood. It creates resistance to infection and illness. It replaces deficiencies in a war-time diet. It shortens convalescence. It puts new life into every man and woman.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, consult your doctor about a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. But don't wait until your nerves *have* got the better of you. 'Sanatogen' is more economical, even more effective as a preventive. You and your family should start an eight weeks' course *now* and face whatever is coming with confidence.

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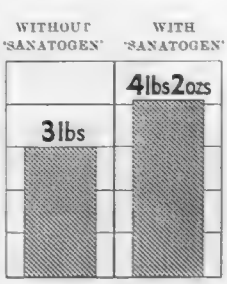
A writer in *The Practitioner* reports: "I weighed, weekly, eleven children convalescent from scarlet fever to whom 'Sanatogen' was given, and fourteen other convalescent children of about the same ages, in as nearly as possible the same conditions. I found that the average gain in weight of the children getting 'Sanatogen' was, in five weeks, 4 lbs. 2 ozs., and of those not getting 'Sanatogen' was just under 3 lbs."
A striking proof of the body-building power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.



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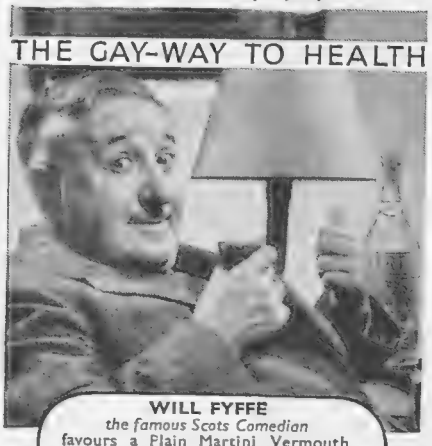

Plain Martini Vermouth is the drink for these strenuous days. Martini is a rich matured wine of rare bouquet and flavour, blended with aromatic herbs specially selected for their digestive and tonic properties. If your appetite is jaded, if your liver is letting you down, if you are in need of a tonic, have a glass of Martini Vermouth—dry or sweet, but neat.

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DRINK IT NEAT

★ Refuse Inferior Substitutes — look for the Martini label

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Loveliness truly your own

When it's most important to look your loveliest, the slightest suggestion of harshness in your make-up can spoil everything. But with the help of Gladys Cooper's Blush Rouge, charm becomes second nature. Whether you're fair-skinned or not-so-fair, the rose tint of this ultra fine Blush Rouge powder will blend into your own colouring the moment it feels the warmth of your cheeks. See how youth and beauty bloom under the first touch of the tiny puff: your closest friend would not guess *how* that radiance has been awakened!

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against the record of his "natural" end.

Any attempt at analysis of the German mentality leads us to the conclusion that the Hun must be unable to see himself as others see him. It would appear that he is quite unconscious of the effect he has upon people—particularly those who become his victims.

The wives and sisters of the executed men were shared out as booty between the leaders of the emperor's army.

It was thus that Stephanie came once again face to face with Otho. Waves of hatred almost suffocated her, but she had presence of mind enough to control her feelings. A diabolic idea had occurred to her. Otho's awareness of her attraction was more than obvious. His eyes followed every line of her statuesque southern body. In his cold nordic fashion he failed to allow for such a trifle as a *soul* in a woman who had become no better than a slave. Material possession was all that mattered for him. But when he announced that he had decided to make her his concubine, he failed to observe the gleam of savage joy that, for a moment, lit up her big dark eyes.

She was given clothes, jewels, servants, and joined the private retinue of the man she loathed.

Love is an emotion that can lift a human being to sublime heights of nobility or sacrifice—and it can drive him to astonishing depths of crime. Love can completely transform human nature. It can cause rash impulses—and it can just as easily inspire a cold, calculating and deadly patience.

Stephanie had loved Crescentius more than life itself. Nothing would content her now but revenge. To achieve her object it was necessary to have her enemy close at hand; and for this she had agreed to pay the requisite price.

A woman has the capacity—unknown to man—of getting *outside* herself. She can withdraw, taking with her every reserve of sensitiveness, every emotion of value, in short, her whole soul, and leaving in the hands of a man only the mere shell of her

Old Tales Re-told

body which enacts a mechanical comedy, made easy by detachment.

For three years Stephanie waited for an opportunity which never presented itself. Her hatred for the murderer of her husband grew with every hour.

She was not alone in her feeling, for the iron hand of the foreign despot—instead of subduing the Romans—increased their resentment to fever pitch. Things began to gravitate towards a crisis. There was something threatening in the atmosphere that worried even the legions of Huns. Otho was repeatedly begged to leave Rome for Germany, or at any rate to withdraw to a safer place in the north. At last he decided to adopt the suggestion and leave Rome. Stephanie managed to be taken with him. Nothing had altered her obsession to fulfil a certain vow to the memory of Crescentius.

On the way to the north Otho was stricken by a malignant fever that caused him to break out in a red rash. At last Stephanie had her chance.

Rome had risen against the foreign yoke. All the country resounded with curses on the invader. It was plain that Otho's star was declining. Virtually he was in her power. She would hesitate no longer.

She offered the sick man a beverage to quench his thirst. With his head upheld by her arm, he drank it. With cruel joy she watched him expire. After three years of bitter slavery, she was free again. Free to watch the humiliation of the Teutonic invaders who had to smuggle the body of their emperor out of the country in order to escape the fury of the people. Down from the seven hills flowed an irresistible mob, searching for the monster whom, in her own time, she had destroyed. To complete her joy she went to the grave of Crescentius and poured out to his listening spirit an account of what she had done.

Let a man try to conquer by force, and he will find that he has gained—*nothing*.

END

A Leader of the French (*Continued from page 17*)

again in Arcis, Danton made money. In any case, he certainly became prosperous, and showed many outward signs of prosperity. Like many a boy from the small towns, he liked to go back and show those that stayed behind how prosperous he was. On one visit to Arcis he amazed the admiring citizens by purchasing a large house, very different from the humble home from which he had come. Danton told the citizens of Arcis that he had bought this estate so that he could spend his old age in peace and quietness. They believed him; they believed him utterly and entirely until one day at the beginning of November, 1793, when Danton and his wife and some friends were eating their midday meal, a man rushed into the dining-room and said he brought terrible news from Paris. The Girondins, twenty-one of them, had all been executed.

Danton became red with anger, and swearing all sorts of fearful vows he rushed back to Paris.

Behind the scenes, Danton had been playing a quiet part in the Revolution which, however, had not made much headway. Danton was known as a bitter enemy of the king, and he had been for some time the president of the Cordeliers' Club.

The people of Paris had made Danton a deputy of the Procurator of the Commune, so whatever his own feelings may have been, and particularly the feelings of his wife, Gabrielle, Danton was caught up in the vortex of events and was dragged down by the exciting happenings which were close at hand.

It will be recalled that it was the Municipal Council of Paris which played an important part in the uprising which overthrew the Throne. Matters took a decisive turn in August when there was a dinner party given jointly by the Desmoulins and the Dantons. There had been a plot to assassinate Robespierre. The populace was extremely excited. Nevertheless, the Danton dinner party was a very merry one. The only people who appeared sad were Lucille Desmoulins and Gabrielle Danton.

While the dinner party continued, the people of Paris swirled around the Cours du Commerce, shouting "Long live the nation." Desmoulins went and got his gun. His wife burst into tears, and so did Gabrielle Danton. The men went out to the crowd, while their wives spent the night kneeling on the window ledge, their foreheads pressed against the pane, listening to the crowd screaming and shouting and the persistent booming of cannon. They never went to bed all night long.

Next morning the shouting continued. Camille Desmoulins came back and took his wife away to stay with some friends of his. Gabrielle Danton was left alone. Rumours, astonishing rumours, reached her. First she heard how the Royal Palace was being sacked, and then came the most astonishing story of all—her husband had been made Minister of Justice. Was it only a rumour?

It was only too true. Danton came home for a few minutes, seized his wife in his arms and took her away to live with him in the Chancellerie of France. Here the little country girl was amazed at the splendour her husband wanted her to adopt. As many dresses as she liked were at her disposal; there were mirrors and toilet articles from the queen's own dressing-room, all for the wife of Monsieur Danton, *Monsieur le Ministre*.

Madame Danton, poor soul, did not know what to do. She turned to her husband, but her husband was not there. The kind and loving man had changed utterly overnight. Now Gabrielle hardly ever saw her husband. He used to come home sometimes just to change his clothes and then rush out again,

muttering words about important missions. Very soon, Gabrielle Danton learned the truth. Her husband was not in love with her any more; he was the lover of many women. It is said that the Orleans party tried to win him over by introducing to Danton the famous Madame de Busson. Meanwhile, Madame Danton fell sick, and in a little more than a month she returned to her humble apartment in the Cours du Commerce a dying woman.

A little time before these melancholy events Gabrielle Danton had given birth to a second son, who was christened François Georges.

Gabrielle Danton died, and three months afterwards Danton married a girl of sixteen named Louise Gély. She was the daughter of a small Government employee. It is on record that Louise Gély only consented to marry Danton if he would enter religion. Formerly, he had gone as far as the church door with his wife, Gabrielle, but with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders he always refused to cross the threshold. Danton tried all his charms to induce Louise Gély to marry him before he went to confession, but she steadfastly refused, and eventually Danton accepted. Then follows what I always consider to be the most moving story of the French Revolution.

In June, 1793, a man knocked at the door of a house near the Church of St. Germain des Prés. There was no answer, and the man knocked again and again. Finally, he heard footsteps coming down the stone stairs; the door opened and an old woman appeared. She looked sourly enough at the intruder, who seemed to be very agitated; his clothes were very untidy. She noticed that there were pock marks on his face.

The man asked if he could see the citizen abbé. The woman replied that there was no abbé living in that house. The visitor—Danton, of course—pushed past the woman and entered the house, started to go upstairs, and then paused and remarked, "The abbé expects me. Lead the way, it is very urgent. I have come for the sacraments." The old woman started mumbling about the revolutionary tribunal and what would probably happen to the abbé.

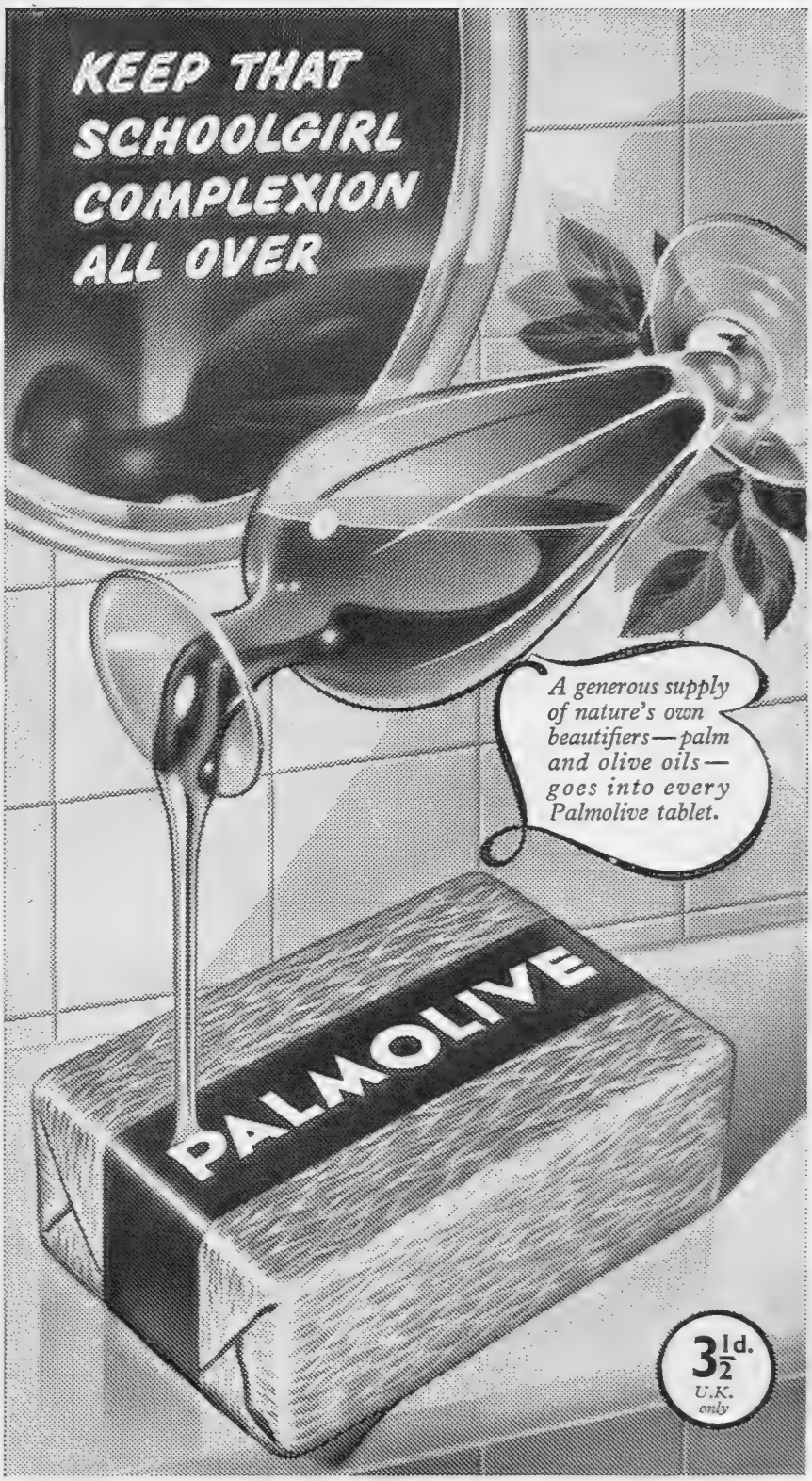
Danton followed the old servant to a room at the top of the house. She knocked, and Danton was admitted to the presence of a young priest whose name was Monsieur de Kéravenan, who was later made curé of St. Germain des Prés. This young priest had been tracked down somehow by Danton's spies. He had not taken the oath to the Constitution, and had been hunted from pillar to post for quite six months, knowing fully well that if he was caught he would be dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal and sentenced to death, a tribunal which was created by the very man who now confronted him in this little room. The priest stared at the man who had not given his name; he had no need to, the priest recognised Danton well enough by the descriptions of him that he had heard in the streets of Paris.

"For what purpose have you come here?" inquired the priest.

"Father," answered Danton, "I have come to confess my sins."

Danton knelt in prayer. Afterwards, the priest heard the revolutionary's confession, and Danton returned to his bride. Somehow the story became known, that Danton had gone to confession, but it was not known until some time after, although for many years when the Abbé de Kéravenan passed through the streets to his church, people were heard to mutter, "There goes the man who heard Danton's confession."

Danton had paid the price his bride's family demanded for her hand. He had been to confession; he was now a member of the Catholic Church which he had helped to destroy. Louise Gély and Danton were married. Danton now showed signs of making a third change in his tempestuous life. He seemed tired of the Revolution; he wanted to go back to Arcis with his young wife and his two small children, and there to end his days in peace, but the most bloody episodes of the Revolution were around him like a background of tragedy. Danton was a doomed man, and (*Continued on page* 90)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The relief it gives is marvellous—instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere

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Your Front Steps, Window Sills, Door Lintels, etc., will look much smarter if polished with WHITE Cardinal Polish. Gives a lasting whiteness which will not wash off in the rain.

Also In Cream, Red, Buff, Transparent, etc.

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he felt that his doom was rapidly approaching.

Danton and his young wife lived in the same apartment in the Cours du Commerce where he had lived with his first wife. From time to time, Danton returned to his little estate at Arcis, and now and again purchased a field or a small wood to add to his property. He seemed sure that he would turn his back on Paris and finish his days among the people in whose midst he had been born. Fate, however, was against him.

Those who know the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris may remember a row of very old houses. This row of houses was formerly part of the Rue des Cordeliers. It was opposite here that Danton and his wife were sitting one evening in front of the fire when they heard murmurs in the street

A Leader of the French

without. The murmurs grew to cries and shouts. Louise went to the window and started back. There were people with torches; there were loud screams of, "Danton, Danton, bring him out, Danton!"

"They have come to arrest me," said Danton. He was right. The tramp of men was heard coming up the stairs. Danton was torn from the arms of his wife and carried away, along that road which eventually led to the steps of the guillotine. As he stood looking at the faces of the people, he saw one man in the crowd making signs. It was the Abbé de Kéravenan, the man who had heard his confession, the man who now gave Danton, in the last moments of his stormy life, absolution.

The Fourth Service

(*Continued from page* 16)

Mr. Winston Churchill was shocked to discover that some of our key factories and strategic centres were being guarded by a few night watchmen! To-day, our factories and "nerve" centres are being patrolled night and day by thousands of picked guards; in addition to men of the Home Defence Units, there are also the Army's Field Security Police with full authority to search suspects and arrest without a warrant. These guards are reinforced by trained aircraft observers who are constantly scanning the clouds for parachute spies.

While Scotland Yard's Special Branch is watching suspect aliens, M.I.5 is maintaining a close vigil within the factories themselves. Counter-espionage agents, previously trained for the task, are introduced as mechanics and clerks into key factories, aerodromes and dockyards. Their job is to keep an eye on their fellow-employees and to report anything suspicious.

The saboteur is only one of many problems to be tackled by the Secret Service. Espionage, like every other science, is not static; new methods are constantly being evolved as old tricks become dangerously familiar. Countless films and novels have typified the spy as either a glamorous beauty or a suave gallant who invariably has to choose between Cupid and patriotism in the last reel. But the era of Mata Hari is very dead, and spies no longer wear false beards or steal invaluable State documents while the rival agent is under the influence of love or champagne!

The modern spy sets out to be as inconspicuous as possible, a fact recognised by the anti-gossip posters which have recently been issued. M.I.5 knows that Germany has enrolled hundreds of thousands of amateurs into her Secret Service. Soon after Hitler came to power he made it his business to control the activities of all Germans living abroad.

In every German consulate and shipping office a Gestapo agent was posted, usually in some innocent capacity, to cover his real task which was to watch his fellow-countrymen and advise them how they could serve the Fatherland to the best advantage. Nobody was overlooked; German domestic servants were kept together under the cloak of the "Bund"; commercial travellers were given a course in "salesmanship" before being granted visas for foreign travel.

These courses, supervised by the Gestapo, instructed Germans in the art of using their eyes. When they returned to the Fatherland they were forced to answer a questionnaire which often gave the German Secret Service valuable sources of political, economic and military information.

Germany still uses more women agents than we do, but they have also come to realise that the glamour spy can be a very doubtful asset. A servant girl, typist or school marm can do much more valuable service without arousing suspicion. Women have, nevertheless, always played a leading role in espionage. Apart from Mata Hari, whose technique had more rhyme than reason, the opposing sex is naturally qualified in the art of discovering secrets, as countless erring husbands have learned too late!

Few people know that a woman was the brain behind the German Secret Service during the Great War. Known in France as "Mademoiselle le Docteur," but more familiarly as the "red tiger," she always laid claim to blue blood, but her high place in pre-war German society was, in fact, due to a left-handed union with a Prussian general.

With the outbreak of war she joined the Secret Service and soon showed such marked ability that she was put in charge of a spy school in Antwerp. She was ruthlessly strict and would deliberately send an agent on a "fool mission" that meant certain death when he was no longer of service to her. This amiable young woman formed a great network of espionage throughout Holland and succeeded in trapping many of our agents.

In despair, the Allies sent a handsome young Belgian to her school in the hope of discovering useful information. This agent possessed such charm and intelligence that he was even able to deceive Mademoiselle le Docteur into giving him a job as her private secretary.

It is said that she fell deeply in love with him, but there is no proof in support of this theory. The association did not last long; someone informed "Red Tiger" that her charming secretary was on the suspect list. She refused to believe it, but agreed to plant a decoy message. Unfortunately, he succumbed and passed the fake on to Paris. Mademoiselle, in revenge, took it upon herself to shoot him.

This grim tutor always disliked employing her own sex in espionage work. She pronounced women agents vain, emotional and easily swayed by sentiment. A recent spy trial in Nazi Germany proved that she was all too justified in her criticism. But for the indiscretion of a silly girl, Poland might not have been in ruins to-day and the history of the Nazi régime may have taken a very different course.

The strange tale opens with the appearance in Berlin of a handsome young Polish nobleman who seemed to be interested only in the cabarets and bars, but was in fact a secret agent. He made love to a dancer known as the "Black Angel," who was soon completely under his influence. To ingratiate himself into official circles, he persuaded his mistress to give up dancing and open a fashionable dressmaking establishment in Berlin. By giving practically unlimited credit to certain well-placed clients, she was soon able to win many valuable friendships.

The Pole remained in the background, directing operations while she fluttered from one aristocratic *salon* to the next. His first big capture was the Baroness von Berg, the wife of a well-known aircraft designer. His charm had a magnetic effect upon the baroness, who combined a romantic disposition with a rooted distaste for Herr Adolf Hitler and his associates. Fascinated by the handsome foreigner, she was soon making copies of all her husband's plans and correspondence.

Meanwhile, the ex-dancer had gained the ear of a little typist who worked in the Nazi Air Ministry. By giving her a credit account with the dress shop, she was able to persuade Fraulein Natzner to memorise some important

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If you feel that your natural beauty is on the wane you should try the famous W-5 treatment. It will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world, for it truly rejuvenates the skin by rebuilding it from within in Nature's own way—the only way which restores the skin to the condition of youth, gradually removing its defects and making it smooth again, clear and beautiful. By simply taking W-5 you will experience its wonderful rejuvenating effect on your own skin.

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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ SOLD BY CHEMISTS

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"....just like a new room."

A new Vantona Court Series Bedcover and the transformation was complete. It gave a wonderful newness to the bedroom and satisfied the desire for change and freshness.

Vantona Court Series Bedcovers are the very latest achievement in bedroom fashion. There is a wide and colourful assortment of jacquard designs from which to choose, and they are guaranteed to give satisfaction in wash and wear.

Prices range from 14/9d. to 75/- each.

For free booklet illustrating a selection of the latest 1940 designs, write to Publicity Department, Vantona House, Manchester

The following are among the many fashionable stores who regularly feature VANTONA Court Bedcovers: LONDON *Bowman Bros. Ltd. Marshall & Snelgrove.* BOURNEMOUTH *Bobby & Co. Ltd.* BRIGHTON *Hanningtons Ltd.* CARLISLE *Bullough & Co. Ltd.* LIVERPOOL *Bon Marché Ltd.* SCARBOROUGH *W. Rowntree & Sons Ltd.* TORQUAY *Williams & Cox (Drapers).* WORTHING *Jordan & Cook Ltd.*

The Down Quilt is now worn under the bedcover. The Vantona Utility Comforter (50/- and 63/-) supplies the need.

Ask your retailer to show you also VANTONA Blansheets, VANTONA Woven Bedspreads, VANTONA Morning Joy Towels, VANTONA Waffle Bath Mats, Pram Rugs, and other VANTONA household textiles.

VANTONA *Court* SERIES BEDCOVERS

Issued by Vantona Textiles Ltd. Manchester

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair —that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir-Book.

It will be sent free on request. Write to The Facktative Co. (Suite 44), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

Enlarged pores, blackheads, rough skin and blemishes are nearly always caused by tiny particles of dirt and dust accumulations which lodge unsuspected in the pores. To keep your pores immaculately clean you should have a daily cleansing with Nature's finest beautifier —milk. My own Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it penetrates right down to the bottom of the pores and dissolves every trace of beauty-ageing dirt. My Cleansing Milk also freshens your skin and provides the beautifying nourishment it needs to remain young and become radiantly clear and lovely.

Write to Anne French with your beauty query at the address below, enclosing 6d. in stamps for a trial bottle of her Cleansing Milk.

Anne French
CLEANSING MILK 3/6 AND 1/6
(Dept. BEI3) 2/5, OLD BOND STREET, W.1.

new designs that were then before the Ministry. Unfortunately for all concerned, the Fraulein was careless enough to keep three expensive evening gowns in her locker at the office. A Gestapo agent became suspicious and submitted her to a third-degree examination with typical thoroughness. She soon broke down and explained where she had received them and for what services.

The Fraulein and the baroness were beheaded within a few minutes of each other. The enterprising Pole was lucky enough to escape with a long term of imprisonment. This leniency was due to Hitler's reluctance to irritate Poland with whom he was then on friendly terms. One can only guess at the prisoner's subsequent fate.

Such a plot is, of course, in the grand tradition of espionage. In the vast majority of cases the agent is given some individual task which is part of something bigger. No Secret Service would lightly entrust half a dozen agents, working in close harmony, with a job as important as the one undertaken by the Polish officer in Berlin. Centralisation is too dangerous; it is far safer to employ a few skilled agents who are working without knowledge of each other's activity and do not link up too easily if one of them has the misfortune to be caught.

That is a fundamental principle of espionage, but within certain limits the spy has complete freedom of action if an emergency should arise. "Don't be caught" is the first and last rule he must never forget. As you may imagine, a spy may have to think and act quickly. Nearly all the old tricks are as out of date as the aspidistra. It is no use for the cornered spy to swallow the incriminating document. To-day, X-rays are part and parcel of every Secret Service organisation. Nor are familiar hiding places of much benefit. Our counter-espionage experts have discovered messages in a piece of string, the pattern of a sock, the interior of a tennis ball and the hollow of a coin—to mention only a few cases !

Facing the twin menaces of infra-red rays and the all-revealing microscope, the spy tries his best not to carry information on his person. Some months ago it was discovered that an agent was gathering details of certain military and naval movements by watching a market stall in a frontier village. By counting the number of pineapples or melons on the stall he was able to piece together the information he needed; he would have been caught much sooner if he had used the old trick of buying an apple and extracting the hidden message. Knowing he was being watched, this move would have been fatal, but by walking past that stall he found what he wanted without exposing himself or his associate to any risk.

But if science is making the spy's work even more difficult it is helping him in another way. It is not so long since a German spy was found in possession of an amazing new micro-camera so small that it could be hidden in a locket or the knob of a walking stick, thus photographing important documents and plans within a wide range. This neat

The Fourth Service

instrument takes at least one thousand hours to assemble and costs several hundred pounds. Strapped to the wing of a carrier pigeon, with the shutter automatically adjusted, such a camera becomes one of the most dangerous "agents" in espionage.

Despite these new aids, the use of code and invisible ink still remains the spy's trump card for safe communication. We have come far, indeed, from the days of the Boer War, when British officers aimed to deceive the enemy simply by sending messages in Latin !

Chemists form an important branch of our counter-espionage system. Knowing how clever the Germans are in the use of invisible inks, we pay special attention to innocent-sounding letters that may possibly carry vital messages between the lines. Scores of such messages, destined for enemy agents in Holland, Denmark and other neutral countries, have already been developed by our experts. By a special process, messages can now be developed and rendered "invisible" once again with the object of watching any further exchange of views between the correspondents. Yet another headache for the spy !

To watch our skilful "sorters" at work in the Censorship Department is both instructive and comforting. Every piece of string on a package destined for abroad is quickly unravelled by cunning fingers. Every piece of paper and cardboard wrapping is scrutinised. It is on record that our experts have discovered code messages in wallpaper designs and even from a few scratches on a piece of film.

An intercepted message may mean the slaughter or salvation of thousands of lives. A code message that fell into our hands in 1917 led directly to American intervention on the side of the Allies. It was a telegram from the German Foreign Secretary, Zimmermann, to Count Bernsdorff, Ambassador in Washington, announcing unrestricted U-boat warfare and promising the return of Texas to Mexico if the latter came in on Germany's side. A few weeks after this amazing telegram was deciphered and its contents made known to Washington, America severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

Luck sometimes plays its part in espionage, as in everything else under the sun. Fortune favoured us after the Battle of Jutland when a British diver searched a U-boat that was lying on the bottom. Near the conning tower he found some code books which the commander had unwisely omitted to destroy. As a result, we were able to intercept and decipher dozens of naval messages before the Germans guessed what had happened.

Finally, a word on the spy himself. His is a life of anonymous heroism, undertaken in most cases with little thought of risk or reward. The pay is trivial when compared with the dangers involved. Elsewhere, I have stated that the average British agent earns about £400 a year, and this estimate has never been challenged.

END

Toute Sweet

(*Continued from page 57*)

Lemon Honeycomb Mould

1 packet lemon honeycomb mould.
Two eggs.
1 pint milk.
A little lemon curd.
Whipped cream (optional).
(*Four people.*)

Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs, and beat. See that the whites are beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the milk into a saucepan. Add the contents of the main packet, and the egg yolks. Heat, stirring all the time; wait until it just begins to boil, and at once take off the fire. Now stir in the egg whites and the contents of the small packet.

Pour into a shallow glass dish, and allow to cool. Spread a thin layer of whipped cream over the top. Cover with a little lemon curd.

Children love this dish, with its half creamy, half jelly consistency.

Apple Dowdy

1½ lb. apples.
Slices of stale bread and margarine.
1 gill each golden syrup and water.
2 oz. brown sugar.
A little grated nutmeg.
(*Four people.*)

Well grease a deep baking tin or a fireproof glass dish. Cover the bottom with the slices of bread. Fill the dish nearly full of apples, peeled and sliced. Scatter nutmeg over.

Mix the syrup with warm water and add it. Top with sugar, and cover all with a "lid" of bread and margarine. Bake in a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4); this will take about one and a half to two hours. Turn out, or serve in the casserole dish.

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 39*)

On Duty

off thoroughly from the throat. This is the only cream I have ever come across which carries a guarantee of double your money back on the "Private Customer" 3s. jar if you are not entirely satisfied with the results.

FOR several weeks we have worked at concentrated spring cleaning. Furniture has been washed with vinegar water and "turps," walls have been washed and polished, endless sinks have been scrubbed, and I have been up on high step ladders balancing like the graceful young man on the flying trapeze with bowls of soapy water and wash rags.

I never knew before that water or skin could get so dirty. Soap and nail brushes could do nothing for my hands or arms and it took Vim or Monkey Brand to remove the black grease from my nails.

This problem, however, was solved for me when somebody gave me a preparation called "Palpak," which is a non-gritty creamy paste in a large black tube. You do not even wet your hands, but squeeze some of the cream into the palm and rub it into your hands and arms as if you were using soap and water.

It is packed with paper towels, but it is easier to use an old rag to wipe off the dirt.

Follow this with a soap and water washing and you are as clean as a new pin. Both the tube and the paper towels are packed together in a neat leather case.

Off Duty

toes and heels are plain although quite fine enough to wear with sandals. Another charming stocking is of gossamer fancy silk. These, too, have a plain toe and heel and are rather more expensive.

THE young and not so young have indulged in an orgy of German measles, measles and flu, whereas our elders and betters seemed to age ten years during a few short winter months.

There was so much laryngitis around at one moment I forgot what the normal human voice sounded like, and if I met a man who neither sneezed, snorted, snuffled nor croaked or a woman who had not broken out in a rash, I felt that they could not be taking the war seriously enough.

One result of all this is that I have discovered a thousand and one little luxuries for invalids that I never knew existed till just lately. For instance, there is something pleasantly fresh and soothing about tisanes. Peppermint herb is supposed to be excellent for nervous indigestion. This costs 3s. 6d. a tin or thereabouts, and the instructions read "Infuse in boiling water for ten minutes."

Camomile is tonic and a substitute for tea or coffee. You infuse it in boiling water for fifteen minutes and it costs 2s. a tin. Elderflower and peppermint is aromatic and good for feverish colds. It costs 1s. 9d. a tin.

Lime flowers are recommended for headaches and sleeplessness, and orange flowers as a nightcap to produce sleep. Some are infused for ten minutes and some for fifteen, and they cost anything from 1s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. a tin.

Men are made of sterner stuff. Mix port and brandy for their sore throats and give them a tankard filled with boiling water laced with rum, lemon and a saltspoonful of butter for their sneezes and snuffles and they will swear that you are a born nurse.

END

Let "Ranee" read your Character from your Handwriting
See announcement on page 96

ENGLAND EXPECTS THESE DAYS THAT EVERY WOMAN SHALL BE A BEAUTY

NEW SIZE TATTOO LIPSTICK 2/6

9 FASHION MATCHING SHADES

NEWS—if there ever was! Now it will be easy to possess two or three, or even four or more, of Tattoo's nine lovely fashion-matching shades. One for your 'type' and one for every frock you fancy!

A new size Tattoo lipstick has arrived. For 2/6! Tattoo—the *different*, put-it-on-wipe-it-off-colour-stays, wonder lipstick! Yes, Tattoo is *now* to be bought in a half-crown, as well as 4/6 size. Oh, boy! Oh girls!

Tattoo . . stains your lips to a South-Seas seductive, glamorous, glorious, too-divinely-dangerous redness . . . instead of making them look 'coated.' Tattoo, the *different* lipstick.

NINE SHADES:
Fire Red Rose Dawn Orchid
Black Magic Coral Exotic
Natural Pastel Hawaiian

(144)

They're luxurious

They're inexpensive

They're lovely

They're Viscana undies

Guaranteed by Courtaulds

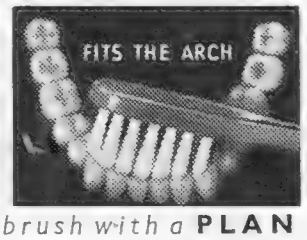
Obtainable at good stores and drapers

THE ISLET, MAIDENHEAD COURT, MAIDENHEAD, BERKSHIRE

'TEETH INSURANCE' COSTS THIS YOUNG WOMAN JUST 4d. A MONTH

Would you give 4d. a month for teeth like hers? You would? Well, this young woman reckons she uses 4 Tek toothbrushes a year, costing her 4/- more than 4 ordinary shilling brushes, i.e., 4d. a month. She thinks that is a very inexpensive guarantee for teeth that no money can replace, ever.

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The toothbrush with a PLAN

Whereas other toothbrushes baffle you by being made in all sorts of shapes and sizes and at all sorts of prices, the TEK toothbrush is made in one shape, one size, at one price, to do one thing perfectly — to clean your teeth! A dentist designed TEK. Afterwards 92 dentists out of 100 agreed that it was an improvement on other brushes. You can pay less than 2/- for a toothbrush but don't expect a TEK.

Tek 2/- SURGICALLY CLEAN IN A SEALED CARTON

THE BEST TEETH POLICY

MADE IN ENGLAND

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON AND JOHNSON *(Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave*

Stop that COLD with VAPEX

Brittle, Badly Shaped Fingernails

specially treated at

CORALIE'S HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE

2 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 Reg. 7561

Books

(*Continued from page* 34)

to break through its last barriers and reach our goal."

This was the kind of thing that happened when they wanted a little soft music with their evening pipe: "In the uncertain light of the lamp, which only just reaches as far as the gramophone, the forepart of a snake rises slowly, like a magic, wavering flame, out of the mouth of the loud speaker, rocking softly to and fro, getting taller and taller. The little three-cornered head twists rapidly, seeking a point for support. . . . . A poison snake in the gramophone!"

Half the depot-stored provisions were devoured by ants and termites. One of Greiner's boats went down with a large portion of the extra store of films, ammunition and goods for barter. But there was the thrill of the journey, the satisfaction in compiling scientific data, the novelty of living with primitive bow-and-arrow Aparai Indians, and this kind of tropic splendour:

"The giant tree trunks rise like mighty columns on every side, vanishing in the softly, almost invisibly, undulating sea of leaves above, through whose green filter the daylight penetrates only in subdued brightness. Silent, motionless, as in the lofty twilight of some ancient cathedral, the mighty life of the primeval forest presses skywards."

You get the feel of that, and it remains with you through the book. It's all a long, long way from Tipperary and insidious as a drug. Definitely a complete escape from everyday self, absorbing in its strangeness.

IT'S the sea a-calling on many a far quest in Mr. William Blain's "Home is the Sailor: The Sea Life of William Brown, Master Mariner and Penang Pilot" (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.). Captain Brown, a hardy Scot, joined a six hundred-ton barque and rounded the Horn in the '80's.

"For days," he says, "you slept only minutes at a time, dropping down in your wet clothes. You ate only hard tack spread with molasses, for service from the galley was impossible, and wondered what being dead was like if this was being alive."

For twenty-one years he was Penang pilot, and trailed the *Emden* inquisitively—from a distance—when she had the harbour and thirty large laden ships at her mercy in 1914, but was lured from her prey by the smoke of a Glen liner which might have been an Allied cruiser.

In the excitement a Penang "character," a gentle dame nearly eighty, with a shining mass of white hair, rushed out of doors, dodged from tree to tree, shouting alternately, "I'm shot! . . . No, I'm not!" then made her way to the waterfront and stood there, viewed by all Penang, *completely bald!* Either the lovely silver locks had been left at home or lost *en route*. . . .

The cap'n writes entertainingly of Penang folk and sport. Once, with three others, he was out in a canoe after snipe. They saw a giant crocodile on a sandbank and peppered him at ten paces. He swears that croc actually *sprang*, landing among them as the canoe upset. . . .

They escaped. So may you, from present discontents, with this fine old sea-rover.

A CUT-BACK to less-harassed Edwardian days, when champagne was cheaper than 1940 sherry, is afforded by Hans Roger Madol's "The Private Life of Queen Alexandra" (Hutchinson, 18s.). His approach to that gracious lady is distinctively through the personal recollections of her brother, the late Prince Valdemar of Denmark, and two places she loved: Copenhagen's "Yellow Palace," where she was born; Bernstorff Castle, where she spent a happy childhood and to which she regularly returned.

Disney of *Snow White* might make something of that childhood. Alexandra and Dagmar—later Empress of Russia—slept in a small attic with barely room for two narrow beds and chest-of-drawers. A frequent guest of their father, Prince Christian, "Europe's

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father-in-law," was Hans Andersen, who wrote some of his most famous stories for them at the palace, and proudly showed them the latest translations when they visited him in turn.

Alexandra was self-minded, especially about clothes. "For the Coronation," she said, "I shall wear exactly what I like, and so shall my ladies—*Basta!*" When the royal yacht sailed into Schleswig-Holstein waters, once her father's but then under Prussian rule, she demanded that the Prussian flag which had been hoisted be taken down. "I will not move one step from where I am till it is done!"

King Edward was not the least of Alexandra's problems, and a real "Private Life" would be one which told us her candid reactions to a wilful if illustrious monarch, but letters and intimate documents remain inaccessible. Within those limits the author gives us an agreeable biography redolent of an age which shines dazzlingly beyond our benighting blackout.

A MORE modest escape is to the South Downs of Mr. Rom Landau's "Of No Importance" (Nicholson & Watson, 10s. 6d.) and the quiet old house in which he kept this day-to-day diary of country and garden happenings, callers and intimate reveries which recalls Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

When he was seeking a retreat, he was received at an old farmhouse by a retired major who said, "Sorry, old man, but I can't take you downstairs. We mustn't disturb the mushrooms."

"The mushrooms?"

"Well, you see, old man, when we inherited this bloomin' house after the war, we found that the ruddy water was running down the walls in the downstairs rooms. Anyhow, I was lookin' for a job and so we turned the sitting-rooms and the barn into a mushroom farm. Can assure you some of the most expensive shops in the West End get their mushrooms from us."

But there are no fungi on Mr. Landau, even though he vegetates in the best sense. He gives you the run of his house, village, mind—take or leave it—and it is a significant mind. At the end come the evacuees, including mothers who cannot cook. One town boy refuses even tinned food. Asked what he ate at home, he says that whenever he felt hungry, his mother would give him a penny or twopence to buy biscuits or sweets. Asked what his mother lived on: "Cigarettes and peanuts."

This topical intrusion, however, and Mr. Landau's joining up, do not seriously mar the peaceful escape to a house of dreams among the Downs. . . .

INTERLUDE for Mars. . . . There is nothing escapist about the North Russia campaign of 1918–1919, I'm afraid, unless "far-off, unhappy things and battles long ago" qualify by distance. Mr. Andrew Soutar, *Times* correspondent with our forces, gives a complete account of that White venture against the Bolsheviks in "With Ironside in North Russia" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).

It was undertaken, to fulfil a pledge, in face of criticism from certain quarters at home, with men mostly of the C 3 class, the majority of whom had never been under shell fire before. Like the Finns and Russians in the recent Soviet ramp, they had to fight fierce cold as well as the enemy: "Degrees of frost that made it painful to breathe. Bare hand may not grasp the metal of a rifle-barrel—it would 'stick' and the flesh would be torn away by a simple wrench."

His book is a first-hand tribute to a Force which excelled even when it was merely staving off the menace of disaster. We learn from it a great deal about a country which might again have been a British battleground—and may yet.

FICTION of course, is the cheap excursion ticket of escape, with the widest choice of trains and sailings. Those of us who fell under the spell of Zweig's Marie Antoinette are always ready to take the trip to Versailles and the Trianon. (*Continued on page* 96)

Guard against the flaws of "Acid Skin"
HERE'S a new and truly effective way to keep your skin young and lovely! These unique creams do *externally* what 'Milk of Magnesia' does *internally* for an excess acid condition, and in this way overcome an "Acid Skin".

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REMINERALISING TOOTH-POWDER

Mr. Murray Constantine and Miss Margaret Goldsmith invite us to revisit that royal playground of capricious extravagance in "Venus in Scorpio" (Bodley Head, 9s. 6d.), which poses the fickle queen in relation to her closest friend, the Bourbon Princess Marie de Lamballe, and her persistent admirer, the Swedish Count Axel Fersen, whom—the authors suggest—the second Dauphin should rightly have addressed as papa.

AS next best thing to a castle in Spain—which has gone out of fashion since the Franco war—Johan Fabricius offers us "Castle in Carinthia" (Collins, 9s. 6d.), where we may study the fortunes of an Austrian baron's family from 1889 to the 1920's—over three hundred and eighty packed pages of painstaking chronicle, with romantic country and occasionally Vienna for background.

The author of "The Son of Marietta" has narrative gifts which enable him to present place, people and drama vividly before his readers. His descriptions of the old Imperial Army are exciting, the glimpses of Vienna scintillate.

MR. BARRY PEROWNE'S "Blonde Without Escort" (Cassell, 8s. 3d.) is non-stop escape, especially for women. "Sylvia oughtn't to travel alone," says the narrator." Ever since she came into that bit of a legacy and set out to see the world before she marries me and settles down, I've known no peace. Sylvia's too innocent."

Innocent she may be, but she has thrilling adventures and encounters around Gibraltar, Naples, Venice, Majorca, Tangier, Greece, when she gets going with an old car and a paint-box, on the kind of solo jaunt most young women dream about but do not risk because it may mean missing one's daily bath salts.

Her conquests include a Spanish don, Portuguese gipsies, an ex-bootlegger, and a wild Cossack who kidnaps her: nice scalps when you don't have to pay for them. She gives her last conquest the old car for consolation. "Rust in peace," says the man who is to tame all this innocence. It's the only thing that stands any chance of rusting in this breathless odyssey.

"WHEN I think I was twenty-eight this year and what I've gone through in ten years, what everybody has gone through, it's almost funny. I wonder why they had to throw everything in the melting-pot at once."

The answer to Kitty's question is, "So that Mr. Christopher Morley could tell us all about it in 'Kitty Foyle' (Faber, 8s. 3d.)." Throughout the book she is thinking back on her childhood, her family, her complicated love affair with Wyn, who was something in banking.

An original novel in the up-to-the-minute U.S. manner. The escape here is into an unusual woman's personality.

SAYS young Albert Prantner, student of philosophy: "The things I like don't cost a great deal of money. I like books, but they don't have to be first editions. It doesn't upset me in the least to know that ten thousand other people have the same books as mine. I like the country, but I'm quite happy sleeping in youth hostels and I don't in the least mind getting there on foot or in crowded buses."

Nice raw material for a young, attractive, possessive, jealous widow like Melanie Simrock to get to work on with worldlier ideas. Miss Gina Kaus's "The Devil in Green" (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.) shows that insane jealousy and possessiveness working up to the limit of murder.

It makes a good story, notably for those familiar with the Green Devil and the havoc he can wreak.

Our "escape" journey through books has led us, paradoxically, to the one thing in life from which there is rarely escape—soul-destroying jealousy. . . .

END

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All that "Ranee" requires is: (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Tailored Dress and Jacket

(*Continued from page* 48)

Cast off 6 sts., p. to end of row. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **4th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. Rep. these last 2 rows until there are 77 sts. Work without shaping until 13½ ins. are knitted from cast-on edge, ending on p. row.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDER

1st row.—K. 24, cast off 29 sts., k. 23 (24). Work 8 rows on these 24 sts. **9th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 17. **10th row.**—K. 18. **11th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 11. **12th row.**—K. 12. **13th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. 5. **14th row.**—K. 6. Cast off 6 sts.

Join wool at centre neck edge and work 7 rows.

8th row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. 17. **9th row.**—P. 18. **10th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., k. 11. **11th row.**—K. 12. **12th row.**—Cast off 6 sts., k. 5. **13th row.**—K. 6. Cast off 6 sts.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Cast on 66 sts. and work 6 rows. Inc. at beg. and end of next and every following 6th row until there are 78 sts. Work 5 rows after last inc.

SHAPE TOP OF SLEEVE

1st row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. to end of row. **2nd row.**—Cast off 6 sts., p. to end of row. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **4th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row. **5th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to end of row. **6th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to last 2 sts., p. 2 tog. **7th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to end of row. **8th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row. Rep. from 3rd to 8th rows inclusive until there are 18 sts. Cast off.

WAIST BAND

Cast on 12 sts. and work for 28 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron under a damp cloth. Sew in all ends of wool. Join shoulder, underarm and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew lower edge of bodice to waist band. and cast off edge of skirt to other side of waist band. Sew down placket.

THE JACKET—THE BACK

Cast on 120 sts. and work 4 rows in st.st. **5th row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Work 3 rows in st.st. Rep. last 4 rows until 104 sts. remain, finishing after a p. row.

Next row.—K. 28, k. 2 tog., turn. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. 27, k. 2 tog. **6th row.**—P. **7th row.**—K. **8th row.**—P. **9th row.**—K. 26, k. 2 tog. **10th row.**—P. **11th row.**—K. twice in first st., k. to end. **12th row.**—P. **13th row.**—K. 26, k. 2 tog. **14th row.**—P. **15th row.**—K. **16th row.**—P. **17th row.**—K. to last st., k. twice in last st. **18th row.**—P. **19th row.**—K. twice in first st., k. to end. **20th row.**—P. **21st row.**—As 17th row. **22nd row.**—P. **23rd row.**—K. **24th row.**—P. **25th row.**—As 17th row. **26th row.**—P. **27th row.**—K. twice in first st., k. to end. Break wool and join to remaining sts.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 40, k. 2 tog., turn. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. Rep. these 4 rows 3 times. **Next row.**—K. twice in first st., k. to last st., k. twice in last st. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. twice in first st., k. to last st., k. twice in last st. Rep. last 4 rows once. **Next row.**—P., and joining to first set of sts., k. across. Break wool and join to last 30 sts., and work as given for first 30 sts., but with shapings at opposite ends of needle, and finishing at 26th row. Join to other sts., and k. right across. Continue in st.st. inc. 1 st. at each end of every 8th row until there (*Continued on page* 98)

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Tailored Dress and Jacket

are 118 sts. on the needle. Work without inc. until work measures 16 ins. from commencement.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Work without dec. until work measures 23 ins. from commencement.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 64 sts. and work 4 rows in st.st. **5th row.**—K. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. Work 3 rows in st.st. Rep. these 4 rows until 56 sts. remain, finishing after a p. row. **Next row.**—K. 26, k. 2 tog., turn, purl back. **2nd row.**—K. 5, cast off 3, k. 19. **3rd row.**—P. 19, cast on 3, p. 5. **4th row.**—K. 25, k. 2 tog. **5th row.**—P. **6th row.**—K. **7th row.**—P. **8th row.**—K. 24, k. 2 tog. **9th row.**—P. **10th row.**—K. **11th row.**—P. **12th row.**—K. 23, k. 2 tog. **13th row.**—P. **14th row.**—K. **15th row.**—P. **16th row.**—K. to last st., k. twice in last st. **17th row.**—P. **18th row.**—K. **19th row.**—P. Rep. last 4 rows twice. **Next row.**—K. 5, cast off 3, k. to last st., k. twice in last st. Break wool and join to remaining sts.

1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. Rep. last 4 rows 3 times. **Next row.**—K. twice in first st., k. to end. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. Rep. last 4 rows twice. **Next row.**—Join first set of sts. and k. twice in first st. of second set of sts., k. to last st., k. twice in last st. **Next row.**—P. 49, cast on 3, p. 5. Continue in st.st., inc. 1 st. at end of every 8th row, and working a buttonhole every 2¾ ins. until 4 buttonholes are worked, and there are 63 sts. on needle, finishing after a p. row. **Next row.**—* K. 2 in first st., k. to end of row. **2nd row.**—P. Work 4 rows in st.st.* Rep. from * to * until there are 68 sts. on the needle and 5 rows worked after last inc.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

1st row.—Cast off 6 sts., p. to end of row. **2nd row.**—K. 2 in first st., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **3rd row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row. **4th row.**—K. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **5th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row. **6th row.**—K. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **7th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row. **8th row.**—K. 2 in first st., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **9th row.**—P. 2 tog., p. to end of row. Continue in st.st. inc. at beg. of 5th and every following 6th row, until there are 60 sts. on needle, and 5 rows worked after last inc. **1st row.**—Cast off 24 sts., k. to end. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. 2 tog., k. to end of row. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—P. Rep. from 3rd to 6th rows inclusive until there are 32 sts. on needle.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge at beg. of next 4 rows.

REVER FACING

Cast on 10 sts. **1st row.**—K. 2 into first st., k. to last st., k. 2 in last st. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. 2 in first st., k. to end of row. **6th row.**—P. **7th row.**—K. to last st., k. 2 in last st. **8th row.**—P. **9th row.**—K. 2 in first st., k. to end of row. **10th row.**—P. **11th row.**—K. **12th row.**—P. Rep. from 1st to 12th rows inclusive, until there are 38 sts. on needle. **1st row.**—Cast off 24 sts., p. to end of row. **2nd row.**—K. **3rd row.**—P. **4th row.**—K. 2 in first st., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. **5th row.**—P. Rep. 2nd to 5th rows inclusive, 3 times. Work 6 rows without shaping. Cast off. Sew rever facing to front.

LEFT FRONT

Work same way as right front, but omitting buttonholes and working all shapings

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Help which conditions prevent today might be given by WILL to the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1. £1,000 names a cot 'In Memoriam.' £300,000 is needed to pay debt on New Hospital, and nearly £1,500 weekly for wartime maintenance.

at the opposite ends of needle. Sew up darts at back and front. Sew up side and shoulder seams.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 48 sts. Work 2 ins. in st.st. Inc. 1 st. at each end of needle in every 8th row until there are 70 sts. on needle. Inc. at each end of every 6th row until 86 sts. are on needle. Work without inc. until work measures 18½ ins.

SHAPE HEAD OF SLEEVE

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at both ends of alternate rows until 28 sts. remain. Cast off. Sew up sleeve seams and insert sleeves.

THE POCKETS

Cast on 26 sts. and work in st.st. for 26 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 16 sts. Now working in st.st., cast on 8 sts. at beg. of each row, until there are 64 sts. on needle. Continue in st.st. until work measures 4 ins. at ends of needle. Now cast off 8 sts. at beg. of each row until 16 sts. remain. Cast off 16 sts. Sew on collar double. Bind all edges with ribbon.

Press garment lightly under a damp cloth with a warm iron.

END

Lacy Bolero

(*Continued from page* 49)

EDGINGS

With No. 11 needles, cast on 14 sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. 4, p. 6, k. 4.

3rd row.—As 2nd.

4th row.—K. 4, p. 1, k. 4, p. 1, k. 4.

5th row.—K. 6, p. 2, k. 6.

6th row.—As 2nd. These 6 rows make patt. Work 2 strips 11 ins. for sleeves. Work 2 strips 19½ ins. for lower edge.

ROLL COLLAR

With No. 11 pins, cast on 28 sts. and work as follows:

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. 4, p. 6, k. 8, p. 6, k. 4.

3rd row.—As 2nd.

4th row.—K. 4, p. 1; rep. K. 8. P. 1, k. 4, rep.

5th row.—K. 6, p. 2, k. 12, p. 2, k. 6.

6th row.—As 2nd. Rep. these 6 rows for 23 ins. Cast off. Make another strip to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron, and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew seam of collar and stitch on. Embroider with stones at the lower edge of fronts.

END

Evening Sweater

(*Continued from page* 49)

end of row. **Next row.**—Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog. (36 sts). Leave the remaining 36 sts. on spare needle. **Next row.**—Cast off 2 sts. slipping the first st. to avoid a ridge, work in patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows, keeping armhole edge straight, until 21 sts. remain. Then k. 2 tog. at inside edge every row until there are 11 sts., then every k. row until 1 st. remains. Fasten off. Rejoin wool to inside edge of remaining 36 sts. and work to match. Work the front exactly the same as back.

SHORT SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 12 needles cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. When working last row of rib, p. twice in last st. (73 sts). Change to No. 9 needles.

1st row (right side).—K. 5, m.st. 7, k. 6, m.st. 7, k. 8, m.st. 7, k. 8, m.st. 7, k. 6, m.st. 7, k. 5. **2nd row.**—P. 5, m.st. 7, p. 6, m.st. 7, p. 8, m.st. 7, p. 8, m.st. 7, p. 6, m.st. 7, p. 5. (*Continued on page* 100)

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Flit is certain death to insects because it is a combination of potent killing agents which cannot be excelled. Every tin of Flit contains a product which has undergone the most exhaustive tests and is of known definite killing power. Flit spray will not stain, and is harmless to humans. To be sure you get Flit, look for the soldier on the sealed yellow tin with the black band.
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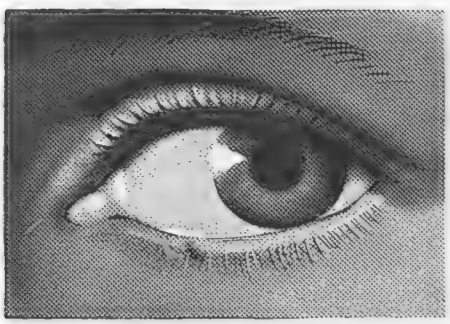

Look out for these danger signs. They are small things in themselves but they are the signals of serious trouble ahead—unless you take action *at once.*

Your eyes have had to put up with all sorts of extra strains since the war began. Quite apart from their normal 16 hours work a day, they have been forced to accept the abnormal strain of black-out conditions, poorly ventilated rooms and unusual conditions of living and working. Now comes the reaction, and your eyes are beginning to protest.

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Evening Sweater

Rep. these 2 rows of patt. throughout. Inc. at each end of next (the 3rd row) and every 6th row (working your inc. sts. in st:st.) until there are 85 sts. on needle. Work until sleeve measures 5 ins. in length from the commencement, ending on 2nd row.

SHAPE TOP OF SLEEVE

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. at each end of needle on next and every alternate row until 23 sts. remain. Cast off.

YOKE

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 35 sts. Keep tight tension.

1st row.—Work in m.st. beg. and ending with p. 1. **2nd row.**—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 7, k. 6, m.st. 7, k. 4, p. 1. **3rd row.**—K. 1, p. 4, m.st. 7, p. 6, m.st. 7, p. 8, m.st. 2. **4th row.**—M.st. 2, k. 2, cast off 2, patt. 7, cast off 2, patt. 7, cast off 2, patt. 7, cast off 2, patt. 2. **5th row.**—As 3rd row, casting on sts. where cast off in previous row. Work 2nd and 3rd rows once.

COMMENCE SHAPING

8th row.—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 4, turn and work back. **10th row.**—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 7, k. 6, m.st. 4, turn and work back. Work 6 rows without shaping. **18th row.**—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 1, turn and work back. **20th row.**—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 7, turn and work back. **22nd row.**—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 7, k. 6, m.st. 1, turn and work back. **24th row.**—M.st. 2, k. 8, m.st. 7, k. 6, m.st. 7, turn and work back. Work 6 rows in patt. without shaping. Rep. from 8th to 30th rows inclusive, until neck band measures 14½ ins., working 6 rows without shaping after last shaping rows. Work 1 row in m.st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly under a damp cloth with a warm iron, pining yoke out to shape before pressing. Join back and front tog. at armhole. Sew ribbon neatly to neck edge of yoke, taking care not to stretch. Sew on yoke. Sew in the sleeves, making 2 pleats on each side of the shoulder. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press seams well.

END

Nectar for Mars

(*Continued from page 5*)

attention to the cleanliness and sanitation.

The American mining engineer with me knew the coast well. We had joined up at Yalta, for the three-day trip on the crowded boat, sharing the only cabin left, at 300 roubles (£30). He was going on to Baku, I to Tiflis. Talking of the people who had money in the old Tsarist days, he got on to oil, and war.

He spoke of Napoleon. "If he lived to-day, he wouldn't have marched to Moscow. He would have made a feint at Moscow, and sent a fleet and transports down the Mediterranean and into the Black Sea, and he would have landed an army, and wiped up Batoum, Baku, and Grozny. The Russians would have capitulated. They'd have to. They get practically all their oil from the Caspian and Caucasus fields. They even ship oil through Suez to Vladivostock: they haven't got enough at Saghalin—that's the old Tsarist "Devil's Island" on the Sea of Okhotsk."

At that time no one envisaged the war set-up we see to-day. When we thought of war, we wondered what sort of a show Stalin's war machine would put up when it clashed with the one Hitler and Goering were building with such speed and thoroughness, designing it clearly—I had seen it twice on manœuvres, once at its day at the Nürnberg Rally, and once in a four-hour, sixty-mile march past Hitler in Berlin—for war in the East. Would Germany be able to get oil supplies from Britain and America? Would Stalin try to break into Rumania

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and grab its oil? Would the Reichswehr High Command try to capture or destroy those vulnerable Russian oilfields in the narrow corridor between the Caspian and Black Seas, which for ages has served as a highroad for armies moving north into Europe or south into the Persian and Arab lands?

If any one had sketched a picture of the future with Russia and Germany partners, Britain and France waging war on Germany but not on Russia, Italy pro-German but anti-Russian, a great army assembly under Weygand and Wavell in the Near East, Weygand flying to confer with the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Allied air fleet chiefs conferring at Ankara, and what not—he would have been adjudged crazy.

BUT viewed from any angle, oil dominated, and dominates, the war picture. Modern war is a war of machines, and the machines need lubricating oil and run on oil fuel. No government can make war without oil, or defend itself from attack if it lacks the oil to fuel its tanks, air fleets, army transport, mechanised guns, warships.

The Allies found that out in the last war. Great offensives were checked, or postponed, owing to lack of oil. A Birmingham University mining engineer, a specialist in oil, had to be brought in to act as oil dictator and organise and ration oil supplies among the Allies. He was John Cadman, now a lord, and head of the great Anglo-Iranian group. Foreign Secretary Lord Curzon did not exaggerate when he said after the war: "The Allies were carried to victory on a sea of oil."

Mussolini forgot oil in 1935, and if the Geneva League had made good its threat to stop his oil supplies, his Ethiopian campaign would have come to a sudden end. The Nazis are re-discovering the truth about oil in modern war. One of the main reasons why they hesitate to launch major offensives is that the Polish *blitzkrieg* gave them a bad oil shock. Consumption by their mass of war machines and transport vehicles proved to be far more than the High Command experts had estimated. If they launched a West Front and massed air *blitzkrieg*, and it failed to go according to plan, they might find themselves without adequate stocks to continue a major war, and minus new supplies to replenish exhausted stocks. Then they would be done.

Whence comes Germany's oil? She gets a trickle—perhaps 250,000 tons a year—from small wells in the Third Reich. Probably about a sixth of her needs are supplied now by the oil-from-coal plants, which the Nazis have been multiplying since they achieved power in 1933. The Germans pioneered the many synthetic oil processes, economic-cum-military necessity applying the spur.

But Germany is still chiefly dependent on external supply. In the last pre-war year she drew her oil from Venezuela, Mexico, Dutch Indies, U.S.A., Rumania and Russia. The British Navy has shut off the first four taps.

Rumania at present is the chief supplier, with Russia the ultimate hope. Rumania normally ships out between five and six million tons—enough to satisfy nearly a third of Germany's huge war needs. It goes to Germany, Italy, France, Egypt, Greece, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Britain.

In the autumn of 1916, the Allies snatched the Rumanian oil from under the German nose. The German Army was advancing. If General Mackensen secured the oil wells, he would make a bad breach in the sea blockade. Lloyd George proposed to the Allied War Council that John Norton-Griffiths, engineer and business man, a dynamic personage, be put on the job.

Norton-Griffiths reached Bucharest before Mackensen. French, British, German and American capital were interested in the Rumanian oil-producing industry. The Dutch and French representatives gave the British emissary no trouble, but the American protested. He and Norton-Griffiths negotiated in the American company's office between midnight and dawn, while German planes bombed the (*Continued on page* 102)

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city. The Briton gave a written guarantee of compensation : and the wells were his.

He plugged the wells with scrap, dismantled the tank farms, blew up the Ploesti refinery. When Mackensen arrived, no oil! It was the only deliberate work of destruction the Allies carried out in that four-years' war.

The Nazis, more cunning than the Hohenzollern diplomats and generals, now want to "pressure" two million tons of oil a year out of Rumania, without invading her territory. So long as Rumania is frightened into remaining neutral, what can the Allies do? Violate Rumanian neutrality in order to stop the oil flow to Germany? Goering's men plan to pipe Rumanian oil through Soviet territory into Germany by way of a line to Sanok, on the German border of Poland, via Drohobycz, the Polish oilfield, to Orasheni, on the Rumanian-Soviet frontier, where Rumanian tank cars can dump the oil. An ingenious way of avoiding the barge route up the Danube from Chernavoda, with reshipment from big to small oil barges at the Iron Gate. Stalin also is a neutral in the big war, and the Allies cannot interfere there. Or can they?

So far the vast, sprawled, oil-rich red empire has not been a factor in German war oil. Russian oil has always been a good deal of a riddle. She was the biggest world producer from 1890 to 1901, when the Americans got into their production stride. The Baku and Grozny wells outputted half the world supply.

The Rothschilds and the Nobels fought for control of the Russian fields in the old days. The Rothschilds were the big boys at the Baku oilfields, and in the Russian distribution business. Later the Dutchman, Deterding, who started as a clerk in Java, and his English partner, Marcus Samuel, later Lord Bearstead, who began as a sea shell trader, acquired the Rothschild interest for Royal Dutch-Shell, a group which those two built up around the world until it controls an output which would satisfy the whole German war need and leave a few million tons over.

Eighteen different foreign groups owned Russia's oil when the bolsheviks staged their revolution in 1917. The Reds seized their property, nationalised it, and have operated it as a state monopoly ever since. No compensation was ever paid.

Under Red rule, production sank to half. After five years, 4,000 flowing wells had been reduced to 800, and out of 35,000 workers, only 5,000 were left. A once great and thriving industrial community was a chaos. Bolshevism could not run the oil industry.

Then Stalin got his teeth into the government machine, and started to clean up. Nobody has denied the Georgian dictator work-power and energy. His Ogpu men shot a bunch of corrupt comrades who had been abstracting oil and selling it surreptitiously in Poland, Finland and Germany. As the bolsheviks had shot out all the Russian brains, Stalin hired oil brains in America.

In the last two or three years Stalin's men have managed to start oil wells spouting at Bashneft and Ishimbayeusk, in the Urals. Two years ago they were getting a million tons a year out of wells in the Tersk range, or they said they were. They have also a hazardous field in the northern half of Saghalin. But 87 per cent still comes from those deep old wells in the vulnerable Caspian-Caucasus area. And it is very doubtful whether Russia normally has a surplus. Whenever the Red oligarchs want foreign exchange, they sell oil : but every time they do, the home market goes short.

The U.S.S.R. mastodon stretches from the Baltic and the Black Sea to the Arctic and the north Pacific. It covers a sixth of the earth's surface and contains 180,000,000 people of 160 different nationalities. It uses normally more oil than any other country except the United States (Britain comes third among world users).

In war, with its tremendous war machine—8,000,000 men at war strength, with masses of aeroplanes and tanks and petrol-burning machines of all sorts, and all largely obsolete,

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and wasteful consumers of oil fuel—Russia would need probably twice normal requirements.

The British could make themselves self-sufficient in oil—if they cared to spend about £500,000,000 on building the mass of huge, conspicious and vulnerable synthetic oil plants to turn home-dug coal into oil at the rate of approximately 300 gallons for every 3½ tons of coal. They do produce quite a lot of oil from coal in their hydrogenation and carbonisation plants—the big I.C.I. plant at Billingham had an annual capacity of 45,000,000 gallons of petrol when it began to operate. But the petrol consumption of Britain runs around 1,500,000,000 gallons a year; and the bulk of that is shipped in. It comes from all over the world, but mostly from the huge American oil lake, and the British oilfields in Trinidad, India, Iraq, Borneo, Persia and Egypt.

The inside story of the Mosul and Baghdad oilfields is more exciting than an Oppenheim thriller. Oil hunters were poking about for years in the old Saracen country. Financial battles and diplomatic intrigues continued for three decades. The Rothschilds, Ernest Cassel, the Nobel brothers, Kaiser Wilhelm, Enver Pasha, old Abdul-Hamid, Cadman, Churchill, Rockefeller, Hoover, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Lord Fisher, and a few more picturesque and assorted personalities, took a hand in the game, at one time or another, separately, or in company.

It was the Germans who first smelt oil in Mosul, which was then in the Turkish Empire, and a private prerogative of the Sultan-Caliph. Kaiser Wilhelm visited Constantinople in 1904. The sequel was that a German-controlled Turkish railway company secured prospecting rights for oil in Mosul and Baghdad. They failed to locate oil, and the adventurous D'Arcy, with a Shah's concession in his pocket to prospect for oil in Persia, fought to oust the Germans from the Mosul end. The fight was complicated by the Young Turk Revolution, which moved the real power in Turkey from old Abdul the Damned, to the dapper military adventurer, Enver Pasha. Enver shifted the concession-making power from the Sultan to the finance section of his governmental machine.

But the German branch of the Rothschilds were now involved through financial participation in the Royal Dutch-Shell group, and the Ernest Cassel group was involved through its control of the Turkish central bank. The international financiers got tired of a power-politics struggle in which everybody was losing money, nobody was getting oil and none of the disputants had even a valid title from the Turkish Government and Parliament. If the governments and natives were going to fight one day, let them fight. Meantime, business is business.

Sir Ernest Cassel got the disputants together, and out of the peace conference emerged the celebrated Turkish Petroleum Company.

Then they tried to get a good title. They had got as far as a letter from the Grand Vizier to the British and French Ambassadors giving consent to lease but reserving the right to fix the Turkish share and contract terms, when the Great War exploded.

The business was put in cold storage until the peace conference at San Remo in the spring of 1920. There Britain's oil tsar, John Cadman, and Berthelot of the French Foreign Office, made a deal, and the Turkish Petroleum Company reappeared with the British holding a half interest, the Royal Dutch-Shell group a quarter interest, and the French getting the former German quarter. The Americans thumped and kicked at this closed door, and finally Cadman, out of the government service and in private enterprise as Anglo-Persian Oil Company chief, let the American oil interests have a share, on the old Rhodes maxim that it is better to deal with a man than to fight with him.

So at last, one day in 1927, old Saladin turned in his grave among the Kurdish hills as the first gusher blew itself in at 1,500 feet, killed two drillers, and for six days ran amuck, belching oil all over the land whence the Saracens once rode forth to repel the aggressions (*Continued on page* 104)

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of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in the days of the Crusades. But one living Armenian was pleased. He was Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian, the financial adviser to Abdul Hamid in the old days when one got concessions through the Sultan-Caliph who cannily kept the plums in his civil list. Mr. Gulbenkian had a claim based on a 5 per cent interest in the old Turkish Petroleum Company. The post-war group settled it by a royalty arrangement.

The first Iraq oil well ran 35,000 barrels a day. Now four or five million tons a year flows along a 12-inch, 1,150-miles-long, £10,000,000 pipe-line, traversing the deserts, and skirting the rivers and mountains from the Iraq oilfields to the terminals at Tripoli and Haifa. Some call this "a romance of oil"; others, "a piece of capitalistic exploitation"; others again, "a typical example of strong-arm imperialism"; and lately there has been an uproar in Parliament because the Government, with an eye on that long pipe-line, has decided to call a halt to Jewish land purchase in Palestine and conciliate the Arabs. But although the average British citizen does not realise it, any way you look at it, it all ties into the hard, grim core of the business of maintaining essential supplies for a sea-girt island crammed with 48,000,000 people who even in normal peace time need 50,000 tons of foodstuffs and 100,000 tons of raw materials dumped on their port doorsteps every day.

While oil is geared so closely to the lives of peoples, and the destinies of nations and empires, the struggle, open or hidden, for it will continue. At least, it will be so while mankind is organised in rival economic states and empires, into communities of "haves" and communities of "have-nots"; and until science and invention, which have taken us from coal to oil, go a step farther, and uncover a new discovery enabling a new family of machines to replace those fuelled by heavy oil and petrol. Without oil man would never have achieved the conquest of the skies; and if petrol did not exist to feed the internal combustion engine, we would not to-day sit under the shadow of the war in and from the air.

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Nectar for Mars

Oil is the dynamite on which we have built our civilisation. At some future date, the danger will be removed by the simple process of exhaustion of the oil reservoirs. Men are taking a thousand million barrels a year from the earth and burning it away. There is a limit to usage at this rate. In time, men will have to turn to synthetic oil, and the winds, the sun, and other sources of power.

But all that is to-morrow. To-day, the future of mankind is something for the scientist to worry about. What concerns us is whether the Nazis will be able to get the oil they need to launch a *blitzkrieg* or three, and whether the Allies can cut off Rumanian and Russian oil supplies to Germany without violating Rumanian neutrality or starting a war with Russia. One might even go further, and say that what most intimately concerns you who read this is whether you will be able to run your car soon without petrol coupons, or anyway with a more generous ration of the liquid explosive that makes the wheels go round.

END

Young Wives' Tales (*Continued from page 55*)

where in days gone by the mother conceived it her duty to keep her child a baby as long as the child was willing. Indefinately, in other words

Nowadays, nursery schools take the little one away from its mother for a few hours every day from the age of three. In the case of experimental mothers even as soon as two years and a half. The child learns early to mix with others, to become a cog in the big wheel outside its home instead of the whole wheel inside it.

Former opinion was satisfied if a baby was fat. Your mother of to-day looks upon excessive fatness with acute suspicion. She recognises it as a possible symptom of many ills, and certainly as the forerunner of general ill health.

But where opinions divide most sharply between the new and the old school is on the subject of mothering. The older woman looks with anxious disapproval upon the young mother's determination to bring her baby up tough and at all costs to leave him to his own devices.

I firmly believe that there is some justification for her anxiety, too, because the physchological effect of a mother's watchful tenderness is incalculable and there seems to be a real danger of carrying toughness to extremes.

END

Reciprocal Recipes (*Continued from page 56*)

Put the peas in a thick iron saucepan or casserole—what the French call a *fait tout*, because you can cook pretty well anything in it without risk of burning. Add the margarine in small knobs; the lettuce, washed and split in four; the onion, skinned and left whole; and the sugar, salt and pepper. Cover closely and simmer till the peas are tender.

Potatoes Rissolées

1½ lb. new, even-sized potatoes.
2 oz. margarine.
Salt.

Even if you can imagine nothing better than new potatoes boiled with mint, give this method a chance. Take a big frying-pan and melt the margarine in it. As it turns liquid, add the potatoes, scraped and wiped dry. They must lie flat in the pan and not pile on one another.

Cover the pan with your biggest saucepan lid, and let the potatoes cook very gently for about thirty minutes. Give the pan a good shake occasionally to turn the potatoes and prevent them from sticking.

"To *rissoler* is to cook something until it takes on a beautiful golden colour, and makes, under the tooth, a little crackling noise." Thus the *Dictionnaire de Gastronomie Joviale*, and you could have no better definition.

1.5.40

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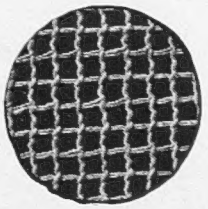
LOOKS LOVELIER..  ..LASTS LONGER

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